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IRISH REAPERS.

BY THE O'HARA FAMILY.

In a careful and luminous speech on the question of the Irish Poor-Law, a leading Cabinet Minister lately pronounced a high eulogium upon the peasant Irish who go over to England to cut the harvest. He praised their industry in getting, and their prudence in not spending, in a strange country, the products of the labour which they quitted their own to seek an opportunity of honestly exercising. And the statesman necessarily added to this, or superinduced around it, an admission of much good conduct on the part of the poor people during their sojourn in England;—and with obvious reason; for how, indeed, could the other merits he had enumerated have been accounted for, without supposing an attendant, a guardian sense of moral propriety, and a knowledge of social duties and actions? Humble we—the thrice-Irish O'Haras—were delighted to read those statements, not simply because they panegyrized Irish people like ourselves, but also because they did us the honour of going hand in hand with our own observations of the class of persons in question, during many years' residence in the noble Lord's country. In Kent, in Sussex, and in other agricultural English counties, we have indeed seen the Irish labourer, come over to reap his neighbour's crop, earn and anticipate this excellent character now given him upon such high authority. In small towns, in very small villages, and in farm-houses, we have heard him admired and respected for his conduct and his prudence, to say nothing of his almost unrivalled prowess in task-work in the fields. It would be easy for us to mention the names of Sussex farmers in particular, who spoke nearly in terms of attachment of their Irish visitants. We remember one who told us that the same man, *with his family*, had been coming to his father and him, during harvest-time, every year for twenty years previously. But how with his family? First, the poor fellow appeared, leading a sickly mother in his train, and supporting her out of the fruits of his labour; and this went on for many years—till, while absent in Ireland one severe winter, the mother died. Next year, he presented himself anew with a young wife; next year, with the same accompaniment, and the adjunct of a toddling infant; the next, with the wife still, and that urchin, now able to trudge sturdily along, and a second, as if to keep up his elder brother's former place, mounted upon the father's shoulders. In due course of time, the wife stopped at home, to take care of her now flourishing establishment in her own "green isle"—(made so by her husband's consistent industry in England)—but still and still the original emigrant returned, leading by the hand, or bearing in his arms or on his back, one or other of his children; and the very day upon which the worthy Sussex farmer spoke to us, he took us out into one of his fields, and shewed us the individual in question, employed in cutting down wheat, while a little Irish imp, not more than two years old—and Irishly clad, too—was half crawling round him, like a kind of tame frog, (if such a thing could be,) through the stubbles; father and son making very good company with each other, and eloquently discussing various subjects in their native tongue.

But how could Paddy save so much of his English earnings, and so many village "taps" near him? Whisky, to be sure, his usual beverage, he could not get; but gin was a pretty good substitute—and what paid for his consumption of that? Did he not reel or caper about, drunk, as often as ever? No—he did not tipple at all. Not even as much as his English brother. Strange enough!—and how to be accounted for? Very easily. He was now well occupied, and well rewarded, and kindly treated; and success gave him self-respect, and the kind treatment confidence in the future; he was away, too, from the contagion of bad example supplied in his own country by the ill-rewarded, ill-treated, if not totally neglected, and, therefore, reckless peasant; and so he became, not only a sober man, but a prudent, a well-conducted, and a consistent one. Ye that run, read!

Nor is it alone for mere industry and good conduct that the Irish agricultural labourer in England and Scotland merits our approbation. He is also to be applauded for much endurance and good-temper under annoyances of a peculiar nature. While the more respectable of the two sister countries, almost invariably, are kind, just indeed, to the poor stranger, the same is scarcely to be expected of the humbler classes of English and Scotch, who naturally regard him as an intruder in their harvest-field, and sometimes treat

him accordingly. Topics lie abundantly at hand through which to vent their unamiable, though, perhaps, natural feeling; and Pat has to encounter sneers and gibes upon his drawl, his brogue, his idioms, his very dress, air, and manners, as well as upon his country and his religion. But he meets and bears all this patiently. We do not mean to speak of such atrocious Irish colonies as those of St Giles or Chelsea. In places like these, the emigrant Irish are a hundred times worse-conducted than they can be found at home, because they still congregate together —indeed, are forced to do so—cut off from good example, or mixing only with such specimens of English or Scotch as deprave them down to the blackguardism of all large cities and towns. No, in one of the London-Irish principalities, Pat, we are free to admit, is always prepared to kick up a row upon any or no provocation. But we do speak of the poor Irish labourer alone, or clanning but with a few of his countrymen, in the agricultural districts of England; and in such positions, we repeat that his command of temper, nay, his not unchristian meekness under unmerited taunt and insult, deserve a generous sympathy and commendation.

Cowardly foes, unfortunately, are to be found, now and then, in every community; and worse than the sarcasm of the tongue is occasionally inflicted, by his jealous neighbours, on the wandering and unbefriended Irishman. Blows, entailing severe bodily harm, are thus, though seldom, his lot. And we have seen him, too, almost without his knowing it, suffering under such rough treatment, and witnessed how he met the injury; and it was with patience, philosophy, and religion, still. We have heard him, indeed, make allowances for the irritated sense of rivalry of brother John, and pray to God to forgive him. Yes! explain it to yourselves as you may, all good and gentle readers, of every sect, who differ from him, your poor fellow-subject Pat has, in his heart of hearts, a feeling of religion, which, in many varieties of to you perhaps unimaginable privation, wo, and wrong, is—must be—his sole refuge against despair and all its frightful consequences.

Upon a former occasion, we illustrated some assertions, something like this one, by reference to the public columns of a newspaper; and, in the present instance, we shall do the same thing —scarcely, as in the case alluded to, altering in any way the printed report to serve our purposes. The incident is intimately connected with all we have been gossiping on the subject of Irish reapers. Unhappily, too, it records the perpetration, upon one of them, of an act of excessive cruelty, by a few individuals of——we shall not say whether England or Scotland. It is not in the view, Heaven knows, of holding up to national obloquy the whole people of the country in question that we would recur to the unfortunate circumstance; and a little innocent mystifying may therefore be permitted on this one point. Doubtless, however, we are not the only persons upon whom, of all the newspaper-reading public, the matter made an impression, now some ten years ago; and, presuming such to be the case, we may expect that references will be made by some of our readers to the real scene of action as we go along.

It would be superfluous to observe here, that want of good demand, or, even with that, want of good reward for labour at home, is the cause of the emigration to other harvest grounds, of the Irish peasant. And, generally speaking, he crosses over to England or to Scotland, not in consequence of any sudden failure in worldly prospects in his own country, but simply to better a lot which, in common with millions, he has been accustomed to from his cradle—ay, and to which the father who rocked him in that cradle had also been accustomed. Sometimes, however, a change for the worse in circumstances does send a new claimant across the Channel in harvest-time; and it is with such a case we are at present concerned. And, as the change alluded to arose from occurences which, in the present state of the world, can take place only in Ireland, we are necessitously warned, as it were, to commence our anecdotes of Davy Ryan on his own soil.

Few of the proprietors of a quarter of an acre of ground in Ireland endeavour to keep even the smallest patch before their cabin door for ornamental purposes; and yet Davy Ryan contrived to do so. Not, indeed, that he exhibited anything like a flower-garden; yet his neighbours thought that he approached very near to its pretensions in rearing, within the area of a few square yards round his threshold, cabbages, parsnips, carrots, turnips, and radishes, with a few roots of parsley, tongue-grass, and thyme; nay, even "the flowers themselves"—in the shape of bachelor's-buttons, blue-bells, &c.—audaciously peered up among the borders of his more usefully-employed beds. And he had actually fenced in all this from the intrusion of pigs, dogs, cows, and horses; to say nothing of men, women, and children, who might be inclined to pay his pleasure-ground an unceremonious visit, either from his potato ridges, which commenced immediately outside its boundary, in front of his cabin, or else over the very low wall which half defined the highroad to one side of it.

In fact, country and locality considered, Davy was well to do in the world. Along with cultivating the whole important extent of his own grounds, and doing a day's work for a farmer whenever he could get it, he, with the assistance of his simple, pains-taking wife, reared domestic fowls of all kinds, which she, or her eldest child, a girl of sixteen, sold in the next market town. He had, moreover, a plantation of osiers, in the headland of his quarter of an acre of potatoes, which he industriously—and skilfully, the neighbours said—manufactured into coarse but serviceable hand-baskets, also vendible on market day. And thus everything went on prosperously and happily with him.

Some points of Davy's character it is here convenient to notice. In precision of conduct and

orderly habits, and, above all, in seriousness of disposition, he differed from the majority of his equals in life around him. But, perhaps, these virtues ran into their own extremes. For the every-day enjoyment of an existence which is not doomed to be always sombre, and certainly to the apprehensions of his neighbours in general, Davy did not smile or laugh enough. And then his constant exhortations to keep everything tidy and in its place, in doors and out of doors, sometimes proved a bore to his otherwise affectionate and admiring family; his younger children in particular—two boys of six and of four years—thinking him quite too exact.

He was a religious man, from feeling and upon principle; and a strict observer of all the duties and discipline enjoined by his church: and his family imitated and followed his good example. No cursing, or swearing, or profane language of any kind, was heard in his house; and drunkenness was a stranger to it. Nor, though a strict adherent to his own creed, did he shew any uncharitable feelings to those who differed from him. The blacksmith of his village was a stern Protestant, and yet he and Davy were constant visiters at each other's houses: it must be added, constant disputants too. And here comes in something of our poor hero, which may, we fear, make him seem a little absurd. Davy was a great theological arguer. Having partially acquired, in early youth, the art of reading, he became acquainted, all on one side of the question, with the history of the Reformation, ("as they calls it," he used to add.) A very mutilated and greasy copy of a curious book, "Warde's Cantos," also found its way into his hands, and he made great use of it. Perhaps few of our readers have seen the rare production in question. 'Tis written in Hudibrastic rhyme, and is evidently a copy of Butler's style, in all respects; its wit and sarcasm are not, however, so neat and playful. For instance—it introduces, if we recollect aright, the ghosts of Queen Elizabeth and her worthy father, Henry VIII., holding learned and not polite colloquy, on the Reformation, in no less a place than the infernal regions. Such as it was, however, and also considering how small a portion of the whole work ever came under his notice, Davy Ryan worked wonders with his quotations of verse from "Warde's Cantos." The blacksmith could stand against anything but these; but, under their cutting acerbity, he lost his temper, and with it his argument.

But, though Davy would "argufy religion" against all comers, we must again request him to be considered as, in the heart—ay, and in all outward observance, too—Christian-like towards even his pitted antagonists. No personally-offensive language of his own ever disgraced the diction of his syllogisms. He entered upon the good work of disputation in a solemn feeling of right, and a serious sense of duty; and his monotonous voice would go on, as he sat weaving his baskets from morning till night, if he had any one to listen to him, repeating over and over the same dogmatical things, with a manner the most unimpassioned, and a gravity of face that betokened an inward, self-satisfied conviction, which it was out of the power of living man, or of human wit, to shake for one moment.

With these excellent general materials for a disposition towards politics, it may be inferred that Davy Ryan did not remain quite indifferent to the great public questions of his own day. In fact, he was a sturdy O'Connellite, and had formed a village club, the members of which, by subscribing a halfpenny per fortnight each, produced a sum sufficient to bring down by the coach, to their "town," every Sunday morning, Michael Staunton's *Weekly Register*. And the newspaper used to be directed to "David Ryan, Esq., Ballymarnock;" and Davy used to read it aloud to all his subscribers—they ceding to him the right of keeping and filing the journal, when its contents had been fairly exhausted, in consideration of his trouble in bawling it out for them "from bignin to indin;" and also for having formed the society by which its blessings were distributed among them all.

Now, it was the time when the celebrated and, we believe we may add, to-be-ever-memorable question of "passive resistance" to tithes became the great public one in Ireland. The *Register* teemed with it each Sunday, either in the shape of speeches and resolutions in the immortal rooms of "The Association;" or of comments from the editor; or of accounts of the successful working of the tremendous system, throughout the country. Added to this, Davy had actually been eye-witness to a futile attempt to sell, under a distress warrant of the parson of his parish, a great muster of sheep and horned cattle; and he saw that, among thousands of men on foot and on horseback, all keeping their hands crossed over their breasts, they did not command a single bidder; so that the sheriff was obliged to send them home again to their owners; only requiring bail for their good behaviour, and reappearance at some undefined future period. And the whole of this made Davy Ryan, joined with what we know of his general character and mental habits, a determined, unflinching, and magnanimous non-tithe-payer. No! not for a single inch of his whole ground of a quarter of an acre, potato field, and vegetable and flower garden, and all, would he pay one "rap" to the luxurious and "big ministher." Patriotism, conscience, historical knowledge, and a sense of polemical adroitness, all combined to make Davy resolute upon this point.

So, no tithes did he pay—having owed a considerable arrear, by the way, some time before forming his resolution. And years rolled on, and still he was a defaulter, and allowed to continue so with impunity. Perhaps the debated and distracted state of the question at issue—perhaps the indifference, if not contempt, with which the non-payment of the very little he could pay might have been regarded—or, perhaps, both causes together, may have operated to keep

Davy in what may be called a blissful state of self-triumph and exultation.

But this did not last. It has been said that the side-fence of Davy's garden, such as it was, bounded the highroad to his village. In it, by a door of rudely-framed rustic paling, was an entrance to that garden. On a plat, or rather (it was so small) a tuft of grass, opposite this door, he used to love to sit, manufacturing his osiers into baskets on a summer's evening, and prosing away, as we have before hinted, upon his usual topics, to all and every one who would attend to him. We select a particular summer's evening upon which he was so engaged. His auditors were—his meek and matter-of-fact wife, sitting opposite to him on a "boss," gravely knitting a stocking for him, and often looking up from her almost self-assured work, (we would, indeed, nearly endow it with the power of getting on of itself, so little attention did she seem to pay to it, or else such a negligent mastery had she over it,) in order to applaud and honour his discourse;—next, almost at his feet, reclined his eldest child, Peggy, handing to him his peeled osiers, as he worked on, and also regarding him with a look that emphatically, though silently, said, "There is no born man like you, father;"—and his third listener, seated upon a capsized old basket, a few feet from Davy, was a little spare figure of a man, who, with ferret eyes, watched his mouth, as if to note and take advantage of the moment when it could possibly have done speaking; and the nose and chin of the face of this little figure almost met; and that face itself, albeit recently washed, (as its owner said,) exhibited but a kind of light, bluish-black tint; and he bent forward his body, leaning his elbows on his widely-opened knees; and between his raw-boned hands he clutched a pot of beer, which he had brought up from the village for his own particular, and, indeed, necessary comforting during his accustomed evening visit to Davy; and, in a word, this third personage was Davy's old friendly foe in controversy—the little polemical blacksmith; yes, a little man, although a blacksmith.

James Blunt, the name of the cunning artificer in question, had actually grown fond of his benighted Popish neighbour, by dint, it would seem, of incessant hostility to him, or else out of respect to Davy's unconquerable toughness in holding out in a bad cause. He felt towards him

> "The stern joy that warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

Or he loved him as brave soldiers love a little fortress, which, beyond possible calculation, baffles, month after month, all their sapping and mining, trench-work and bombarding. The daily interest, too, which his attacks upon Davy created, became habitually a chief portion of his enjoyment of existence; he longed for the evening hour of assault, as he did for the gratification of the draughts of ale that were to accompany it; and, if the truth were known, felt an inward discomfort at the thought of the future day, when (for come it must, sooner or later) Davy was to be vanquished and silent.

A very long-winded parenthesis in Davy's present harangue, was interrupted by a figure, darkening the checkered sun-light which danced in upon the party through the rude trellice-work of the little door that opened from the public road-side. Peggy Ryan was the first to recognise the new comer; though this she did, not by speaking a word, but by blushing so as to more than rival the scarlet of his jacket. Small and isolated as was her native village, a detachment from a regiment, headquartered in a rather remote city, was to be found in it; and a corporal of this detachment, a lad of not more than nineteen or twenty, had, "somehow or other," become a not unwelcome visiter at Davy Ryan's house. Irishman he was not, Catholic he was not, and yet Davy and his wife, as well as his daughter, received him in a friendly way. His well-known good conduct in his regiment, his good humour, his frankness, his scholarship, and his *seemingly* respectful attention to Davy's religious lectures, to say nothing of his good looks, won for him this joint cordiality. It was ascertainable, too, that he was the son of a respectable farmer in his own country, had enlisted in a pettish fit of disobedience to his father, was allowed by his family to follow his self-chosen course long enough to repent of it, and to grow submissive towards them; and that he now entertained well-founded hopes of lawfully escaping, by their assistance, from the duties of a soldier, and once more engaging in his usual occupations at home. And, in a word, it was this young corporal, Wat Saunders by name, who came to pay an evening visit to our friends the Ryans.

He was admitted by one of the group—we need not say which; he assumed a seat by the side of that person; and there was a moment's pause in Davy's exhortation—taking watchful advantage of which, James Blunt snatched a hasty sip of his ale, and, poking out his sharp chin, said, tartly, to the master of the premises—"Well, an' maybe you're done *now*?"

"Maybe I am, an' maybe I amn't," answered Davy, stooping to Peggy for a pealed osier, (which, however, was handed to him by Wat Saunders)—"at any rate, we will wait to hear what *you* can thry to say for a start, on the head o' the matther, Jimmy Blunt."

"Much obleeged for the compliment, Davy, and more an' more, becase it isn't very often you pay id to a body, you know. Bud now for to ax you jist a civil question or two—Can you find nothin aginst poor Cromwell, Harry the Eighth's prime ministher, (afthur he turned off that consaited, blind-eyed, big turkey-cock of a Pope's cardinal,) only that he was the son of an honest blacksmith?"

"Deed an' I can, Jimmy, an' a great dale more; by rason I find no fault at all wid him, on that score—far frum me be id to do so—a blacksmith's thrade is a good, honest thrade for any man's father to have; an', if Cromwell rose higher than his father was, by takin up wid another

thrade, more praise be to him!—only, I'd like to hear tell that his new thrade was as honest as his ould one;—bud it wasn't—his new thrade was the thrade iv a born rogue, an' thief o' the world—robbin the fine ould abbeys an' churches o' their gould an' their silver chalices an' crucifixes, and runnin 'em into coined money, to buy new wives, an' new pleasures, an' diversions iv all sorts, for his unloocky masther and himself."

"Musha, an' duv you tell us so, Davy?" sneered James Blunt, good-humouredly; "and what's that you were for sayin' about the great Cranmore?"

"What I'll say agin, Jimmy, an' what I'll uphould: I said, an' I say, that, afore the time that he was sure Harry the Eighth 'ud give ministhers and bishops lave to have wives, he had shipped over seys to him from Amstherdam, a lump of a woman, that he called a wife, (the Lord forgive him!) in an impty starch-barrel, or a thing o' the kind, an' lived wid her in Lunnon town, unknownst."

A loud burst of polite laughter from the door by the road-side, commented upon Davy's historical anecdote. All eyes were turned in that direction, and saw standing, on the threshold of the door—which had been unwittingly left open by Peggy, after admitting the boyish corporal—the very tall and yet very corpulent figure of the Protestant rector of their parish, side by side with the low and slight one of a considerable land proprietor of the district.

The clergyman had been dining with his neighbour; both had set out for a walk, after dinner—that is, some time after it. Passing by Davy's garden, the group inside attracted their notice—and they had stopped at his door soon after Wat Saunders' entrance, and heard, unperceived, the whole of the conversation we have reported.

And at first it would seem that Davy's bold philippics provoked only the good-humoured indulgence, if not the contemptuous forbearance, which, from gentlemen of their rank and education, they might naturally have insured. The clergyman advanced a few steps into the little garden, still smiling heartily; a generous after-dinner colour on his ample cheeks; his fine black eyes glittering cordially through his gold-mounted spectacles; his hands thrust into his small-clothes pockets; his professional jack boots creaking harmoniously to his easy stride; and the broad and half-peaked brim of his still more professional hat, attached to its proper crown with silken cords and loops, in a mysterious kind of way. He was one of those reverend victims to non-payment of tithes, who, a short time before, had submitted to the legislature very touching pictures of their privations and sufferings under the new popular system; and yet, upon this evening, at least, few outward symptoms of misery or stint appeared in his collossal figure or well-rounded features: neither were his habiliments much the worse of the wear—nay, strange to say, he had gone to dine at his friend's house, that day, in a handsome carriage, drawn by two horses worth thirty guineas each, leaving at home two other pleasure-vehicles, with all appurtenances, for the use of his reduced family; and it may sound still more strange to add, that, even during the whole fearful persecution, so vividly described in his letter to the Secretary in London, neither he nor they had ever wanted such slight indications of comfort. How other clergymen, of less active or tenacious habits, or of more yielding, if not more amiable feelings, (and we are bound and anxious to say that many such were and are to be found in Ireland,) might have fared under the law of "passive resistance" to tithes, is a question in itself; we are only certain that the important personages with whom we have now to do, seemed to have endured or lost very little by the arrangement.

As he advanced on our humble party, all, except the young corporal, arose, in surprise and some confusion, to salute and do him honour. Peggy and her mother were the most flurried and "struck-of-a-heap" of the circle; James Blunt bowed low, and with an expression of infelt and heart-yielded awe; Davy Ryan's salute was also very lowly, yet there was a certain something in it which told spiritual independence, at least, of the dignified visitant. Wat Saunders, after one glance, took no notice whatever of the great man, but, still reclining on the patch of grass, went on peeling osiers for Davy—or rather for that individual's daughter.

Without making the least return to the humble greetings of our friends, the "big ministher," as Davy had called him, addressed "the man o' the house," speaking very fast, while he partially resumed his former laugh. "What, what, my good fellow?—in a starch-barrel, you say?—got the lady smuggled over in a starch-barrel? Are you quite sure it was a starch-barrel?" And he, and his little slim friend at his back, again laughed outright.

Davy answered very gravely, slowly, and cautiously.

"When I spoke to my honest neighbour James Blunt, here, plaise your Riverence, of the nature o' the vessel that ould Cranmore got the poor misfort'nate crature iv a woman put into, on boord ship, I said 'a starch-barrel, *or a thing o' the kind,*'" (Davy pronounced the above Italic words with emphasis;) "maning thereby to make James undherstand that I wouldn't give my word entirely, but that it might be some other kind iv a barrel—or even a chest, maybe, or a thrunk, or a box itsef—or whatever it is that they pack up their cheeses in, whin they sind them over frum thim counthries: so that your Honor's Riverence can take your pick-an'-choose an' plaise yoursef among all sorts o' consalements to hide her in from the world's gibe an' schandle; only, come to him she did, in sich a manner as I made mintion of."

"But, my good man, why need he have hid his wife in anything?" resumed the clergyman, still almost good-humouredly; "why not let her go about the ship, like any other passenger?—or

why should a man's honest wife be a gibe or a scandal, as you say?"

"I tould James Blunt that, too, your Riverence. She wasn't his honest wife, at that time; (no, nor at any time; for she never could be, durin' ash, oak, or ellum, for the plain rason, that ould Cranmore was in priest's ordhers at the first goin' off, and couldn't take any woman to wife, till the day of his death;) an' he coopered her up in the kind iv a way we're talkin' of, becase Harry VIII.'s mind wasn't sart'n as to lettin' the turn-coat clargy of his Rifformation (as he called id) live wid poor desaived women, undher the name iv wives, an' he was afraid o' vexin' his masther on unsafe grounds; an' he couldn't wait to make sure, he was in sich a hurry at ould Nick's promptin' (the Lord presarve us!) to break his vows, an' taste some o' the rewards of his threason to the ould, pure religion; an' as to the gibe an' the schandle, afore the world's face"——

"Come, come," interrupted the dignitary, his good sense not now continuing to support his jocoseness, and the little cause for his change of temper might perhaps have been traced to a humorsome smile that moment appearing on young Wat Saunders' mouth—"come, come, my good fellow!—enough of your nonsense; you are a silly, romancing fellow, not knowing what you say—though, indeed, you may do some harm among fools as ignorant as yourself. Blunt, is this a fit place for you?"

The poor blacksmith nervously hastened to assure the questioner that he came to convince Davy of his absurdities, not to be convinced by them; an assertion which, in his own way, Davy fully and anxiously bore out.

"So—and this young hero, here—you, sir," magnificently confronting young Corporal Saunders, "can you find no better occupation for your time than to sit listening to the ravings of a foolish old Popish bigot?"

Wat Saunders, reddening a little, looked up quietly at the clergyman, and answered that, as he was not his officer, he need answer him no such question.

"Oho! so very independent, young corporal? Well, and perhaps your officer may repeat to you that very question. And so good evening! And good evening to you, too, Master Davy Ryan!—Is not that your name?" And the speaker was striding with much tall dignity towards the door of the little garden.

"Plaise your Riverence," cried Davy, in a loud but not impassioned voice, "we ax your pardon, but would just be beggin' of you to stop one moment longer wid us."

"And for what purpose?" demanded the rector, turning round and again confronting him, with a smile—an assumed one, however.

"I'll tell your Riverence. Your Riverence called me very hard names just now; and, moreover—and what I think worse of, into the bargain—tould me plump, afore my little family here, and afore my ould neighbour, James Blunt, and afore Watty Corporal Saunders, and afore my head landlord, at your back, that I didn't well know what I was for talkin' about. Now, I'd be much behoulden to your Riverence if you'd make that sayin' good, or else wait to hear what I can say to take id out of your mouth for another time. I b'lieve id's talking about the rason why Cranmore put the for'n woman in the starch-barrel, or in the cheese-barrel, or in the thrunk, or the chest, or in the box, we were. Well, I gave you one raisin, and I can give you another. The tithes of the new church was not settled at that same time, and ould Cranmore did'nt know in what way they'd be likely to be settled, and whether or no the share he'd get out of the plunthur of the ould church id make him be able to keep up anything like a wife at all; for, as everybody in the wide world knows, as well as your Riverence, the pure aancient religion, afther bein sthript of its lawful dues, the half of which id gave away in mate, and dhrink, and clothin', and firin' to the poor"——

His listener once more laughed loud, interrupting Davy's earnest harangue; but his laugh, though loud, was not as kindly as, at his entrance into the garden, it had been. "So, so—you *are* a learned Theban on these points, I see? You *do* know all about tithes as well as other matters; and this comes, of course, of your paying them so punctually, and with such goodwill."

"Indeed, and it does not," answered Davy, holding himself up into a tower of strength, as it were, against a foreseen coming storm; and Wat Saunders now tittered gleeishly, and Davy's reverend opponent frowned. "Indeed, an' it does not. I pay no tithes, an' I never paid tithes, an' I never will pay a rap o' tithes. The knowledge I have o' what I'm talkin about cum to me by other mains than that, plaise your Honour's Riverence."

His legal pastor, his pastor *malgre lui*, looked sharply through his glittering spectacles at Davy Ryan, and then at his small friend, the great land proprietor, who returned the meaning of the glance; and, finally, he hurried to the high road, his features wearing, however, a good-humoured expression at parting, and his farewell words uttered in a condescendingly cheerful tone.

"Perhaps you can find law, or history, or whatever it is, for not paying your rent, as well as for not paying your tithes?" observed the gentleman who lingered behind.

"No, your Honour," replied Davy; "'Rendher unto Ceysar the things that are Ceysar's,' is what I am bid to do, and I sthrive to do id. I owe bud the runnin' gale for my whole quarther iv an acre, barrin' the thrifle due for the little cabin last Michaelmas."

"Whom do you hold under, from me?"

Davy gave the man's ame, and his head landlord drily bid him good-by, and followed his reverend friend.

About a year after this evening, let us walk along the village road to take another peep at Davy on his grass tuft in his garden—for the day is fine enough to give promise of his being

at his tineless work of twisting osiers and historical facts together. But, arrived at the outside of his little trelliced door, you need not look in to bid him good morrow. He is sitting, almost opposite to that door, his back against the fence at the other side of the road, supporting, with the assistance of his daughter Peggy, his wife, who lies insensible in his arms. His two little boys are crying loudly at his side, and James Blunt, his eyes running tears, stands over his old polemical foe. The wife is almost insensible, though working in pain and convulsions, the warnings of a premature *accouchement*. Peelers and soldiers are stationed at the entrance to his once comfortable little home; and some of the former, led and assisted by bailiffs, are passing in and out of the yard and the house, conveying Davy's household furniture, such as it is, or rather was—not excepting the bed, which would now be a solace to his wife—into a cart, which is in the middle of the road. His "slip iv a pig," too, is squeaking obstreperously in the cart; and the very last things which the agents of the law hurry out with, are a file of *The Weekly Register*, and Davy's few ragged and soiled leaves of "Warde's Cantos." 'Tis all over with the poor polemic. For the last year, landlord and tithe-proctor have been at him together, and his whole earthly property will not now cover his law-costs. He is a houseless pauper on the roadside; his wife dying, his children helpless; and, though one good Samaritan, poor James Blunt, stands at his side, little comfort can he pour into the sufferer's heart.

"You must bring her home to my poor place, Davy," said the blacksmith.

"Thank'ee, James, for the lave—an' the Lord's will be done!" answered Davy.

They did so; but had soon to remove her from that humble roof, too, to another home—her last. The poor woman's dead baby was buried with her.

"An' now, Jimmy," said the widower to his still attentive friend, after the humble burial was over—(they stood in the churchyard; Davy had just knelt up from the new grave; his daughter Peggy and her little brothers were crying over it)—"and now, Jimmy, God be wid you and prosper you!—I'm for the road, an' its time for me." He was securing a sickle at his back. "An' maybe I'd see you agin, afore the fall o' the lafe, to give you thanks for all your friendship to me an' mine—thanks, an' more than thanks, plaise God. Come, Peggy; come, a-lanna; come, childher."

"Why, where are you goin', man alive?" asked Blunt, in surprise and interest.

"I'm goin' the nearest road to the sey betuxt me an' England an' Scotland, James Blunt; an' then, wid God's help, I'll crass the sey, an' be in another counthry. It's the harvest time, very nigh hand, an' I don't forget the field-work; an', though I'm no longer a young boy, I'm sthrong an' healthy yet; an' the English an' Scotch farmers give good hire, they tell me; an' I'll work hard to plaise 'em, any how; an', when they pay me, I'll come back an' pay *you*, a-vich."

"Pay the divvle!" cried James, gruffly and crossly. "Don't be botherin' me. An' what 'll you do wid the childher?"

"Take 'em wid me, Jim. Peggy is well able for the road; an', when the *weenucks* gets tired, I'll carry 'em on my back, by turns."

"Why, you havn't a *laffina*, startin'!" still remonstrated Blunt.

"I have God," replied Davy, in a low, solemn voice, taking off his hat, and looking upward.

The smith was silent, only he vainly rummaged his pockets for a help for Davy, which they did not afford.

"Come, Peggy, *a-vourneen*, I bid you agin—'tis time. Too much grief for the dead is sinful against the Lord's will. Come, my honey; or, wait a start agin."

He returned to the grave, still bareheaded, knelt, took Peggy's hand in his, passed his left arm round the necks of his younger children, and all prayed aloud, though in broken voices, "for the repose of the soul" of the poor wife and mother. James Blunt, looking on askance, sympathized with them, although, from his childhood, he had been taught to regard such an observance as superstitious.

Davy arose, surrounded by his family, and took a final leave of his friend.

"I'll only ax you to do one more kind turn for me, Jim, while I'm away," he whispered, as he wrung Blunt's hand. "Keep the poor grave marked, an' clear of weeds, if you can; for I don't give up the hope of hyin' a little headstone for it another time: will you, Jim?"

"I'll do what you say," promised the blacksmith.

And Davy and his orphans turned their backs on the village.

We next get a glimpse of the wandering group, creeping along the highroad, under the shade of a fence, in a strange country. The sun is scorching; the dust of the road blinding. Davy's shoes, and those of his daughter, are broken; the little boys are bare-footed and in rags; and, indeed, their father and sister are not much better clad. All look way-worn, dejected, hungry, and thirsty. The awe of strangeness in a land of bustle, riches, and order, is also upon them. They feel that they are very inferior, as well as very friendless, among the well-dressed, energetic people around them. Doubt, distrust, if not fear, are in their troubled eyes. They scarce ask a question of any one they meet; or, if they do, 'tis in a misgiving of not being understood or heeded, or else of being jeered at or insulted. In fact, carrying his youngest boy on his shoulders, and leading the other limping little fellow by the hand, while Peggy moves a step in advance, it seems to be poor Davy's policy to steal along the road, unnoticed altogether for the present. He is not yet far from the coast where he landed from Ireland, and the scene of his proposed industry is some days' journey distant.

A stage-coach, fully freighted, appeared on the road behind. Before it came up, half a dozen men and lads, spying the Irishman from

a neighbouring field, jumped over the road-fence, and began to hoot and pelt him with hard clods. He bowed his head to his breast, to save his face—lowered the boy on his back, to shield him also—put the other child with Peggy behind him, and continued his way without a word. The stage-coach rattled up, as a clod, to which the poor fellow silently winced, struck him hard on the shoulder. A cry of discouragement against his tormentors arose from the passengers, inside and outside; and, at the same instant, Johnny Coachee wound a long, well-aimed lash round the neck and shoulders of their ringleader, and Davy was allowed to hobble on, without further present molestation. Perhaps young coachee used his whip at the pure impulse of indignant humanity; perhaps in the hope of an additional half-crown among his Irish outsides; at all events, he performed a useful action in behalf of a fellow-creature. The jealous field-labourers consulted together, as if they would follow Davy when the stage should pass out of view; but it drew up almost immediately, at a little inn, to change horses; and then many of the passengers got down, surrounded Davy and his companions, spoke kindly with him, English, Scotch, and Irish as they were, showered pence into his pocket, and convoyed him, while the horses were being put to, out of all danger from his assailants.

This was not Davy's first trial since he came from his own country, though it was, as yet, the most cruelly hostile one he had encountered. He was doomed, alas! to find it outdone in cruelty as he travelled onward. From some acquaintances of his old Irish neighbourhood, before he left home, Davy had learned the residence and name of a farmer who, in the country he now passed through, had a character for great good-heartedness and fair-dealing among his Hibernian harvest-cutters. To the abode of this individual—all thought of occupation on the way cast aside—Davy pursued his pilgrimage. It would seem that he dreaded to demand work at any farm of which the owner was unknown to his countrymen, or, at least, to the few of them, of emigrating habits, on the list of Davy's friends. So northward he walked.

The summer's evening was falling as he and his children entered a beautiful little village, only a few miles from his point of destination, where, as he said to himself and them, they could all have a good night's rest, and start fresh for the house of the kind farmer by daybreak next morning. But how to secure the good night's rest was a question. Davy had met no chance charity since the day the stage-coach passengers assisted him, and he was, upon this evening, penniless. Still more wayworn and ragged, too, than when we glanced at them last—short time ago as that is—the poor Irish group cut a sorry figure as they emerged from the shaded, cool, delightful green lane which opened immediately into the village in question. They well knew they must not beg, at peril of the cage and many other terrors: what were they to do then for food and a place to lay their heads?

"O father, father dear!" sobbed Peggy, in a low, fearful voice, "the childher 'ill never go through the night, widout victuals, an' widout a roof! Their little feet is sore blisthered an' crippled, an' they are half dead already wid the fatague, an' the sleep, an' the hunger! O Wat Saunders!" continued Peggy, to herself, "an' is this the ind iv all your promises to me? A year come an' gone since you left Ireland, out o' the sojers, to come home here to your own country—your own rich, beautiful country—and never a word sent afther poor Peggy Ryan, to comfort her heart in her sore affliction! Father, father, what'll become of us, this night!"

"We'll sleep sound, Peggy, *a-vourneen*," answered Davy—"sound an' happy, afther kneelin' down and saying our prayers, this night: that's all that will happen to us. Hould up, a-lanna! Don't cry, my pets; sure, we're nigh hand to comfort an' plinty, an' everything that's good. To-morrow mornin' we'll be at the work, plaise God! An' here, Peggy—here's a few preaties left in the wallet yet, ever since we quitted poor Ireland; an' here's the sauce-pan to boil 'em in, too; an' some good Christhen 'ill give you lave to put 'em down on their cabin-fire, for the love o' God! An', don't you see that cow-shed across the village, an' the man in it? We'll go over to him, and ask him for the night's lodgin there, an' I'll be bail he won't refuse us; an' then you can go and beg of a neebor to let you boil our supper on her fire, an' so we'll be as happy as kings on their thrones. Come over to the shed, Peggy, *a-charra*, an' lift Paddy in your arms. Just this start, an', never fear, I'll take care o' Micky."

They approached the shed slowly and humbly, The man they had seen in it had pity on them, and told them they might stay in it for the night; adding that he had power to give them permission, as he was employed by the farmer to whom it belonged. He then left them. Davy, making the children sit down in a corner, engaged himself in collecting into a heap, for a bed, the cleaner portions of the cow-litter it contained—the animals being, at present, absent—and sent Peggy, as had been arranged, out into the village, to try and get her sauce-pan of potatoes boiled on a neighbour's fire. She returned to him in a short time, crying bitterly, the vessel of potatoes undressed in her hand. The people of one or two cottages into which she had entered, had behaved harshly to her, refusing the use of their fires, and calling her and her father hard names, and reproaching them for wandering over from Ireland, to deprive honest people of their honest earnings in their own country. The last woman she saw said worse than this; she threatened, in fact, to go after her husband to the tap, and get him and his friends to cuff the beggarly strangers out of their village; and Peggy seemed much afraid of evil towards her father, in consequence. Still poor Davy found words of patience and submission to his lot. He said nothing hard, in return, of his churlish neighbours; on the contrary, he

reminded Peggy that it was natural they should act as they had done; and that strangers strolling over to Ireland to share harvest work with its people, might, perhaps, encounter similar treatment. For the want of the few boiled potatoes for supper, he preached resignation and patience, until the morning: one night's fast, in addition to all they had suffered, was not much, he said; and the good breakfast at the good farmer's house, would be the more welcome; and then, hiding the tears in his own eyes, at the cries of his boys, he took the little fellows in his arms, one after the other, kissed them, laid them on the litter, spread his own tattered coat over them, knelt with Peggy at their side, repeated the usual night-prayers for all, with a broken voice added another prayer for their mother's soul, and then, causing Peggy to lie down at their side, stretched himself across his children's feet.

"An' we'll soon be fast asleep, my little pets," said Davy, "an' forget everything; and, though we don't lie in a bed o' down, wid grand curtains, an' afther a grand supper, our consciences are clear, an' we owe no living creature a grudge, an' the good God o' heaven an' earth is watchin over us; an', b'lieve the words out o' my lips, many a great man in the world, ay, an' many a king, will sleep worse than we'll sleep this holy and blessed night."

Awful and mysterious are the ways of Providence!—in dispensation of earthly good and ill to the suffering poor, particularly awful and mysterious; and, were it not for blind, adoring faith, very hard to be bowed down unto by human reason, and by the human heart of man! The blessed sleep which poor Davy had anticipated as a balm for all his present sorrows, had scarce fallen upon his mind, when he was roused out of it to be plunged into the final sleep of death. Peggy's fears proved but too well-founded. The wretches at the tap, excited into momentary fury, came indeed upon the friendless stranger, dragged him from his children's feet, and, with bludgeons as well as with their fists, beat him so cruelly that he died under their blows. In vain he remonstrated—asked them to forgive and pity him—him and his orphans—and promised not to offend by seeking for work;—amid the shrieks of those orphans, and while his last audible words were, "God forgive you!"—they killed him.

They were immediately arrested; indeed, almost on the spot and in the act. A farmer and his son, riding by to their home, some few miles off, heard the noise of the outrage, hastened to the shed, and, with assistance, secured the manslayers for justice. Romantic things will happen in spite of us. The farmer turned out to be Wat Saunders' father, and the farmer's son Wat Saunders himself.

The trial of the guilty men came on at the next assize town. It called forth great interest and sympathy. Poor Peggy Ryan, supported by Wat Saunders' mother—under whose comfortable, and humane, and right friendly roof she had been, with her little brothers, domesticated since the murder—gave her evidence in a manner that commanded universal respect, as well as sorrow for her father and for herself. Young, pretty, an orphan—and under such circumstances—she told her weeping tale so pathetically, so mildly, and so unhatingly towards the prisoners at the bar, that all admired, praised, loved her. The simple recital of her father's adventures, since landing from Ireland to the moment of his death, his conduct, manner, and words, all through riveted the attention, and moved the very tears, of a crowded court. His words while stretching himself across his little ones' feet—which we have reported—produced a powerful effect on every hearer; the very culprits on their trial wept as Peggy repeated the words; and the judge dwelt on them, in his charge, with respectful earnestness. "They are a lesson to us all," he said.

The prisoners were found guilty of manslaughter, of the most grievous class.

Peggy is now Mrs Wat Saunders.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

In distant times, when barb'rous man
  In ceaseless contests warr'd,
And, crushed by strife's relentless ban,
  All social peace was marr'd;

Woman as umpire interposed,
  With plaintive eye rebuked
The sanguine broil. The tumult closed—
  Strife ceased where'er she—*looked.*

Or, if some ruthless monster still
  Her winning power defied,
With tame submission to her will,
  He yielded when she—*sighed.*

If some crime-foster'd son of Cain
  The bonds of peace upript,
To strict obedience forced again,
  He paused when woman—*wept.*

When thus she was with victory blest,
  Her tears away she brushed;

And, whilst rude man her worth confessed,
  With modest pride she—*blushed.*

Now all-entranced he gazed, and spoke
  His love in language wild;
Then o'er his heart, to seal her yoke,
  With Heavenly grace she—*smiled.*

While thus, before man's spell-bound eyes,
  Charm after charm up-sprung,
He listened, with a new surprise,
  As, triumph-crowned, she—*sung.*

No art such conquests could complete—
  'Twas Nature's magic all;
'Tis but when woman tries deceit
  That man escapes her thrall.

May woman's power continue long,
  When by such armour gained!—
By tears, by smiles, by sighs, by song,
  Be still her sway maintained!

S.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS PRINGLE.*

THIS is a volume in which the public will feel a deep and affectionate interest. It contains the poetical remains of a man of no mean talents, and of the greatest personal worth; a faithful and an earnest labourer in the cause of humanity, and a willing sufferer for the advancement of truth. The poetical works of Pringle are edited by his friend Mr Leitch Ritchie, who has prefixed a sketch of his life, written in the most affectionate spirit.

Like his friend Sir Walter Scott, the immediate ancestors of Pringle were a race of respectable Border farmers; and, like Scott, by an accident in infancy, he lost the use of his right leg, and remained lame for life—walking on crutches—though, it would seem, a bold horseman, and even lion and elephant hunter. Like every other man who has afterwards displayed similar tastes, Pringle, as a boy, was fond of fairy tales, ghost stories, narratives of adventure and vicissitude, but especially of battles. "Oh, that I had a book full of battles!" cried he to his old nurse Nanny Potts, who, having first lamed him for life, by way of atonement spoiled the motherless child ever afterwards. She gave him Bunyan's "Holy War." Pringle received his early classical education at the grammar school of Kelso; and afterwards accompanied his friend Robert Story, now the minister of Roseneath, to the University of Edinburgh. The lads lodged together in one room, and were remarkable for the purity and piety of their lives. Pringle's admiration of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," at this time, and of "Park's Travels," mark both the period and the peculiar cast of his mind. To Park Mr Story imputes his subsequent travelling enterprise, and to the admiration of Campbell's verse that "germinating love of freedom and abhorrence of oppression which became the ruling passion and determining motive of his future life." Pringle, while at college, was more conversant with English poetry and belles lettres than with his proper studies, in which he made no distinguished progress. He, however, began to take a lead among his young contemporaries. He organized a literary club; and once led his friends on to combat what we are inclined to believe was a windmill mistaken for a giant. In *The Edinburgh Review* there had appeared a rather flippant and disparaging critique of Miss Baillie's dramas; and it was imagined that the reviewers and their adherents were to vindicate their critical opinions by damning the "Family Legend," when it was produced in the Edinburgh theatre. Pringle chivalrously organized a body of forty or fifty young men, armed with clubs, who took possession of the pit, and riotously put down the imagined symptoms of a disapprobation, which, in all probability, never was meditated, and much less organized. A statement in *The Quarterly Review*, that Pringle became a parochial schoolmaster on leaving college, is formally contradicted; with other assertions which are equally inaccurate, and, as the biographer appears to think, disparaging and unjust to his late friend. Like every other man who has not resolutely, and in the face of all difficulties, early fixed upon a profession, and adhered to it until they are surmounted, Pringle lived to repent his indecision. As a temporary means of support, he became a copying-clerk in the Register-Office of Scotland—a situation of very slender emolument—to which he added some trifling literary employment, as a congenial pursuit, which also eked out his small salary. Like at least nine-tenths of all men whose trade is letters, he fell upon this perilous employment through chance, and nearly unavoidable circumstances.

He published some occasional pieces, which had the ordinary fate of fugitive verses; and, in the course of years, became known as a contributor to the Scottish poetical miscellanies of that day. His imitation of Sir Walter Scott, in the "Poetic Mirror," was much praised by the writer imitated; and Pringle rather rashly gave up his place in the Register House, and began the magazine afterwards known as *Blackwood's Magazine*, and also undertook the editing of *The Star* newspaper. The early numbers of his magazine were graced with a communication on the gipsies, of which Sir Walter Scott chiefly furnished the materials; and in the same numbers were papers by Mr Lockhart, "*a young advocate*;" "a Mr Wilson, a new recruit of the lake bands;" Dr Brewster; James Hogg; and others. On a rupture with Mr Blackwood, who found persons in this corps far better adapted to his purpose, and who saw in the new magazine an instrument for their own purposes, Pringle assumed the management of Constable's Magazine; and a warfare, now forgotten, and at the time more entertaining to the bystanders than creditable to the assailants, was waged against Constable's editor and his literary allies.

In the flush of his literary prospects, Pringle had married; and, soon afterwards, both *The Star* and his other undertaking failing, he, at the age of thirty, returned to the Register-House.

The establishment of a colony at South Africa was projected by the government at this time, and Pringle made application for a grant of land, and the other promised advantages, for himself, his five brothers, and a brother-in-law; and ultimately put himself at the head of a band of twenty-four South-African emigrants, all of them that description of persons who form the best material, physical and moral, for commencing a new colony. They were hardy, sensible, Teviotdale sheep-farmers and agriculturists, with their wives, children, and labourers; so that Pringle's band must have been a most valuable acquisition to the settlement. The account which their guide and philosopher has given of their proceedings in the voyage, and the adventures of their first days and first seasons after transplantation to the African wilderness, is the most Crusoe-like and picturesque authentic narrative we have met with, and one which will long form an interesting study to Scottish emigrants. Mr Pringle states, that, having received a collegiate education, and been engaged for many years in literary concerns, as well as with *Blackwood's Magazine* while a Liberal journal, and afterwards with Constable's, it never was his intention to become a permanent agricultural settler, which his previous habits and want of capital, among other reasons, made unadvisable; but that, after re-establishing "his father's house," he hoped to procure some civil appointment in the colony. He accordingly left the colony of Glen Lynden in the peace and prosperity to which his talents and good offices had mainly contributed to raise it, and came to Cape Town to settle. Mr Ritchie makes some remarks upon the condition of the Cape colony at that period, which are more true than palatable; and certain observations upon the strictures of the Quarterly Reviewer upon the line of conduct followed by Pringle, which are exactly of the same nature—much more just than likely to prove agreeable. Pringle, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott and Sir John Macpherson, had obtained letters of recommendation to Lord Charles Somerset, who was quite the *beau ideal* of the colonial governor of the good old times. Had Pringle been disposed to become the mere tool of the governor, and, like so many other subservient and convenient instruments, have quietly pocketed his salary, and stifled his convictions about the wrongs of the aborigines, and the right of free discussion, it might have been all very well; but, though no visionary, he had carried abroad liberal opinions, and for these there was no toleration in the colonial office of the Cape.

Pringle ventured to expose, though in the calmest and gentlest manner, injustice and cruelties to the aborigines and others, of which he had been the eye-witness, and consequently became the object of the bitter animosity and unceasing persecution of the Governor, until, worn out in spirit and ruined in his affairs, he was compelled to return to England. When we have seen Mr Buckingham pertinaciously and very properly insisting for years upon

* London: Moxon.

public compensation for losses incurred in a similar manner, the equally just claims of Pringle have ever occurred to us; and, if those rights were Pringle's, they are not less those of his surviving family. This makes a few words of explanation necessary. On coming to Cape Town, Pringle was, by the *Quarterly's* much-vaunted generosity of Lord Charles Somerset, appointed librarian of the colonial library, with the moderate salary of £75 a-year. This seems the exact amount of his personal obligations to the Governor. To eke out his income, he projected opening an academy, and invited Mr Fairbairn, a friend in Edinburgh, well qualified for the undertaking, to join him; and the school, commenced before Fairbairn's arrival, throve every day. This was at a remarkable period in the history of the Cape. The importunity of the anti-slavery "brawlers" in England and the colony, had at last extorted the appointment of a commission of inquiry, and the commissioners were now on their way out. "Lord Charles was busily employed in setting his house in order to receive them," since needs must. Slavery was, for the first time, pronounced by authority to be an evil. Schools were to be established, and the English language and literature patronised; nay, more—there was, at first, a whisper that the Government Gazette was to be put into the hands of the new librarian, and rendered subservient to the diffusion of knowledge; but the most signal triumph of *liberalism* was the execution of a white or whitish man for the murder of one darker in hue by several shades.

"Putting all these things together," says the memoir, "it is no wonder that Pringle's heart beat high at the prospect which seemed to open before him. As if conducted by a special Providence, he had reached the seat of government at a moment when the elements of all things great and good were in motion. The dawn of a new era was opening upon the darkened land; and the march of that civilization he could himself be permitted to assist in pioneering, was, in all probability, destined to traverse, not merely a colony, but a continent."

Pringle, accordingly, in connexion with the Rev. Mr Faure, a Dutch clergyman in Cape Town, made arrangements for disseminating knowledge through the medium of a literary journal or magazine. But the Governor must first be consulted; and to the memorial presented to Lord Charles, the verbal reply was, "that the application had not been seen in a favourable light." What were the projectors to do? Pringle was for insisting for written reasons from Lord Charles; but Colonel Bird, the colonial secretary, and a liberal and enlightened man, who seems to have appreciated Lord Charles Somerset more truly than his panegyrist, the Quarterly Reviewer, and certainly with as good opportunities of knowledge, "warned him of the danger *to all his prospects* which would attend such a step." Before going further, he waited the arrival of the English Commissioners. They had no powers to interfere; but the British Colonial Secretary, Lord Bathurst, was favourable to his publication; and Lord Charles Somerset, as in other instances, "could do no more than shew the ill-humour with which he consented."

The *South African Journal* accordingly appeared; and was followed by the *South African Commercial Advertiser*, a weekly newspaper, of which Pringle and Fairbairn were merely engaged to superintend the literary department. Both publications flourished in their little day; the pupils of the academy increased; and Pringle fancied himself on the fair way to fortune, combined with public utility. Mr Ritchie complains that the character of these journals is misrepresented by the Quarterly Reviewer, whom he presumes the editor, and who was consequently Pringle's former antagonist, and in some sort his successor in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He declares the whole article, "though in some respects just, as in the greater part grossly and cruelly incorrect"—that is as to Pringle personally; for the biographer, though of opposite opinions, does not assume the right of condemning those entertained by the Reviewer on Colonial policy; he only dissents from the assertion, that Pringle's journal was seditious and dangerous to the peace of the colony; and certainly the specimen he has cited, "of the uniform political tone of the *South African Magazine* bears out no such assumption;" while Pringle's account of a publication which probably the editor of the *Quarterly* only knew through the distorted medium of the Governor's anger, and his persecution of the Liberal journalists, describes a colonial newspaper of a character and complexion rare in young communities.

"We had strictly excluded personality," says he, "(the besetting vice of small communities,) from our columns: not a shadow of a complaint could be brought against us on that score. Mere party politics we had shunned, as being altogether alien from our objects as colonial journalists. Topics likely to excite violent controversy in the colony, such as the Slavery Question, the condition of the aborigines, &c., (however decided were our own opinions on such points,) we had also carefully abstained from discussing. We had, in fact, rejected numerous communications on all these subjects; considering it injudicious to arouse premature debate, even on legitimate and important public questions, in the then critical condition of the press and of the colony. We had, therefore, flattered ourselves, that it would be scarcely possible for the most jealous scrutiny to find a plausible pretext for interference. But it was our singular fate to be sacrificed, not for sins *actually* committed, but from the apprehension of those which we might *possibly* commit."

The affair very soon came to an issue. A man named Edwards was tried for an alleged libel against the Governor; the trial was, of course, expected to be reported, like others, in the newspaper. The editors, Pringle and Fairbairn, had cautiously expunged from the report all offensive allusions to the noble person interested; but this was not enough. Lord Charles Somerset ordered the Fiscal of the colony to the printing-office, to assume the censorship of the press; and the head of Pringle's offending was indignantly refusing to allow this prostitution of the British press, and open act of tyranny. But redress was out of his power; and he and his colleague threw up the editorship of the paper. Mr Greig, the printer and proprietor, could not carry on the publication by himself; and he announced its temporary discontinuance, and his intention of awaiting the decision of the Home Government on the arbitrary act of the Governor. For this offence his press was sealed up, and he was arbitrarily commanded to leave the colony within a month. The Fiscal next attacked the magazine, before the third number had appeared, and it was also discontinued; Pringle refusing to recognise the assumed right of censorship. The injurious impressions of Pringle's conduct in this affair, given by the very incorrect statements of the *Quarterly Review*, might be of less importance, if the same thing had not been repeated in Lockhart's Life of Scott; where Sir Walter describes Pringle as a conceited and wrong-headed person, who provoked his own misfortunes by his Whiggery. The prudent, sensible, and easy-humoured Sir Walter, was probably among the last persons in the world to approve of any man quarrelling with his bread and butter, for such pragmatical nothings as the civil or natural rights of Hottentots and Caffres, or the freedom of the press; and, above all, questioning the absolute will and supremacy of a colonial governor, and especially one who had already given him a small post, and who might patronise him farther, if he behaved discreetly—*i. e.*, became the advocate and apologizer of colonial abuses, and the adulator of the Governor's policy. It is not alone for the vindication of Pringle's conduct, but for the sake of the noble lesson given of that temperate and manly resistance of oppression which it conveys, and which, we trust will ever characterise British men, that we give, in Pringle's own words, the account of the transactions which drew forth the condemnation of the eminent individual whom he highly esteemed.* As soon as the magazine and newspaper had been discontinued, a petition to the King in council was got up by the respectable inhabitants of the colony; and the Governor became himself

* Sir Walter's notice of Pringle, in his private Diary, is very characteristic:—"Thomas Pringle is returned from the Cape. He might have done well there, could he have scoured his brains of politics; but he must needs publish a Whig journal at the Cape of Good Hope!! He is a worthy creature; but conceited withal—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*. He brought me some antlers and a skin, in addition to others he had sent to Abbotsford four years since."—*Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. vi., page 353.*

alarmed. He resolved to try what personal intimidation would do, and summoned the person described by the Quarterly Reviewer as "small," "weak," "distorted," "wofully deformed," and bred in mean society, to his august presence in the audience-room at the Colony Office.

"I found him with the Chief-Justice, Sir John Trotter, seated on his right hand, and the second number of our *South African Journal* lying open before him. There was a storm on his brow, and it burst forth at once upon me, like a long-gathered south-easter, from Table Mountain. 'So sir,' he began—'you are one of those who dare to insult me, and oppose my government!' And then he launched forth in a long tirade of abuse; scolding, upbraiding, and taunting me, with all the domineering arrogance of mien and sneering insolence of expression, of which he was so great a master, reproaching me above all for my ingratitude for his personal favours. While he thus addressed me, in the most insulting style, I felt my frame tremble with indignation; but I saw that the Chief-justice was placed there for a witness of my demeanour, and that my destruction was sealed if I gave way to my feelings, and was not wary in my words. I stood up, however, and confronted this most arrogant man with a look of disdain, under which his haughty eye instantly sunk, and replied to him, with a calmness of which I had, a few minutes before, not thought myself capable, and told him that I was quite sensible of the position in which I stood—a very humble individual, before the representative of my sovereign; but I also knew what was due to myself, as a British subject and a gentleman, and that I would not submit to be *rated*, in the style he had assumed, by any man, whatever were his rank or station. . . . . I asserted my right to petition the King for the extension of the freedom of the press to the colony; and I denied altogether the 'personal obligation,' with which he upbraided me, having never asked nor received from him the slightest personal favour, unless the lands allotted to my party, and my own appointment to the government library, were considered such—though the latter was, in fact, a public duty assigned me, in compliance with the recommendation of the home government. This situation I now begged to resign, since I would not compromise my free agency for that, or for any appointment his Lordship could bestow. Lord Charles saw he had gone too far—he had, in fact, misapprehended my character, and had made a not uncommon mistake, in taking a certain bashfulness of manner for timidity of spirit. And, as his object *then* was, not absolutely to quarrel with, but merely to intimidate me, and thus render me subservient to his views, he had the singular meanness, after the insulting terms he had used, to attempt to coax me by flattery, and by throwing out hints of his disposition to promote my personal views, if I would only conduct myself 'discreetly.'"

The consequence was, that Pringle resigned his appointment of librarian, and this grievous persecution became more violent. A "Literary and Scientific Society," begun by Pringle, was next attacked; and the Chief-Justice and other government functionaries, who had become members, were ordered instantly to withdraw their names; while it was distinctly intimated, that everything in which Pringle was concerned, should share the same fate.

And (continues his biographer) this was no empty threat. A system of espionage was set on foot, in which the caitiff Oliver, so well known in this country, was employed. Terror and suspicion were depicted on every countenance. Persons were examined as disaffected, for being known even to continue in acquaintanceship with Pringle. The result may be foreseen.

This statement is at complete variance with that given by the Quarterly Reviewer, who, by a singular perversity, seems to have imagined that he was singularly gracious and beneficent, and not a little condescending withal, to Pringle; and who probably had intended to be so, and might fancy he had succeeded.

"Ruined in circumstances and in prospects," says Mr Conder, who has also given the world a short memoir of Pringle, "but sound in conscience and character," he returned to England, having first visited his relatives at Glen Lynden. On coming home, he demanded compensation for the various losses he had sustained through the persecution of the Governor; but the claim was refused by Lord Bathurst, and still remains unsatisfied. The persons examined in his case—the colonial officials, namely—as might have been expected, imputed the ruin of his prospects to his own choice; and the affair was settled by law if not by justice. "Pringle had been ruined for asserting the rights of a freeman; and his claims, while they were allowed in theory, were disregarded in practice by Government." That men may not be too much discouraged in well-doing, it is proper to state that Pringle's indiscreet and presumptuous interference with colonial abuses, had made him favourably known in England. Before leaving the Cape, he sent home an account of the real state of slavery in the colony, which was published in *The New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Campbell, and which attracted the notice of Mr Z. Macaulay and Mr Buxton. This circumstance ultimately led to his appointment as secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. The arduous duties of that office he continued to discharge, with great zeal and ability, until the act of Emancipation was passed, and the Society was dissolved, its great object being imagined accomplished. It could not have been foreseen that some of the worst evils of slavery were still to flourish under the name of Apprenticeship. Pringle's character, and his connexion with this Society, procured him the esteem and personal friendship of its leading members, Wilberforce, Stephen, Clarkson, Buxton, and other eminent abolitionists. He was also intimate with Coleridge and other literary characters; and we find it stated here, that, humble individual as he was, to him, poor Coleridge, distinguished by many of the great and noble, and nearly allied to the wealthy, owed the restoration of his pension, which was stopped with the other *Literary Pensions*, as they were called, on the death of George IV. In South Africa, he had become acquainted with Colonel Fox, who had been a guest in his Crusoe cottage in Glen Lynden; and to this gentleman, when he came to London, he owed the acquaintance of Rogers and Sir James Mackintosh, through whom he applied for Coleridge. We are on principle no great admirers of literary pensions, or pensioned or patronised literature of any kind, and almost rejoiced when that miserable pauper fund of £1000 a-year—doled out among ten individuals distinguished in letters and science, yet not equal in all to the tenth-part of some aristocratic sinecures—was withdrawn; but Pringle's kindness was not the less well intended, and we find notes from Mackintosh and Rogers, congratulating him on the success of their application for the renewal of Coleridge's annuity.

In course of his official connexion with the Abolition Society, Pringle became the advocate and protector of many individuals of African origin, who, when brought to England, claimed their freedom. These cases were much talked of at the time, as some of them were discussed in courts of law or made public through the press. The subject of one of the most beautiful poems in the volume, "The Bechuana Boy," was suggested by a poor child, who had been carried off from his native country by a party of Bergenaars, and sold to a Boor for an old jacket. The poor boy was received into Pringle's family as a little servant. He accompanied Mr and Mrs Pringle to England, and was treated by them more like an adopted child than a stranger and menial. He was of a singularly amiable, docile, and affectionate disposition. He died of consumption, at a very tender age, in the bosom of the family by whom he had been so fondly cherished. There is no poetic license in the concluding verses of the "Bechuana Boy:—"

"Such was Marosi's touching tale:
Our breasts they were not made of stone;
His words, his winning looks, prevail—
We took him for 'our own.'
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountains of his heart;
And love gushed forth, till he became
Her child in everything but name."

Another slave, protected by Pringle, was Mary Prince, who also lived for two years in his house, as a nominal servant, after the Anti-Slavery Society had in vain tried to procure her manumission from her former owner, when the woman wished to return to Antigua to her husband, but not as a slave. Pringle published her story in a popular Anti-Slavery tract, which drew forth a "criticism" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, then the regular

organ of the planters, which is strongly, if not severely, described by Mr Ritchie, and for which Pringle prosecuted his former friend, the publisher, and obtained a verdict. The West India body, in revenge, prosecuted Pringle, in the name of Wood, the former owner of Mary Prince; and, as he could not obtain evidence from the West Indies, he failed in proving the truth of his narrative, and was cast in damages. The cases were in reality neither Pringle *versus* Blackwood, nor yet Wood *versus* Pringle, but cases between the Anti-Slavery Society and the rancorous body of planters and their hired mouthpieces and agents in England. For himself, Pringle disclaims the prosecution, in the extract of a letter given:—"The prosecution of Blackwood is not an affair of mine. I wished to have replied in print, and I will still do so in a fourth edition of the tract. The blackguardism I cannot reply to; but there are some misrepresentations that require to be set right."

It is a remarkable fact that, on the very day after Pringle had concluded a service to which he had devoted the best years of his life, and the highest energies of his mind, he was seized with the fatal illness which in a few months terminated his virtuous and useful life. He burst a small blood-vessel, in a fit of coughing, which was followed in a day or two by a copious spitting of blood; and the usual symptoms of consumption, hitherto unsuspected, appeared in rapid succession. His prospects had darkened with the failure of his employment, even before his health gave way. An application made to Mr Spring Rice for an appointment at the Cape, was unfavourably received; and painfully does he say—"Many of the persons who will thus have a preference to me, were among the vilest tools of Lord Charles Somerset's administration. But to have been persecuted by a Tory government for maintaining Whig principles, or rather the principles of truth and justice, seems, even under a Whig administration, rather to one's disadvantage than otherwise." Before anything had been done, or even promised about the Cape appointment, which he solicited, the state of his health became so much worse that he was urged by Dr Clark to return to that colony, as the only chance of recovery. The means were totally wanting; but the written opinion of Dr Clark, communicated to Messrs Z. Macaulay and Buxton, was no sooner made known, than, in less than a week, funds were raised amply sufficient for the outfit and passage of himself, his wife, and her sister Miss Brown, who had been the inseparable and the faithful sharer of all their fortunes from their first embarkation for Africa. "Never," he says, "was anything more affectionate, delicate, and generous than the conduct of these two invaluable friends. . . . . It is intended, I understand, after I am gone, to attempt something on a larger scale for my advantage." Spring Rice was again applied to, and, through him, the new Governor of the Cape, for a grant of land and money to stock it, in consideration of the losses Pringle had sustained through the tyranny of Lord Charles Somerset. His friends put all irons in the fire; but again without success; and he prepared to go out with merely a recommendation to Sir Benjamin D'Urban. But this was not to be. After a passage had been taken, the voyage was postponed, owing to his increased weakness; and he awaited that crisis, at home, for which "few men," his biographer emphatically says, "have ever been better prepared." Quite aware of the near approach of death, he prepared to meet it, and, to his latest hours, maintained the greatest cheerfulness and resignation. He died on the evening of the 5th December 1834, in the forty-sixth year of his age, regretted even by those who, in life, had been his adversaries. Enemies he could not have had, who is described "as one of the gentlest yet firmest of human beings; made up of qualities which excite, in equal proportions, affection and respect; one with whom benevolence was not a weakness, but a principle. . . . . He was warm and steady in his attachments; but, though he would have risked his life for his friend, he would not have sacrificed his probity. He was deeply religious; but not of those devotees 'who crucify their countenances.' Cheerful, buoyant, and even gay, he exemplified his faith only in his actions. Open, generous, manly, and sincere, I may address him in the words of Charles Lamb—

> 'Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
> I have not found a *whiter* soul than thine.'"

The poems collected in this volume, beautiful and tender in themselves, and well worthy of the admiration which they received from critics of no mean name, have the farther sacred object of being published for the benefit of Pringle's widowed partner and her sister. The sole means of support of these bereaved ladies, is stated to be an annuity of £20 a-year, purchased for them chiefly by some anti-slavery friends. This book is, therefore, no bookseller's speculation; and we earnestly trust that Mr Ritchie's labour of love will be amply rewarded, even in a pecuniary point of view. Pringle's claim of compensation we still consider a just one; but it is rarely that governments are just to the toiling pioneers in the march of civilization. It is left to the public to reward public benefactors.

Some of Pringle's poetical pieces were warmly admired by Coleridge, and were well worthy of the approbation of one whose instinct of the beautiful was as delicate as true. His African hunting songs breathe the fiery spirit of the old Border land—the region of Leyden and Scott; and some of his pastoral songs, the tender sweetness and simplicity of the Scottish love ballads. The African Sketches, in particular, possess a spirit, truth, and a freshness of imagery, which raise them far above the level of even very fair modern verses. The whole compose a volume which, we are certain, natives of Scotland, in all parts of the world, and those with any mixture of true Scottish blood in their veins, will dearly prize; and surely not the less that they know the poet to have been one of those men of whom his country has reason to be proud, for reasons much higher than either mere intellectual superiority or poetical accomplishment. Pringle "was the advocate and protector of the oppressed. He bequeathed to his fellow-countrymen the example of enduring virtue." Such qualities do not always mingle with the fame of the poet; but they were those of Pringle.

LONDON SKETCHES.

EQUIVOCAL SOCIETY.

BY TOBY ALLSPY.

It is surprising what a liberal fund of excuses people of the world are able to draw upon at sight, for doing what is agreeable to them! At a fashionable watering place, such as Baden just now, and Bath half a century ago, everybody contrives to be afflicted with the very disorder for which the waters are a specific; and not a squire's lady, who grows weary of her country seat, but suffers severely from delicacy of the lungs, and is ordered for the winter to the south of France and its *bise*, or Brighton and its cutting breezes. Flirting mammas find it necessary to repair to Paris for the education of their daughters; while sporting papas consider it expedient to adhere to the covers and preserves of their country seat, in order to keep up electioneering interests for their son.

A house to which I occasionally repair for an

evening's amusement, affords me a most amusing study of the hypocrisies of human nature. The proprietor has the honour to, what is termed, "enjoy" a very indifferent reputation. No matter to my readers, the origin of the scandal; whether he be a marker of cards, or hoaxer of the stock exchange—whether a seducer of other men's wives, or conniver at the seduction of his own—signifies not a jot. He is ill thought of in the world. Not a soul in society, but has heard things laid to his charge, the charge of which ought to lay him on the shelf. Nevertheless, his courage is undaunted. Either he despises the ill report of his fellow-creatures, or chooses to outface it. Mondor (so let us call him) is rich; gives dinners, balls, concerts, *dejeunées*, and fêtes of every description; and people of all descriptions attend his *dejeunées*, concerts, balls, and dinners. But, instead of saying, with a degree of audacity equal to his own, "I go there because it suits me—because I find amusement"—every species and variety of specious lie is adopted as an excuse for the indecorum of the measure.

"Are you going to Mondor's ball to-night?" said I, the other evening to Lord A., at a party where we chanced to encounter.

"I go there!" replied his Lordship, affecting a look of indignant amazement, because he fancied he could discover in my inquiry a tone of disapproval which guaranteed my absence. Yet the first person I beheld on entering Mondor's sumptuous house, was the Earl of A——.

"Are *you* going to Mondor's?" I had afterwards inquired of Miss B., a pretty girl standing near us.

"I fancy so," she replied; "Mondor was formerly under great obligations to my father; and mamma thinks it would look as though we presumed upon his situation if we constantly declined his invitations. Shall I meet you there?" continued the lady, turning to young Quickset of the Guards.

"I am afraid so. The fellow is rather strong in our county; and my cousin John means to stand the next vacancy."

"I am surprised to find that Mrs B., with so many daughters to marry, should take them to Mondor's," observed Lady Queenhithe, who was of the party. "I take Laura there now and then, because, as an only child, with her fortune, beauty, and accomplishments, it matters little where she is seen."

"If I had even *one* daughter, *I* would not go there!" observed Lady Cutandshuffle, to whom she was addressing herself. "But as I am sure of my rubber there, and, at *my* age, such things are immaterial, I seldom miss the man's parties."

"O fie!" ejaculated Lady Superfine. "It is all very well being seen at his *grand* balls, where all the rest of the world is seen also; but to be an *habituée* of such a house—a man of such *very* infamous character!"

"What right have we to trouble ourselves with the mote in our brother's eye?—because *we* are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?" cried Major O'Reilly, a man who has been bowed out of two regiments, and half a dozen London drawing-rooms. "'Pon my soul and honour, Mondor's a deuced good fellow; and I consider it my duty, as a gentleman, to keep him in countenance."

"One does not go to keep *him* in countenance exactly," lisped a young gentleman, languishing through a near-sighted glass. "But that exquisite gallery! One cannot refuse oneself a sight now and then of his admirable Guido!"

"As far as reputation signifies," observed one of his lounging companions, "certainly no man ever lost himself more completely than Mondor. But he gives us such capital music! Grisi, Rubini, and Tamburini once a fortnight! I consider it every man's duty to patronise so liberal a patron of the arts."

"Patron of a pack of lazy fiddlers!" cried old Drusus. "If *that* were all, no respectable man would lose himself by being seen in such company. But look at Mondor's public charities! Twenty guineas annually to the Mendicity Society; twenty to the Opthalmic Hospital (though, by the way, it might be all the worse for him if the world were able to see clear;) twenty to the deaf and dumb (a word to the wise;) twenty to St George's Hospital; ten to the Houseless Poor; and five to the Small Debts; besides figuring in all the lists of to-the-humane-whom-heaven-has-blessed-with-affluence advertisements, from one year's end to the other. Such a man is a most desirable acquaintance—the sort of person for whom one is always looking out."

"I do not pretend to be a licensed dealer in charity-mongering," observed Sir George Shelfham, with a sneer. "The poor-laws take care of the poor, and *we* take care of the poor-laws. But when was Mondor ever behindhand when the prospectus of a work of merit was placed in his hands? He has obliged me by taking shares in several new periodicals, which might have survived to become old, had the public been as liberal as himself; and subscribed to I know not how many standard classical works, which, should the subscriptions fill, may, perhaps, one day or other see the light. Rising genius has a splendid patron in Mondor. Last year he was very near fitting out an expedition for Ulick O'Flannaghan's projected voyage of discovery to the Antarctic regions; and, *entre nous*, has advanced many hundreds towards the scheme. To be sure, nothing can be more disagreeable than to have such a man come up and accost one in the street. But certain sacrifices are due to the advancement of letters and the cause of science. I never miss one of Mondor's literary dinners and am therefore bound to attend his ball."

"*Chacun a son gout!*" cried Colonel Martinet, shrugging his shoulders. "*I* should expect to be poisoned at his table."

"The young Duchess has no such apprehension," said I. "I met her there at dinner last week."

"The *Duchess* dine at *Mondor's!*"

"I had the honour of sitting next her."

"You amaze me! I thought nothing but the worst company frequented his house?"

"Do you call the Marchioness of Aylsham and her daughters bad company?"

"And *they* visit him? Is it possible! Could you get me a card for his next fête? I always make it a point to meet the Aylshams when I have an opportunity. Perhaps you could take me there to-night?"

"Let us inquire of Lady Lindo whether the Aylshams are at the ball. See, she is just entering the room with her daughters. Are you come from Mondor's?—are there many people there?" said I, addressing her Ladyship, in a natural tone.

"Hush, hush!—not a word!—pray don't speak so loud! I would not let Lady Marmozet suspect I had been there for the world. She would whisper it all over the town, and it might be a great injury to the girls in a certain set."

"But why did you take them there, then?"

"Because I knew that William was invited, and things are getting rather particular between his Lordship and Sophia. However, I took care to be there early. People tried to persuade me that I ought to come *here* early, and go there afterwards. But, of course, at *such* a house, I did not choose to be seen by all the world. So, as soon as the room began to fill, I came away; aad having arrived here thus early, no one will be able to prove that we were there at all."

The clock-regulated prudery which makes it criminal to be seen in society after midnight, which passes for respectable early in the evening, I am unable exactly to understand; and on reaching Mondor's crowded ball, I was fated to be still more puzzled by the curious tenderness of people's consciences.

"Let us make up a quiet little quadrille in this room," said Lady Letitia to her sister. "In such a house as this, it does not do to put oneself *en évidence* in the ball-room."

"Stay *supper*, indeed? Oh, dear, no!" cried Mrs Peachick. "It would by no means suit my views of propriety to be seen *supping* at Mondor's?"

"Heyday! *you* here?"—exclaimed another. "Well, I *am* amazed! I always fancied you one of the *very* precise people. *I* do not set up for one of the rigidly righteous. But *you!*"——

"Just listen to that shocking woman," mumbled Mrs Sneak, who was eating ices quietly in the corner. "As if it were not wrong enough to come here at all, without making a boast of it! Now, though I am weak and good-natured enough to accept Mondor's invitations, thank God, I have sufficient self-respect to keep it to myself!"

Some entered the ball-room bowing to Mondor with a patronising air, which spoke a sense of their own magnanimity, or Christian charity, in being seen under his roof. Some entered timidly, as if apologizing to the society assembled for increasing the amount of the sinful company; some saucily, brazening it through the crowded rooms, as if to say—"Here I am!—find fault with my proceedings if you dare;" some with an air of conscious virtue, implying, that, "to the pure, all things are pure."

Poor Mondor, meanwhile, unconscious of the vast movements going on behind the dial plate, kept bowing to one fair guest, and smiling to another; satisfied that all were delighted to be there, and that the absent were vexed and envious.

"Seven hundred invitations, and not above twenty excuses!"—he whispered to me, as we passed each other in the crowd. "I am afraid I have offended half the world by refusing cards. But what is one to do! In London, one's house is limited; and it is really unfair to crowd one's friends to death, in order to accommodate strangers. There is Colonel Martinet, I see, has kept away, because I refused to let him bring a whole family of country cousins. Mrs Peachick asked leave for her three younger daughters; Mrs Sneak wanted me to ask her aunt; and Lady Lindo is gone already, because I did not choose to let her invite the three regiments of guards as partners for the Miss Lindos!"

Little did my poor friend suspect the parting salutations at that moment exchanging in his hall.

"Good night, Littledale! You needn't say at home that you met me here."

"Of course not. In return, pray don't mention to my wife that *I* was here. I told her I was going to the opera."

"By the way, Lady Mary, this man's parties are never announced, I hope, in the *Morning Post*?"

"I am sure I hope not. If there were any danger of it, it would be worth while to give a douceur to the porter to leave out one's name."

"I wish to goodness my coachman would not get so low down in the string. There is William having my carriage called by every link-boy in waiting! Just listen! Not a person living in the street but will know that I was at Mondor's ball!"

"Well!—at least one comforts oneself by knowing that one has done a good-natured action. When people are under a cloud, it becomes a charity to support them. Can you tell me whether it is Gunter who serves Mondor's suppers, or whether he engages a man cook?"

"Can't say, indeed. The supper and music here are faultless. Poor man!—one does one's best for him, because he does his best for *us*. But it *is* a sacrifice. I came here in a hackney coach, because I did not choose my servants to know that I entered such a house. One cannot be too particular in upholding the standard of public morals."

Such are the equivocations of the frequenters of Equivocal Society.

HYMN TO SPRING.

THOU bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither!
Though with thee comes the strife
Of changeful weather.
Oh, young and coldly fair,
Come, with thy storm-blown hair,
Down-casting snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

Approachest thou in shower?
Mist hath enroll'd thee;
Till, changed by viewless power,
Bright we behold thee.
Whilst chilling gales do fly,
Thou wanderest meekly, by
Green holme and mountain high,
Till shades enfold thee.

By dusky woodland side,
Silent thou rovest;
Where lonely runlets glide
Unheard thou movest;
Wide strewing buds and flowers,
By fields, and dells, and bowers,
'Mid winds and sunny showers,
Bounteous thou provest.

Though ever changeful, still
Ever bestowing;
The earth receives her fill
Of thy good sowing;
And, lo! a spangled sheen
Of herbs and flowers between,
Blent with the pasture green,
All beauteous growing.

Now comes the driven hail,
Rattling and bounding;
A shower doth next prevail,
Thunder astounding;
Until the glorious sun
Looks through the storm-cloud dun;
And, as the light doth run,
Glad tones are sounding.

The throstle tunes his throat,
On top-bough sitting;
The ouzle's wizard note,
By dingle flitting.
The loved one, too, is there—
Above his snow-plashed lair,
He sings, in sun-bright air,
Carol befitting.

Come, ev'ry tone of joy!
Add to the pleasure!—
Sweet Robin's melody
Joins in the measure;
And echoes wake and sing,
And fairy-bells do ring,
Where silver bubbles fling
Their sparkling treasure.

The hazel bloom is hung
Where beams are shining;
The honey-bine hath clung,
Garlands entwining
For one who wanders lone
Unto that bower unknown,
And finds a world his own,
Pure joys combining.

Then, bringer of new life,
Welcome thou hither!
And welcome, too, the strife,
Of changeful weather!
Oh, ever young and fair,
Cast, from thy storm-blown hair,
Bright drops and snow pearls fair,
For earth to gather.

BARDOFM.

TO AN IDIOT.

POOR, witless youth! come hither. Let me trace
What lines distinctive part thee from thy race:
Their voice thou hast—their features—upright form—
And heart that throbs with instinct not less warm.
But, ah!—the feelings of that heart are blind,
And stray unguided by far-seeing Mind;
Where proud imperial Reason's throne should be,
Thou hast but dull and gloomy vacancy.
What varied fancies crowd to me, whene'er
I mark—as toward me turns thine empty stare—
The quiet of the unreflecting eye!
No thought to mirror, or be lighted by,
It finds within; and meaningless it roves,
Ne'er kindling, though it rest e'en where it loves!
And that strange hollow laugh I never hear,
Without replying by a sudden tear.
Alas! on Earth, there is no light for thee—
Sightless, thou trav'llest to Eternity!
No stamp of thought is seen upon thy brow—
Th' unwritten page of Nature's book art thou!

Yet, can the sagest say thou art not one
That Heaven's most favouring look is turn'd upon?
Unknowing and uncaring, 'mid the strife
Of those who feel the duties born of Life—
Unharm'd and harming none—the care and crime
Through which for ever is the march of Time,
Disturb thee not. The hours fly o'er thee fast,
With noiseless wings. The future, as the past,
Is but a blank—the present is a joy,
Ne'er mingled with that bitterest alloy,
The misery of mind. Rememb'ring naught
To cause thee pain, and wake desponding thought—
E'en safe from Him, the Demon, Foe of Man,
Untempted wilt thou live thy little span.
Thou dost not think upon the sunny hour
Of childhood; nor lament that ev'ry flow'r
Which bloom'd about thee then, is faded now!—
Thou dost not weep the blighted hope!—the vow
bandon'd soon as register'd!—the dream
Of joy, that, like the bubbles on the stream
By which, in boyhood's merry time, you roved,
Hath vanish'd!—the bright things that first you loved,
All changed—departed, wither'd, or grown cold!—
Thine heart thou feel'st not prematurely old!—
The hallow'd home you dwelt in when a child,
Where on your early sports your mother smil'd—
The happy circle, broken up!—the days
Thou hadst not trodden Vice's tempting ways—
Of these thou thinkst not; nor wilt ever know
That Recollection is a fount of wo!

Yet those we deem the glorious of our race,
May not hereafter find a resting-place
As tranquil as the home prepar'd above
For thee, unconscious child of Heaven's love!

Oh, pausing in our passions' wild career,
Should we not gaze on thee, and, with a tear,
Not of compassion, but of envy, own
That, rather than possess an Empire's throne,
Thy fate we'd choose: To pass the time below
Sinless and sorrowless, and hence to go,
Without one heart-rent retrospective sigh,
To share the ever-during bliss on high!

What dost thou, Idiot, here on earth? Thou art
Not one of us. Why dost thou not depart?
Why wert thou sent at all?—to mope alone?
Outcast! to find companionship in none?
Vainly we ponder on that mystery—
All that we learn is, not to *pity* thee!

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Kilkenny, 1838.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.*

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. III.—FRIENDS AT THE YEARLY MEETING.

In our last chapter, we introduced our readers to some acquaintance with the domestic manners and peculiar notions of the Friends; we will now take a view of them in their great annual assembly, which they themselves always designate by the simple title of "The Yearly Meeting." This is held in London, opening always on a Wednesday in the latter end of May, and continuing into the month of June, generally lasting about ten days or a fortnight. Of course, it is the most important event in their religious system, the most interesting season in their year. To this great meeting, the business of all their lesser meetings points, and is here consummated. In this meeting, every subject which, as Friends, they deem important, is discussed; every public act determined; and the religious condition and moral discipline of the Society are reviewed. To it delegates are sent from every quarter of the island; by it committees are appointed to receive appeals against the decision of minor meetings—to carry every object which is deemed desirable within their body, or beyond it, into effect; by it Parliament is petitioned; the crown addressed; religious ministers are sanctioned in their schemes of foreign travel, or those schemes restrained; and funds are received and appropriated for the prosecution of all their views as a Society.

For the better understanding of the working of their system, it may be as well to explain that, in every place in the kingdom where the Friends have a meeting-house for worship, they hold, once a month, after the meeting for worship is over, a meeting of discipline—a meeting, in fact, for the transaction of the civil affairs of the Society; such as providing funds for the support of the poor, for the education of the children of the poor; inquiring into the general moral condition of the meeting; or taking individual delinquents to task. This is called a preparative meeting—that is, a meeting preparative to the monthly meeting, which is a meeting consisting of several preparative meetings. To the monthly meeting, one or more representatives are sent from each preparative meeting; and, from the monthly meeting, others are sent to the quarterly meeting, which generally includes within its jurisdiction one or two counties; and, of course, several monthly meetings. From the quarterly meetings, then, in spring, representatives are sent to the yearly meeting; and here it should be understood, that the women, as well as the men, hold their preparative, monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings of discipline, as they are called. The grand basis of the Society is that of the most perfect human equality—an equality which, it was stated in the first of these papers, extended to sex as well as to every other condition of humanity. Women are placed on the footing of companions and co-heirs of all social rights and privileges, and, therefore, hold their own meetings of discipline, and transact all affairs belonging exclusively to their own sex; that is, they watch over the wants, interests, moral conduct, and religious consistency of the female part of the community; so that, at the close of a meeting for worship, once a-month, the women retire into another apartment, and open their books, and discuss their own concerns, as the men do theirs, in their meeting; and, of course, they send, to the monthly, quarterly, and yearly meetings, their own representatives too.

We will now suppose that the spring quarterly meetings, in each county throughout the kingdom, have been held; and both men and women have appointed their respective representatives, generally two or three of each sex in each quarterly meeting; and these important personages are on their way. But they are not on their way alone; for they are not the sole attendants of the yearly meeting. The system, as we have said, is a system of full and equal enjoyment of all social privileges; and, therefore, every individual of the Society has a clear

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* Since the appearance of my last article on this subject, "A Member of the Society" has published in this Magazine some strictures on that and the preceding article; and it will very probably be asked by "Friends"—"What has William Howitt to say to those strictures?" My reply is—Nothing. In the first place, I never notice the observations of anonymous writers. I never, myself, write a syllable about any body of men without putting at the head of my remarks my name at length. My remarks are my own deliberate observations and convictions; and, unless my facts can be falsified, or my opinion changed, they can only stand as my avowed sentiments. If any one can convince the public that his sentiments are more rational, he is, of course, at perfect liberty. I *could* say a *great deal* on the points adverted to by the anonymous Friend; but all who have read the preceding papers must be aware that I avowed my intention to avoid controversy. All the arguments adduced by the anonymous Friend are perfectly familiar to me; and, if replied to, would lead to that very controversy that is raging in other quarters. I am content simply to record my honest view of the Society, as it was, and as it is. The anonymous Friend has, however, stated one thing as a fact, which is not exactly a fact—he has instanced various Continental languages as preserving the use of the singular pronoun, *thou*. Every one that knows anything of the Continental languages, knows that it is preserved only as we preserve it—partially; and that those of the educated classes addressing each other are most ceremoniously scrupulous in avoiding the use of the second person singular.

right to attend the yearly meeting in his own person. The only difference between the representatives and the other members, as to attendance, is, that the representatives *must* attend; every other individual *may* attend, if he or she please. And great are the numbers which do attend; for, it may well be supposed, that such a meeting must have many attractive attributes to every one who loves the conversation of Friends—who loves the Society, and is interested in the judicious management of its affairs. The representatives are charged, of course, with all specific matters of business; but every individual is interested in every general discussion, and in bringing it to the best termination. Every man, therefore, as he possesses the right, may, if he please, take part in the general business; may give an opinion when an opinion is necessary; and there naturally arise some men, more adroit, or who take more pleasure in the discussion of the Society's affairs in their meetings, and who come to be called great disciplinarians; but every man *may* offer his opinion; and numbers do offer them in a very brief shape indeed.

But, besides the attraction of debate, of religious and moral interest, in the Society, we may believe that the attractions of a social nature are not the less powerful. The yearly meeting is a grand point, at which Friends from every quarter of the island meet, where old Friends may renew their fellowship, and young ones may become acquainted, and form the most interesting connections. Behold, then, every motive which can stir the human frame—apostleship, leadership, friendship, acquaintanceship, courtship—all at work to send up old and young to the yearly meeting. The care of the Church is on some—its ministry, its money, its morality, or reformation; the renewal of old ties, the meeting, once more, of "the old familiar faces," draws others; and many a fairy vision, no doubt, floats beneath the shadow of beaver or drab-bonnet, making the smoky walls of London more delightful, in perspective, than the green fields and quiet paradises of home. Accordingly, when the time approaches, the question, Who is going to the yearly meeting? circulates through every place where Friends reside, with a daily increased rapidity and intensity; and those who are not averse to take the charge of representation on their shoulders, are not backward to announce, that "they have some thoughts of going." Sly old disciplinarians, however, who have felt what it is to sit out every meeting and committee, morning, afternoon, and evening, for a fortnight, and are quite willing to be excused the onus and responsibility of the office, keep their tongues in their heads; and young ones, quite as sly in their schemes of pleasure, are as silent too. "Oh, they should like it very much; but they really can hardly hope for such a treat—matters of business are so pressing at home. Perhaps father, or mother, or uncle, will be going, and then they *must* be at home. They see little chance." They know very well that, if they only let it slip out, that they mean to be there, some good Friend at the quarterly meeting will be sure to call out their names when the time for nomination of representatives arrives; and they are nailed, not only to going, but to a daily attendance at meetings and committees, while many a fascinating party is made by their less engaged friends on days of less general interest—days when none but members of committees and representatives are wanted at meetings—to the exhibitions of paintings, the British Museum, the Zoological Gardens, and other places, where young hearts, indulging the same tastes, and occupied by the same objects of admiration, naturally grow into closer union and into warmer sympathy. No, the "Quaker sly" was not a truer epithet when Pope wrote it, than it is now; and, when the hour of nomination comes in the quarterly meeting, you would really think that nobody was going at all; that nobody could possibly be found to take the honourable office of representative. Name after name is called out; but one does not know that he is likely to be there: who, indeed, can see into the futurity of a fortnight? Another confesses that he "has had some thoughts of it, but cannot see his way clear as yet." A third "would like to enjoy the privilege of once more being at the yearly meeting, and perhaps may be favoured to attend, but has had his name down these last three or four years—thinks it cannot be required of him at this time—thinks it well that some of the dear youth should be nominated—that it is well that they should be taking on them the yoke of duty, and growing up to fill the places of those valuable ancient members who are, from time to time, going from works to rewards."

Well, a whole catalogue of young Friends are called upon forthwith—but catch them if you can! No; none, but the unlucky or devoted mortals who have let it transpire before-hand that they "had intentions," are to be caught; or those few patriotic characters, who give way at the demand of pressing duty, consent to go up, and dedicate themselves to the service of the Church, because none else can be found—the very rams whose horns are caught in the thickets of necessity for especial public sacrifice.

The number, however, is sure to be made up, and then very pleasant it is after meeting to compare notes—men and women. "Who are appointed by your meeting?" "Oh, John Such-an-one, and Thomas Such-an-one." "And who by yours?" "Oh, Susanna Such-an-one, and Rachel So-and-so, and Jane Such-a-Friend!" And then comes the news who are the representatives from the neighbouring quarterly meetings, and the time is looked forward to, and a pleasant season is anticipated. And, lo! as it comes near, it turns out that plenty of Friends are going. Those who "had not thought of it" before the quarterly meeting, have thought of it seriously since. Those who "did not see their way clear," have found the atmosphere brighten up surprisingly. Matters of business have given way; the

young have found fathers or uncles are *not* going, or that they can all go very well together. In short, the only difficulty now is to secure places by the coaches. On going to take a place by the mail about this time, you are pretty sure to find the whole inside taken by Friends! Inside and outside, you see them proceeding from all parts of the country for a few days before the commencement of the meeting. The day before, they pour into London by tribes—coaches and private carriages, barouches and chaises; you meet them on every road near the metropolis, travelling, if in their own carriages, at an easy pace and with goodly horses—for a merciful man is merciful to his beast; and, besides, they are not fond of hurrying themselves. In London, even at this thronging season of the year, when all the worlds of this kingdom are met in it—the world of fashion, the religious world, the parliamentary world, the world of pleasure, and the world of business, jumbled and confounded together out of doors, however distinct they may be within; when vehicles, public and private chariots, omnibuses, break-neck cabs, patent safeties, cars, waggons, britschkas, tilburies, are rushing, crushing, scouring, and dashing together, as if their only aim were the utmost pitch of peril and confusion; when ministers of State and ministers of religion, popular orators and popular preachers, are thronging to their particular places of exhibition—to St Stephens, or to Exeter Hall, to nightly debates or anniversary occasions; when visiters of Exhibitions, and troops of lawyers watching the progress of private bills, are all swelling the tide and tumult of the Great Babel—even at this multitudinous season, the influx of Friends becomes strikingly conspicuous. The city is their place of resort. Bishopsgate Street, where their meeting is situated, in which the yearly meeting is held, is the great place of their gathering together.

We have on more than one occasion travelled up to town with a whole inside of Friends, and we could not help imagining that those who are apt to regard them as a very self-denying people, would have seen with some degree of wonder the quiet indulgence in which they travelled on. Going up to the yearly meeting, is like the going up of the Israelites of old to the Passover at Jerusalem—and it is plain that it is a time of feasting and good cheer. At every meal, our Friends seemed to enjoy themselves with a sense of the good things of Providence which even Solomon must have approved, when he said, "Let us eat and drink, for it is the gift of God." I speak now more particularly of one full-grown and full-fed party which filled the coach as a nut is filled with its kernel. They enjoyed the fat things of the table, and laid in stores of substantials for discussion in the intervals of travel. At breakfast, they ordered a quantity of eggs to be hard boiled, to take with them, and a pint of Sherry, which they carefully decanted into a handsome wine-flask. Whenever the horses were changed at any place noted for the production of any good thing, they sent and procured of it: at one place a Stilton cheese; at another, a cream cheese; nay, even young radishes were purchased. It was evident that they were providing for the lodgings in town which were themselves already provided—for experienced yearly-meeting goers, always secure good and appropriate quarters, before leaving the "warm precincts" of their own houses. This party being a stout and jolly quartet, and the weather being unusually warm for the season, they travelled with the coach-doors open, to get as good a share of fresh air as they had already got of provisions. Every coachman and every traveller that we met, wondering at the winged aspect of our vehicle, its doors both standing wide, invariably cried, "Coachman, your doors are open!" Coachman nodded assent, and went on without farther notice, to the increased astonishment of the people. If our Friends, however, took good care of themselves, it was evident that they extended their care to all those, too, who had a claim of fees upon them; for those invariably expressed their lively satisfaction on feeling the gratuity in the palm, by the most expressive faces, and other indubitable signs. Let no one accuse me of wishing to represent sober Friends as gourmands. I here merely relate a particular case which I have seen; and I am bound, by a large experience, to describe them truly as a temperate, but yet a self-indulgent people, who, in fulfilment of their own and the Psalmist's prayer, have been led to "lie down in green pastures and by the still waters."

The mingling of plain coats, broad hats, friendly shawls, and friendly bonnets, in the great human stream that for ever rolls along the *pavées* of the city, is in that neighbourhood, at this season, become very predominant. As you pass along almost any street thereabouts, you see at the upper windows of all the inns, and at numbers of the private houses, tribes of Friends' faces. Collarless coats and plain caps catch your eye at every turn. Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without, Gracechurch Street, Houndsditch, Liverpool Street, Old Broad Street, Sun Street, almost every street of that district, fairly swarms with Friends. The inns and private lodgings are full of them. The White Hart and the Four Swans, are noted places of their sojourn. It is said, I suppose more in joke than earnest, that, while the yearly meeting lasts, almost every article of food or luxury rises in price—fresh butter, poultry, eggs, veal, lamb, and vegetables, are dreadfully dear; and that jarvies are more than ordinarily difficult to deal with. No doubt, Friends help to swell the tide of strangers at this crisis, and to increase those effects which are felt distinctly enough in "the season."

It is curious to see the numerous groups of Friends that are there moving about: threes and fours of young women in their dove-coloured garbs, and quiet fresh faces; the men-Friends moving along at a more leisurely pace than Londoners are wont; the stately dowager-like matrons, most plump and well-fed personages,

with their silk gowns folded carefully round them, and held with one hand, while they lean with the other on some staid man-Friend, or some slender slip of a growing son, who sees mighty London, wondering, yet with a quiet face, for the first time in his life. It is curious to see the many quaint and picturesque figures of men, some with their looped-up hats and walking-canes, and distinct air of wealth and citizenship, which clearly marks them as men of note in their own distant cities; others lank and long, with flying limbs and raiment of uncouth cut, who have evidently issued from far-off dales and secluded abodes, to bear the din and jostle of London a brief while, for the fellowship of spirit to be found in the yearly meeting; and others, again, especially the young, with a cut of coat, progressing by rapid degrees from the most antiquated pattern of Quakerism to the nearest possible approach to the fashionable style of the day; not, indeed, with dress-coats, but with coats scalloped to resemble them—not with collared coats, but with coats *rolled* to resemble collars!—timid approaches to what is not worth approaching if it be not worth adopting, a mulish state between the man-Friend and the man of fashion, a hankering condition on the borders of the broad land of common observance, when a bold leap from the narrow pound of sectarian living had been at once more manly and becoming.

It is equally curious, and far more delightful, to see the continual recognitions of different parties, the running across the street to meet each other, the hearty shaking of hands, and introducings of each other to mutual friends, and the hearings and tellings of news of old friends and relatives in every part of the kingdom; of who is here, and who is not, and where different parties are located. This is what is continually passing in the streets at the first coming up of Friends; and at the different inns and lodgings, many are the visits and the similar inquiries. Numbers, as I have observed, have taken their lodgings before coming up; and those being known to their own friends, serve as guides and links to the discovery of others. At the inns, they have a *table d'hote*, at which they generally breakfast and dine; and here they can invite any of their friends as their guests. Every Friend's house at this time has its guests; and many of the wealthy keep a sort of open house, and invite as many to their tables as their houses will possibly hold. At their tables, and the *tables d'hote*, there is a continual circulation of fresh faces; and you are sure, at the one or other of them, to meet, during the yearly meeting, almost every person of distinction in the Society. There are always some individuals of interest amongst them—popular ministers, or leading persons of one kind or other at almost every table. Nothing, therefore, can exceed the facility of introduction, and the formation of new acquaintances by those young persons who are desirous of making them.

The business of the yearly meeting commences by the assembling of the meeting of ministers and elders, previous to the meeting of the body at large. What is done here I cannot positively say; for these persons form a secret conclave—a thing little in keeping with the general democratic form and spirit of the Society; and, therefore, of late years, an object of considerable jealousy, and where the late divisions appear to have originated. This select body, however, receives and hands to the meeting at large all "Testimonies" of ministers and elders; records and takes cognizance of all writings of members on the doctrines of the Society; and what more does not so clearly appear. Leaving, then, the meeting of ministers and elders, let us come to the general assembly of the yearly meeting; and in describing this, I shall describe it in its general character. We do not want to know what was done at any particular yearly meeting, but to have a clear notion of what the yearly meeting is at all times. To do this, we must take it in three points of view—its mode of transacting business, the sort of business which occupies it, and its general aspect and character. The place of its meeting is, in fact, a cluster of three meeting-houses. On entering the meeting-house yard where the Friends are assembling, the first thing which strikes you is the extreme plainness of their dress. Meeting Friends as you do in their ordinary places of abode, you often feel, especially in the young, the marked departure from the strictness of the old costume; here, on the contrary, you are surprised at the general retention of it. This may, perhaps, be accounted for in a great measure by the fact, that, after all, the most orthodox are those who attend the yearly meeting; and that even the young, who are not too particular on other occasions, may select the plainest coat from the wardrobe, to wear on an occasion where it is likely to be most in esteem.

It is a pleasant sight now to see the women Friends proceeding to their own meeting; a lengthening train of fair creatures, clad in vestures as delicate as a dove's; matrons and mothers in Israel of stately and dignified manner, mingled with younger forms and faces, as fair as any that the sun of England shines upon; but all calm and serious in demeanour, free and independent beings in their character of Christian women, proceeding to act for themselves and their sister friends, with an ability and decorum which might shame male assemblies in places of the highest pretension.

But the doors of the men's meeting are thrown open, and in they are going. Let no one, however, whatever be his curiosity, attempt to enter who is not a member of the Society. Near the door stands one who marks with a sharp eye any one who is a stranger to him, especially if he have a worldly coat on his back. If he doubts him, he steps forward, and asks whether he be a member, and with a quiet, keen look, that seems ready to detect whether the answer have truth in it. If he still doubts, he demands his name, and that of his monthly meeting. Having these, he has only to go to any known member of that

monthly meeting, to identify the individual at once, or detect the imposition.

It may be asked, why so much care to exclude strangers? What mysteries are there celebrated, that need so much secrecy? What Elusinian rites, what inquisitorial tortures, or masonic arcana, are concealed in a Friends' Meeting, that require such jealous hiding? And, since some differences of opinion on certain points of doctrine or matters of practice have arisen in the Society, it has frequently been asked, by the movement party, why not allow the free publication of the proceedings of the meeting? The answer to these queries is very simple. The Society is a corporation of private individuals, united upon the basis of certain common principles of faith and morals, and for the enjoyment of them; and it is not amenable to the public, nor has the public any claim of inquisition into its proceedings, while its opinions, which are well known, and its practices, which are equally cognizable, are not injurious to the peace or good of society. As a question of right, therefore, it has the clearest title to confine the witnessing of its proceedings to its own members; and, as to propriety, it must be recollected that one of the Society's most prominent principles of association, is the inquiry into the necessities and maintenance of its poor; another, the education of their children; a third, the moral right of its body, as a Christian Church, to exercise a watchfulness and a power of admonition and rebuke over its members; and it must be obvious enough, that these circumstances, and the raising and applying of the necessary funds, must involve many points of personal and peculiar delicacy, which no one ought to witness, or to desire to intrude himself into, who is not a member, and bearing a common portion of the public burden—pecuniary, moral, and religious. Then, let it be recollected what would be the situation of the ladies in their meetings, if they were exposed to the intrusion of even such of their own sex as chose to go in; or to have their deliberations exposed to the utmost publicity. A circumstance, which I have repeatedly heard stated in their Society, as having occurred at the yearly meeting, maygive a pretty good notion of what such an openness of proceedings would subject them to; and that is, that one of the royal princes—I have heard it stated by some as the Prince of Wales, by others the Duke of York, but certainly one of them—took it into his head to witness the proceedings of the women-Friends; and, for that purpose, introduced himself, in the disguise of a young woman-Friend's dress, into the meeting. Though but a slim and smooth-faced youth at the time, he was presently detected; for it is impossible that any young man, even of the Society, could ever successfully imitate the delicate niceties of dress and bearing of a young woman-Friend of taste and education. And we may very well believe that the wild young Prince, who had come there to make use of his eyes—perhaps to see if he could not find, like his father, another Anna Lightfoot—could not preserve a very staid and passive aspect. In fact, he forgot himself, and, thrusting his hand into his pocket, displayed, through the pocket-hole of his gown, the yellow buckskins that he wore beneath. The incident is quite sufficiently instructive on the subject of facility of *entrée* into the women's yearly meeting, at least.

Of late, it has been the practice of certain parties, to take notes of the proceedings of the yearly meeting, and communicate them to the newspapers; and, strongly as I am persuaded of the benefit of the utmost publicity which can be given to the transactions of all corporate bodies, consistent with the delicacy just adverted to, it must be confessed that this proceeding, protested against as it has been by many members, and by the clerk, as the official organ of the meeting, has been a breach of honour, and a doing evil that good might come of it. However much we may regret that the meeting does not give all rational publicity to its discussions, and however much we may feel satisfied that by this publicity it would consult its best interests, still, till it chooses to do so, it has the most undoubted right to refuse; and whoever violates the clear sense of the Society on this head, violates the law of honour and integrity. It is to be hoped that, as a strong desire seems to exist in the religious public, to be made acquainted with its proceedings, the yearly meeting will adopt the plan of the House of Commons, allowing regular reporters; but reserving to itself, on any question of delicacy, the right to resolve itself into a committee of the whole house, whose deliberations shall be sacredly private. But, in order that it should be understood what is *really* the opinion of the bulk of the Society on this subject, the question itself *should be submitted to the vote.*

We have been stopped on our entrance, however, into the yearly meeting, not only by the wary janitor, but by a very grave and knotty question. The meeting-house appropriated to the business of the men, is capable, I suppose, of holding two or three thousand people. It is seated with rows of seats, ascending from near the centre of the house to the wall, each way, in the manner of the House of Commons; and, instead of the Speaker's chair in front, runs across another ascending platform of seats, meeting those of the two sides. Around the meeting above, runs a spacious gallery. The Friends pass on, and place themselves where they please, except that the ministers, elders, representatives, and other Weighty Friends, (a phrase that will presently call again our attention to it,) arrange themselves on the cross seats at the head of the meeting; in the midst of which is placed a plain table, at which the clerk and his assistants are to sit. The first act of the meeting is to choose this clerk. In his "Portraiture of Quakerism," Clarkson says, that the yearly meeting, unlike other large popular assemblies, has no chairman; but the clerk is, in fact, both chairman and secretary. He is the centre of business. To him, and those immediately about him, every one addresses himself. He announces what subject is next coming before the meeting; and he pronounces what termination it has arrived at;

and, moreover, in his capacity of secretary, records the decision in a minute. To counterbalance this onerous combination of offices, he has an assistant appointed him, who reads long articles, and otherwise lessens the amount of his duties. The clerk being chosen, he takes his place at the table, and places on record the opening of the yearly meeting. The names of the representatives are delivered in, and entered on the book.

We cannot here pretend to give an exact detail of the proceedings of the meeting; it will be sufficient to state, generally, that the meeting is held by repeated adjournments, generally morning and afternoon, from day to day, till the business is gone through. The meetings for worship are held regularly on the regular days, Thursdays and Sundays. The first great business of the meetings is to read and consider the answers from all the quarterly meetings, to a standing set of queries on the moral and religious condition of the Society; whether there be any "religious growth" in the Society; whether all social and moral duties are carefully discharged; whether Friends are mindful to be faithful subjects, obedient to the laws, good citizens, and just in their dealings with all men; whether they educate their children, and the children of their poor members; and whether they maintain their "testimonies" steadfastly before men, and live in love one with another. Epistles are read from the yearly meeting of Friends in Ireland, and from those of the various States of America; and committees are appointed to draw up answers. They have committees also sitting on the affairs of their public schools, on the subject of slavery, and other matters in which they take a high interest, and on which they often feel bound to address the crown, petition Parliament, and call upon the public for its aid or attention. They also receive an account of all the seizures upon the members of the Society for tithes, church-rates, &c., generally amounting to about £14,000 a-year; and a committee draws up a general epistle to the members of the Society, which is afterwards canvassed and adopted in the meeting at large; and then printed, and folded in a particular form, and sent to be read, first in the quarterly, then in the monthly, lastly in the preparative meetings, and then, at the doors of the meeting-houses, distributed to the head of every individual family.

This is a bare outline of the kind of business which occupies the yearly meeting; but there is a good deal in its manner of conducting its business which is peculiar to itself. The discussion of every question, however exciting it may appear in its own nature, is carried on with a coolness and passive quietness which forms the most remarkable contrast to the tumult, vehemence, noise, and confusion of popular assemblies in general. There is no attempt to excite the feelings and the passions. There is no attempt at anything like oratory or zealous pleading; every one states his opinion, or gives his evidence on any question, in the most deliberate, plain and concise manner possible. There is, in fact, a sort of Spartan brevity used, that it would be most difficult for any one accustomed to the free and animated style of harangue, used in public meetings or in Parliament, to acquire. An attempt to influence the mind of the assembly by anything like artful or vehement language, would alarm and shock the whole body, and produce exactly the contrary effect to the one aimed at. The Friends consider that they sit there to hear and ascertain the truth, and to come to such a decision as shall consist with truth, and the dignity of Christian minds. They look upon themselves as sitting in the presence of the Divine Spirit, and under its guidance, and think it equally an affront to that pure and sacred presence, and to the sound sense of grown men, to use or to suffer any passion to be stirred, or practice to be employed, which may unsettle that calmness of spirit most conducive to right judgment. Truth and justice being their objects, they deem them only to be arrived at by the simplest, the clearest, and most honest means. The speakers, therefore, speak calmly and briefly, and are listened to with profound silence. Such a thing as a token of approbation or dissent from the audience is literally unknown. If the speaker wander from the point, he is immediately reminded of it by the clerk, or by some one calling the clerk's attention to the fact; but such a thing as a hiss, a groan, a clapping of hands, or stamping of feet, is never heard within these walls. How would such an assembly be startled and confounded by a fiery outbreak like Sheil's in the House of Commons! A cry of hear! hear! would electrify the whole place. Such vehemence of harangue, such vivacity of attention, would sound there as much out of place, as music in a tomb. To one who has mingled in more stirring elements, it is strange to witness such equanimity of speech and passiveness of attention: the whole body listens without the slightest outward indication of their inward impressions; they break out into no murmur of indignation or surprise; they smile at no sally of wit or humour; they express no weariness or dissent; the speaker only knows that he is heard, and that is all.

But what is, perhaps, more singular than their mode of speaking and writing, is their mode of deciding. All other popular assemblies decide by a show of hands—that is, by numbers; but Friends decide by *weight*. They take no show of hands, not even on the most vital questions; they do not consult the voice of the majority; the question with them is—What is the opinion of the WEIGHTY FRIENDS? I alluded to this term of Weighty Friends, just now, and it is one to which none but Friends can attach any meaning. It simply means, men of influence, weight of character—moral character, and experience. These, by a singular anomaly in the Quaker system, are permitted to decide and settle everything, and that often without assigning a single reason. The Society being ostensibly founded on the principle of equality of right, one would have supposed that in its assemblies every individual would have a vote; but not so. All are

presumed to live under the divine influence; but certain characters are supposed to live more closely under it; to be more watchfully attentive to its monitions. These are imagined, by this sort of reasoning, to be living nearer to the principle of all truth, and, therefore, more sure of deciding according to it; and so a few of them have only to arise and say simply, "My opinion is so and so," and "I am quite of that Friend's opinion;" and they carry the question against the whole body. It must be confessed that this is a singular phenomenon in a body of men who have shewn themselves, in other respects, so independent, and affords another striking demonstration how easily men, by their feelings, may be drawn into slavery, if not to priestcraft, yet to something very much akin to it. The pretence of spiritual sanctity is here set up in opposition to the clearest of recognised rights—that of individual vote, and the judgment of the majority; and when this custom is taken in connexion with the close meetings of ministers and elders, already mentioned, and it is understood that these Weighty Friends are, for the most part, those very same people, it must be confessed that this is a very dangerous concession of right and reason to an assumption of spiritual sanctity in a ministry; and is, unquestionably, the weakest point of the Quaker system. These Weighty Friends are, moreover, generally found to be the men with *weighty purses*. Wealth as uniformly gets to the head of the Friends' meeting as it does to the head of any other body; and even this simple people have an aristocracy of wealth amongst them, as marked as the aristocracy of the country at large. There are some few opulent families, which a young Friend, whatever his moral or intellectual rank, would, unless opulent himself, as soon thing of proposing a matrimonial alliance with, and no sooner, than with the most exclusive of our national nobility. These things, spite of all professions and all systems to the contrary, will be; but it behoves a people equally distinguished for their good sense and independence of character, to guard jealously against the predominance of monied or sanctimonious influence, by the rational protection of individual vote; and it is with satisfaction, as a lover of the great principles of the Society, that I have seen, of late years, a growing spirit in the mass of the community to remedy this palpable defect.

That, then, is the mode of transacting the business of the yearly meeting—the kind of business I have already alluded to; but there are a few subjects of its attention which demand a more distinct mention; and, indeed, the highest possible praise. These are—justice to the Negro and the American Indian; opposition to tithes, and other impositions of the State Church; denunciation of war; the improvement of prison discipline, and the promotion of education. From their first existence as a body, they have never ceased to denounce tyranny and bloodshed; to struggle for the freedom of the oppressed, and the reformation of the depraved. These are the topics which warm up even their discussions to something like eloquence; on these they are unanimously agreed, and are ready to devote their persons and their purses most freely. These are the traits in their character which make us rejoice in their accumulation of wealth, and inspire us with a hope that they will yet add more zeal to their integrity, and boldness of action to their purity of heart.

But we have not yet seen the women-Friends in the midst of their deliberations. There they are, nevertheless, all this time, in their own court, engaged in deep discussion on all that affects their female polity—weighing their moral and religious growth or retrogression, admonishing on the past, taking measures for the future, with as much gravity, ability, and tact as their brethren can shew in theirs. Vain, however, would be all our desires to take a peep into this peaceful Amazonian republic, into this forum of fair pleaders, were it not for the kind intervention of one of their body. Such obliging Friend now sits on our right hand; and she tells us that nothing in this whole assembly struck her so much, on her first visit to it, as the array of stately forms and fine heads displayed by the more matronly part of the assembly; that the sight of such a company of ladies—a company completely filling a large meeting-house from side to side and end to end, all dressed in the same style of simple elegance, and all quietly attending to the transaction of their affairs—had something very novel and interesting in it; but that the ministers and elders, and other matronly women, had a dowager-like air and dignity about them that was quite peculiar, with a placid purity of countenance that few dowagers of the fashionable world could lay any claim to. The full and portly forms of many of them seemed to speak of easy and even Sybaritic lives—of good tables, soft couches, and carriages of smoothest locomotion. Their countenances had a freshness and a freedom from "spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," at a very advanced age, that were truly surprising, and told of an existence that had passed like a velvet dream, far from all tyrant passions and vehement emotions. We have seen countenances amongst them that are the finest of their kind that can be imagined; such ample and well chiselled features, such fine expansions of forehead, scorning every false and meretricious ornament—the silver hairs of age, in all their honest simplicity, shewing themselves only around them. Others, again, with a stern and masculine style of countenance—cold, determined, commanding women, who have left their homes, and crossed the seas, and traversed wildernesses, in a sense of duty, which would shrink from nothing which it deemed to be demanded of it; masculine intellects in female forms, yet without the softness impressed by feminine feelings; heads and features which filled you, while you looked on them, with strange ideas of Spartan mothers, or the conceptions of Michael Angelo, and which, indeed, it would have been worth anything for a

painter or a sculptor to behold. Others, again, of a Raffael character: faces full of the softest blandest feelings; souls of womanly affection; eyes, large and liquid, that beamed with tenderness; piety that, in softest tones, dropped words of sympathy, which fell like dew. The weather was warm, and our fair friend found these ladies sitting unbonneted—so that they were seen to great advantage; for, while a coiffure of the strictest symplicity and great uniformity, the plainest Quaker-cap, gave a sameness to the *continued line of heads*, their individuality of character, of feature, and expression, was only the more strongly brought out.

But, in the midst of her contemplation of these heads, our fair informant's attention was arrested by a circumstance which, though common enough in Friends' meetings, is nowhere else to be witnessed, and which must appear very strange to other people. A woman-Friend was in the midst of a sermon—for Friends, in these meetings, mingle sermons and business very oddly together—for the movements of the Spirit are not to be restrained by the movements of business, and often manifest themselves very differently from what one would expect, from the general harmony of the divine economy, and very much to the dislocation of the discipline—a woman-Friend was preaching, when the door softly opened, and there appeared at it a little company of men. This was a well-known minister and two Friends, his companions on the occasion. They stepped quietly in; but the woman-Friend went on; for she was in the body of the meeting, and her back was towards them.* It was true that this visit from the men had been announced, and the ministers in the front gallery, who before seemed to occupy every inch of the whole line of it, now compressed themselves, and their liberal garments, into so much less space as to leave room for their visiters in the midst of them, whither, with soft steps, they were advancing. But the woman-Friend—though she knew these visiters were expected, though she saw the female ministers in the gallery quickly put on their bonnets, and make space for the men-Friends, and though their steps were heard on the floor—yet, the burden of her own spirit was too mighty to permit her to attend to these signs; on she went, higher and higher, louder and louder; and the poor men paused, and stood still. Anon, the preacher seemed to pause, and again they advanced a few paces; but again she went on, and they were compelled to stand—three tall men, bolt upright, yet with subdued looks, in their dark habiliments—in the midst of one wide expanse of sitting women, in light-coloured garments. There was something very ludicrous in the scene. They seemed, notwithstanding their subdued looks, as though they would fain be at their seat, and the elderly ladies as though they would be glad if the preacher had done; but there was no alternative: they must bide her time. She ceased, and they advanced, and, after a pause, the Friend delivered what he had to say; a second pause, and they retired.

These visits are very singular; and, what is more singular, the women have their messages to the men's meetings. One would have thought such an adventure too formidable for any woman; but ministering women-Friends seem to have no fear, and acknowledge no nerves. When a Friend "feels a drawing" to visit the women's meeting, he announces the fact to his own meeting; a message is dispatched, to inquire if it be convenient to receive such a visit; and, on the return of an affirmative answer, away he goes, accompanied by one or two Friends appointed for the purpose. Just the same is the form in case of a "drawing" on the part of a female minister. This custom is as old as the Society, and of the most common occurrence; but, of late, Luke Howard, the meteorologist, has made direct war upon it, as disorderly, prejudicial to business, and of no good result of any sort; and it is probable that a very short time will witness its extinction.

Let us now take one more view—one general view of Friends in the yearly meeting—and then good-by to them. They are assembled at a meeting of worship, be it on Thursday or Sunday. All business has ceased; men and women are met together. It is true, we have not the whole body here; for they have various meetings in and about the metropolis; and, on these days, each attends his own place, and the stranger ministers disperse themselves amongst them, in common language, "as they please"—but in theirs, "as they are drawn." Some are gone to the West-End, some to Stoke-Newington or Tottenham, some to Peckham or Camberwell. We will go into the city; for there we shall find, perhaps not the most aristocratic, but the greatest number. You now understand pretty well the constitution and disposition of a Friends' meeting. The men are sitting all on one side by themselves, with their hats on, and presenting a very dark and sombre mass; the women sitting together, on the other, as light and attractive. In the seats below the gallery, are sitting many Weighty Friends, men and women, still apart; and, in the gallery, a long row of preachers, male and female, perhaps twenty or thirty in number. You may count safely on a succession of sermons and prayers. Men and women arise, one after another, and preach in a variety of styles, but all peculiar to Friends. Suddenly, a man-minister takes off his hat, or a woman-minister takes off her bonnet; he or she drops quietly on the bass before them; at the sight, the whole meeting rises and remains on its feet while the minister enters into "supplication." Most singular, striking, and picturesque are often the sermons you hear. As we entered a meeting last year, a female was in the act of speaking. She stood aloft in the centre of the gallery—a woman considerably in years. Her tall form, her bonnet of an odd, wild air, the long grey shawl, hanging to her feet and enveloping her figure

* It is supposed that she was not yet an "acknowledged minister."

like the robes of a priestess, and the arm held aloft in the energy of a wild and figurative strain of denunciation, made her appear some weird woman of a by-gone age, some prophetess of the troubled times, such as came forth in the plague, or issued from the hiding-places of the Covenanters, rather than a woman, a lady indeed, of these smooth, oily, and commonplace days. She appeared the fit descendant of the Mary Dyers and Barbara Blaugdens of the first days of Quakerism, who went into New England in spite of menaces of death, only too surely fulfilled; or into the precincts of the English Universities, to warn the wild collegians, and to suffer at their hands. The strangers present seemed electrified; the sensation was general and vivid; the tears were running down the cheeks of hardy men, and were only hidden on numbers of softer faces by a wide display of cambric handkerchiefs. For ourselves, we must confess we were more amazed than moved; and, the harangue over, turned with a more pleasing interest to notice that striking and unique spectacle which the young women-Friends, sitting together in one great mass, present. They are continually compared to doves; and, it must be confessed, the *tout-ensemble* is very dove-like. There is such a delicacy and spotless purity in their whole appearance, and they sit in such a profound and devotional quietude; there is such a subduedness and, indeed, total absence of colouring in the whole scene, so different from the strong and varied colouring of most assemblages of females; there is something so unworldly, so cool, so exquisitely clean and fresh—that they look rather like an assembly of spirits or of vestals, than women who have to move amongst the corrodings, harassings, and bedimmings of every-day life. It must be confessed that, though the costume of the men is not to be much commended for its grace, that of the elderly women-Friends is very becoming, and that of the younger ones truly graceful; and by their taste, they have even given it a certain elegance. The bonnets of the most genteel and refined amongst them have a striking superiority of figure over those of the rest, though constructed of the same materials. Their shawls are more tastefully disposed. There is an air, a style about the young Quaker lady which it is not easy to describe. The prevailing colour of their bonnets at this season of the year is of a delicate silver-grey; their shawls of rich crape, of delicate French white, or of silver-grey, to correspond with the bonnet, sufficiently large to fall in graceful folds, pinned in front in a manner peculiar to them, and of so soft a texture as to shew the bust and fall of the shoulders very beautifully. A clear muslin collar, and a light zepherine scarf round the neck; the gown of a delicate shade of drab; and kid gloves to match, always well-fitting, new, and spotless—complete the young lady-Friend's costume. Here and there you see a darker gown, a shawl of darker shade, or even a bonnet of a rich brown, giving some variety and contrast to the mass; but it is really wonderful, with so few elements to work with, with almost no colour at all, how they produce so good an effect as they do. It is the extreme delicacy, the purity, the freshness of the whole, which impresses you with an irresistible feeling of a corresponding purity and tone of mind. You cannot help looking upon them as creatures of a purity of thought, of a loving and domestic habit, of innocent and unworldly tastes, that, as wives, sisters, and friends, must present a very grateful contrast to the vanity, the vulgarity under fashionable forms, the lax morality, and the dissipated feeling, which you find around you continually in the world. They remind you of Charles Lamb's "Hester," one of their own sisterhood—

> "When maidens such as Hester die,
> Their place ye may not well supply,
> Though ye among a thousand try
> With vain endeavour.
>
> "Her parents held the Quaker rule,
> Which doth the human feeling cool;
> But she was trained in Nature's school—
> Nature had blest her."

With this testimony to the fair and estimable daughters of the Society, we announce that the yearly meeting is at an end. The Epistle to the Churches has been read—the last words of exhortation and Christian fellowship have been dropped—the last pause of silence made—the last general and cordial shaking of hands given—and, by many a coach, carriage, and steamer, the Friends are, many of them, already on their way to their far-off homes; some strengthened in their spirits by the general communion of mind—some by a sense of duty discharged—all by bearing with them delicious remembrances of the pleasant intercourse of the last ten days. Depend upon it, there have been new schemes and hopes of life originated; new dreams of happiness awakened; there are embryo connections springing up that shall, ere long, come to the light and be heard of. All those pleasant dinings and tea-drinkings, whether in the goodly mansions of the city, or in the rural paradises of Tottenham, Newington, or Peckham-Rye—all those goings to picture galleries, and to the Zoological Gardens, by no fewer than three hundred in one day—have not been in vain. The yearly meeting is over, indeed; but there shall be other meetings in consequence of it, still more pleasant and profitable than it has been.

THE WORM THAT NEVER DIES.

> A BEAUTEOUS flower may sweetly smile
> In summer light, although the while
> A canker gnaws its stem;
> But, drooping soon, it fades away,
> O'ercome, at length, by slow decay,
> A broken garden gem!
>
> Thus, oft a smile may light the brow
> Of him whom inward sorrows bow—
> Whose heart can ne'er be glad;
> And, though he mingle with the throng
> Who pleasure's pathway rush along,
> Still is he ever sad!

Kilkenny, 1838.

PEEPS INTO PARIS.—NO. I.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

BY GRIMGIBBER.

"A bachelor leads an easy life."—*Old Song.*

One of the most respectable features in French society is the colonization of families. The Parisian hotels are constructed upon a prodigious scale; and, when belonging to a family of consideration, the various suites of apartments are inhabited by its various branches, instead of being apportioned to lodgers. A family mansion, in a first-rate situation, is usually devoted, on the ground floor, to shops or offices; the first floor, or *appartement d'honneur*, is inhabited by the heads of the family; the second, by the married sons and daughters; the third, by bachelor sons; and the fourth and *mansarde* by domestics. In some instances, the little household unite at a common dinner-table; in others, they live separately: the stables, offices, and cellars being common to the family. All this is patriarchal enough. The inexperience and pranks of the young are controlled by the vicinity of the elders; and the children of all brought up in happy sentiments of family union. Often the warm, snug *entresol* is inhabited by a venerable grandmother, the presiding influence of the house.

My humble Grimgibber attic overlooks the courtyard of one of these nests of Parisian domesticity. A magnificent hotel, erected during the Regency, by a celebrated *Fermier-Général*, has been, for the last thirty years, inhabited by a wealthy banker—one of the class created by Napoleon, as completely as the Rue de Rivoli, or the Column of the Place Vendôme. The *rez de chaussée* is devoted to the *bureau* or banking house of Monsieur Lingot. The first floor lodges, towards the street, the banker and his lady (a contemporary of the Empress Josephine, who seems to fancy herself the contemporary of the Empress Josephine's granddaughters;) and towards the courtyard, Monsieur Paul, his eldest son—a sober-looking gentleman, worthy to succeed to the banking-house, and having a young family of sons under the training of a sober-looking pedagogue in the *entresol*, in order to succeed him in their turn; with a pretty wife, Madame Paul Lingot—sober, steadfast, and demure.

For eight years past, have I had my eye upon the family—a favoured tribe among the worshippers of the golden calf—whose proceedings I find rather tantalizing than entertaining. The comfortable equipages and handsome horses of these people are the cause of bringing the rattling stable-pails and merry songs of grooms and helpers forth into the courtyard on many a spring morning, when, after a sleepless night, I would fain find rest; and, on hungry wintry days, the *fumet* of their soups and ragoûts ascends to my very window, from the vast kitchen, whose *batterie* of copper stewpans glitters within my view, some thirty feet below. Above, on the first floor, through the four lofty windows of the diningroom, I discern, every day at one o'clock, the family assembling for the meal which the French call breakfast, and the English, luncheon. I can perceive the snow-white quality of the damask—the richness of the china, outspread upon the buffet fronting the windows; nay, I can even see the *maître d'hôtel* carving upon the sideboard the fat capons and Strasburg pies, and handing them round a table steaming with cutlets, mounted on silver *rechauds*, and crowded with the china cups of *café au lait* of the united family of Lingot.

Breakfast being cleared away, in an hour or two commence the preparations for dinner. Freshly-trimmed lamps are brought to the buffet; *bougies* are placed in the sconces of the chandelier overhanging the table; clean linen is distributed by the *lingère* of the house; the covers are placed in array; the cruet-stands and salt-cellars replenished; the busy lackies have set the room in fair and cheerful array for the family-party of ten, which is to re-assemble at six o'clock. Soon afterwards, the noble staircase becomes brightly illuminated with gas. The carriage of Madame Lingot precedes, by half an hour, into the courtyard, the carriage of her daughter-in-law. The young ladies of the house, and their brothers, have already dismounted at the door, after their daily ride in the Bois de Boulogne. From entresol to attic, the vast hotel becomes brightened by sounds and symptoms of habitation; and, but that the crimson curtains of the diningroom are shortly afterwards closely drawn, I should be able to behold the family seated at their overflowing meal, mutually recounting the adventures and pleasures of the day.

Hitherto I have described nothing that proves the vicinity of the banker's family an acquisition to my airy habitation. The pair of rooks which has built, for the last three years, in an opposite chimney, are more my companions, and more amusing in their fussy domesticity. The smartness of Madame Lingot's waiting-maid is an abomination in my sober eyes; and the quantity of bandboxes which, every winter in Carnival time, traverse the courtyard to the second staircase, or *escalier de service*, a reproach to my conscience. Sometimes a *cartau*, jauntingly borne along by a milliner's girl, proclaims the arrival of a hat and feathers, to shine at one of the court balls of the Tuileries. Sometimes a wooden case, strapped to the shoulders of a strapping porter, announces a ball-dress for Madame Paul, from the far-famed factory of Madame Oudot-Manoncy. On New-Year's Eve, arrive legions of rocking-horses, waggons, dolls, and playshops, from the costly *atelier* of Geroux, with a pretty trinket-case or two, in mosaic leather, from Fossin's, containing glittering *etrennes*,

from the old gentleman to his wife, daughters, and daughter-in-law.

It is not cheering to go supperless to bed after witnessing all this prodigality of luxury; or to reflect, on a solitary pillow, upon the improbability that my literary realizations will ever enable me to add a Mrs Grimgibber to the domestic comforts of my miserable attic.

But the consolation and delight of my observations on the morrow, used formerly to rest upon a certain third floor overlooking the courtyard, hitherto undescribed, but affording me as much amusement as I ever derived from witnessing a fashionable farce by Scribe. A gay little suite of apartments, *au troisième*, in the Hotel Lingot, was at that time inhabited by the banker's second son, Alphonse de Lingot—a fine young fellow of twenty-five, a gay-spirited dasher, by whom all the sympathies of my nature were kept on the *qui vive*. The arrival of his fencing-master, on fine spring mornings, gave the signal for throwing open my windows, that I might enjoy a full view of his vigorous and graceful attitudes; and when, five minutes after the hour for closing the banking-house, (to the desk of which he was chained by his father like a galley slave to the oars,) I used to see him vault upon his half-bred Arabian, to gallop off to the Bois de Boulogne, it was an indication to me that *my* morning labours were at an end; and that I might betake myself to the *cabinet de lecture* to which I subscribe, for the perusal of the daily papers, previous to repairing to my *soupe* and *bouilli*, at a certain favourite *table d'hôte à quinze sous*, without bread. There was something inspiring to my feelings in the hilarity of Alphonse; a freshness in his whole person, a frankness in his manners, a cordiality in his smile, even when addressing the grooms and helpers by whom some hack on sale was trotted round the courtyard for his approbation. He looked so handsome when mounted on field-days, for his duties as *Capitaine de la Garde Nationale à Cheval*, that I wondered his father should choose to make a banker of him, and did *not* wonder to find how little it was his choice to be a banker.

I could always detect within six hours, by the sudden change in Alphonse's demeanour, the moment of old Lingot's periodical commercial visits to Brussels and Frankfort. No more waiting for the regular hour of shutting up shop: off to Tortoni's before it was open; off to the Bois before it was closed; and never home again till half-an-hour after the ringing of the dinner-bell! If the snow was on the ground, I prepared myself for the jingling of sledge-bells, and the glancing of Alphonse's handsome *traineau*—a gilded dragonfly—across the courtyard, having his pretty sister-in-law seated between the wings, with Alphonse holding lightly over her head the Morocco reins of his wildly prancing horse. It was a comfort to me, by the way, to hear the jingling recur, and ascertain that the little party was safe home again. Towards evening, throughout the Carnival, I was on the watch to see his valet-de-chambre (a far finer gentleman than the master) steal up the *escalier de service*, with a masquerade-dress hanging on his arm, a Pierrot's pointed beaver in his hand, or a brigand's cap, or some other intimation that Alphonse was to spend the night at Musard's, Valentina's, or some other of the second-rate *bals masques*, where Parisian dandies, though not ashamed of seeing, are ashamed of being seen. On Saturday nights, however, apportioned to the *bals masques de l'Opera*, (where folly and licentiousness are paraded at a higher cost, and it is consequently no disgrace to shew one's face,) I used to observe my young neighbour making an elaborate toilet at eleven o'clock, as if preparing for one of Madame Appony's or Monsieur Rothschild's fêtes; and, one mysterious Sunday morning of the Carnival, when I had sneaked out of the *porte cochère* to early service, between seven and eight o'clock, I saw Alphonse step, at the corner of the street, from a handsome carriage, in which sat a lady in an elegant black domino, closely masked; and heard her mingle, in her adieus to her handsome cavalier, an injunction not to follow the carriage. It was evident that he had passed the night at the *bal de l'Opera* with some fair unknown. *I* had half a mind to follow the carriage, and detect her. The lady's prohibition did not extend to *me*. But, on second thoughts, I amended my motion, and proceeded decently to church.

It was amazing the number of triangular notes and billets on coloured paper that flew up the *escalier de service* towards the door of Alphonse's antechamber. The letters of the rest of the family were left, according to Parisian custom, at the porter's lodge; but these private and confidential missions were to be expressly delivered, by the pages, *jockies*, or *commissionnaires*, by whom they were brought, to the hands of either Alphonse or his valet. An answer was to be waited for; and often were the shutters of the young man's bedroom thrown open an hour before the usual time, to enable him to decipher the delicate handwriting *à pattes de mouche*, which upbraided him with a promise broken, or exacted promises for the future. I could always ascertain, even without examining the livery of the page, or ragged jacket of the *commissionaire*, whether the epistle in hand were a first effusion—the opening of a new negotiation. On such occasions, Alphonse would throw himself out of bed, fling on his dressing-gown of Persian silk, and, seated close beside the window, devour every syllable of the exciting billet. Once, (it was in the merry month of May,) I detected him pressing to his lips a dainty little dispatch, of which the bearer was a *chasseur*, in a flaming livery. Yet, only six weeks afterwards, when the same chasseur made his fortieth visit to the house, instead of so much as rising to do honour to the correspondence, I saw the letter delivered to him in bed, and almost fancied I could detect a yawn while he was perusing it. through the half-drawn muslin curtain, veiling the open window.

The gayest scenes enacted in Alphonse's bache-

lor-hall, were on Sunday mornings from nine to twelve, between April and June. From the periodical regularity of their visits, I conceive that the noisy fellows who, on these occasions, crowded his rooms, were young men of commercial or official pursuits, enjoying, like himself, their weekly holiday—*dies non* for the slaves of Mammon. Such hearty laughs as used to greet my ears when his windows were thrown open by the earliest of his guests! All were as much at home there as Alphonse. Some leaned out of the window, with Turkish pipes in their mouths; others were busy with Alphonse's foils; others with his sparring gloves; while some were examining his newspapers, and others his new detonator, or a pair of Lepage's patent pigeoners. I could hear the click of the locks as they tried them, and see the flash in the pan. I once heard high words pass between Alphonse and one of the wildest and handsomest of his comrades, who, having seized a letter from the secretaire, was only prevented reading it aloud by having it wrested from his hand; and half-feared the affray might lead to a more serious use of these alarming implements. But friends good-humouredly interfered; hands were shaken before they parted. Next day, I met them driving out together in the tilbury of young Lingot; and, in the course of a few weeks, having watched the same dandy accompany home Alphonse with hurried steps, observed the secretaire again opened, the secret drawer spring out, and a *rouleau* of Louis torn open, and poured by Alphonse into the hands of his agitated friend. From his vehemence of grateful hand-shaking at parting, it was plain the money was not given in payment of a debt; and I loved my young neighbour from the glee with which, on the departure of his friend, he carolled forth the caratina of the *Postillon de Long jumeau* in a voice that Duprez might have envied.

My observations, however, were not always equally favourable to Alphonse. There was a young peasant girl, in a clean starched lace cap, with pink riband, and a close-fitting chintz boddice, who appeared to me to descend at very extraordinary hours the *escalier de service;* and I could never perceive that she ascended higher than the floor of his apartment. She was evidently one of the pretty *paysannes* from the *côte* of Saresne, where Monsieur de Lingot has a villa; but from the caution with which the damsel was escorted in and out of the house by Felix the valet, I could see that she had no legitimate pretext for her visits. I wish poor Perrette had not made her entrance so late, or her exit so early. There was something crooked in the business. One day I traced her distinctly into Alphonse's sitting-room, with her apron to her eyes; and in the course of the same day, the old banker, whom I never before beheld in his son's apartments, was closeted with him for more than an hour. I never saw the starched cap on the third-floor story after that morning. Alphonse was sadly out of spirits for nearly a month afterwards; but there was no yawning—no lounging with a meerschaum, as during the reign of the lady of the green and silver chasseur. On the contrary, he sat hour after hour, reading soberly near the window, where stood a flower-pot of sweet basil—too humble a thing to have been anything more than a village offering.

Soon afterwards, the neat court-yard of the banker was littered with straw; waggons and carts were packing, and post-horses arriving, with prodigious cracking of whips, to carry off two coachfuls of the Lingot family to their country-house near Lâon. I grew sad when I saw the young ladies' saddle-horses led away in their stable-cloths, and Madame Paul's gay britschka attached to the rear of one of the waggons. I knew by experience what a vacuity it would cause in my life to look out upon a silent court-yard, green with weeds, and rows of shuttered windows, instead of upon the gay doings of the wealthy family. They departed. Not a creature was left in the hotel but the compting-house slaves, and the porter and his wife, from whom I could have found it in my heart to ask for the gift of the pot of basil, which stood drooping on Alphonse's window ledge. In spite of occasional showers, the plant withered in the summer drought: grew first yellow, then brown—at length, the gnats disdained to swarm round it any longer—it was dead!

Early in September, (a month previous to the usual return of the family to Paris,) I perceived an unusual stir in the hotel. The window-shutters of a hitherto uninhabited second apartment on the second floor, were thrown open; the smell of paint soon became perceptible; then came paper-hangers; then upholsterers; then delicate curtains of figured muslin were fluted into the windows, and I discovered no more of what was passing within. The family took possession of the hotel for the winter. The dinner bell rang, and the gas flamed as usual on the stairs. The *maitre d'hotel* cut up his capons, and the young ladies resumed their rides in the Bois. In winter, I was always accustomed to see less of Alphonse; so that I was not surprised to hear no gay laughs, and no snatches of opera tunes from his window. Before Christmas, however, I saw him cross the court-yard one morning in a toilet of unusual elegance. Staub and Blin had evidently done their best; and the hand of Boivin was discernible in the folds of his cravat. The court-yard soon became filled with carriages; and that evening every window of the hotel was streaming with lights. It was clear that Madame de Lingot had commenced her *soirées* several weeks earlier than usual.

I now noticed that Alphonse's shutters were rarely opened. He was perhaps gone to Compiegne or Fontainbleau, for a *partie de chasse;* or his father might have despatched him in his place to Germany, on some commercial speculation. He was a loss to me. I almost ceased to interest myself in the affairs of the house. At length, having drawn one afternoon towards the window, to extricate a hair from my pen, I plainly saw my young friend hand a pleasant-

looking girl into a handsome chariot in the *porte cochère*; and, when it had driven off, return slowly into the house. Nevertheless, the shutters of the third floor were as strictly closed as usual. Where could he be lodged? The truth glanced into my mind—Alphonse was married! The pretty girl and chariot were his property; and the apartment with the fluted muslin curtains, the retreat of their honey-moon!

It was now with a very heavy heart that I gazed upon the closed *Persiennes* of the third floor; for I knew that there would be no more joyous Sunday morning meetings—no more fencing bouts—no more sparring—no more *Postillon de Long juneau!* When spring dawned, the windows were daily thrown open by the *frotteurs* of the house; but the rooms within had a look as though their owner was dead. No muslin curtains to the windows—no sheets on the single bed—no stirring about of the crimson dressing gown—no examining of flints, or crossbows, or Lepage's pistols. By some strange oversight, the pot of dead basil, instead of being wholly removed, was pushed out of sight upon the leads, where it was visible only to myself from my opposite window.

No one ever seemed to enter the rooms but the *frotteurs* and the spruce valet, who had replaced Felix, and came occasionally to dust the arms, suspended in racks to the wall, and certain wild boars' heads, which hung in the fencing room, as trophies of Alphonse's hunting feats. These seemed to be attacked by moth; for, in the month of March, five grinning monsters were hung out of the windows to take the air, displaying their fangs to me for several weeks, in place of the joyous countenances of Alphonse and his companions.

Thus passed away a twelvemonth. My favourite was lost to me. More frequent dinner parties were given in the state-rooms below; and my rest was oftener disturbed by calling up the carriages for Madame de Lingot's ball. But, throughout that winter, I saw no masquerade dresses carried up the back stairs—no billet-douxs—no gay sledges dashing over the snow. And when May brought into their flush of bloom, the two venerable old trees, which twist their trunks in the court-yard, instead of accompanying his young sisters in their ride to the Bois, I more than once observed him saunter into the chariot of his young wife, whose step was now growing as heavy as the countenance of her husband.

At the end of the year, when the family returned as usual from their country seat, I began to detect the form of Alphonse wandering occasionally like a spectre through his old apartments. My favourite had lost his gallant air and smiling countenance; but I knew him in a moment. He went there apparently to peruse and answer certain private letters, and was apparently careful to bolt the doors on his arrival; for I never saw any person follow him to his retreat, though, more than once, while he was ensconced there, a white hand drew slightly aside the fluted muslin curtains of the second floor, and a female head inclined, as if gazing down into the court-yard towards the stables, to ascertain whether the truant were betaking himself to his tilbury or saddle-horse for an excursion; or whether his pretext were true of repairing to the banking-house to please his father by a diligent day's work. I almost feared his marriage might be a less happy one than I could desire. The bride was, of course, wealthy; because the extent of Alphonse's fortune must, according to French custom, decide the amount of her own. But had she been in all else equally worthy of him, how was I to account for the many a half hour I now beheld him pacing up and down those cold cheerless rooms, as if any escape from his own were acceptable to his feelings?

At length, I was witness to an incident which, with all my partiality, I could not altogether approve. One morning last summer, soon after daybreak, I beheld Alphonse fidgeting up and down his old chamber, and looking every now and then at his watch, as if expecting some person by appointment. Was it a dun? No. The overflowing prosperity of the Lingots forbade all idea of such an alarm. Affluence poured its treasures upon their heads; and everything in the house seemed to move on invisible golden castors. It certainly was not pecuniary difficulty which caused the untimely restlessness of the second son on the second floor.

The mystery was soon explained. There scudded along the court-yard a woman, holding a young child in her arms, who, from her air and the direction she was taking, I conceived to be the wife of one of the coachmen or grooms. But, no!—she entered the side door, and ascended the *escalier de service!* I saw her pause at the back door of Alphonse's rooms, unpin and repin her shawl, shake the summer dust from her feet, and occupy several minutes in adjusting the simple dress of her little boy. Yet all this preparation was not coquetry. I am convinced the young woman was only taking time to recover herself, and that she scarcely knew what she was doing. On lifting up her head from leaning over the child, her eyes were red and her cheeks colourless; and it was then I recognised the face once so blooming under the starched cap with pink ribbons, and now so care-worn under the bonnet demonstrating that the peasant girl was metamorphosed into the Parisian bourgeoise.

She knocked, and was instantly admitted. It was wonderful with what emotion Alphonse de Lingot strained that little fellow in his arms, kissed his fair cheeks, examined his little limbs, and even took the rude shoe from his little foot, as if curious respecting the conformation of the child. I never saw a finer boy; and Alphonse seemed to think so too, for he was never weary of admiring him and covering him with kisses. The mother stood weeping humbly at a distance, as though overpowered by this tenderness towards her offspring. But I saw no more. I fancy I was weeping too!

GLIMPSES OF THE WESTERN CORNER OF FAIRYLAND.

"THE Mussulmans," says a pleasant writer of the last century,* "are immutably prepossessed that, as the earth approaches its dissolution, its sons and daughters gradually decrease in their dimensions. As for *Dagjal*, they say he will find the race of mankind dwindled into such diminutive pigmies that their habitations, in cities and all the best towns, will be of no other fabric than the shoes and slippers made in these present ages, placed in rank and file in seemly and regular order—allowing one pair for two round families." Without assenting to this whimsical prognostication as to the consequences of the world's age, we cannot but remark how ancient and sedate it has grown. The freshness of its youth has departed; if, indeed, it have not absolutely assumed periwig and spectacles, *relictis nucibus*. We sit and wonder at the rapid strides of a spirit of inquisition which is now marching "from Indus to the Pole," armed, as it were, with a fan, or rather a pair of bellows, which send such searching blasts into every nook and cranny of the mind, that not only the dust and spider-work collected there from time immemorial, but many graceful and shade-loving fancies also, which were wont to shelter there, have been scattered to all the winds of heaven. We are bound to believe that much good will result from this energy of extermination, even as the tropical islands are said to profit by their tornadoes. But the process is rather alarming to persons of sensitive nerves; and at present the strong wind, as it scatters the vapours which, hanging over the precincts of hoar superstition, were wont to wreathe themselves into many shapes of majesty or dim loveliness, has rendered the atmosphere heavy and stifling with the dust and chaff, and dry leaves and twigs, which it has stirred up and driven before it. We are sufficiently old-fashioned to mourn over the broken fragments of eld, and to utter a mental complaint as we behold the harmless fears, and prepossessions, and popular traditions of a bygone time, perish like May-bloom in a sudden east wind.

Elves and hobgoblins have left us. Go where you will, you shall not find one learned disciple of the Rosy Cross who can reason of the occult properties of precious stones, or cast a nativity. Of witches, also, there is no more report; and there is not now, we believe, a straw periapt to be met with at the threshold of any ancient woman in the kingdom. Dr Brewster has given the *coup-de-grace* to all ghosts, *incubi*, and wraiths whatsoever. Comets appear, and the enlightened public, peering through their telescopes, dream not of "pestilence or war;"—an eclipse makes a holiday; and the awe that once attended the hiding of the eye of heaven is now replaced by curiosity, strong in science, and aided by smoked glass. There is not an old hall in the country where you could catch a glimpse of Simkin or Brownie. John Stump is turned philosopher, laughs at "the boggart" whose deeds are recounted by his grandmother, and reads the *Penny Magazine* in place of "God's Revenge against Murder." In short, there is not a sprite or demon left; and the fairy-rings are turned up by the plough, or covered with smoking brick-kilns.

Passe encore for omens—even dreams have lost their solemnity. It is not a week since we were struck by an instance proving how far we have proceeded beyond all faith in the supernatural:—A small circle of strangers, each of different habits and professions, were discoursing on the subject of dreams. From one of the speakers we had expected something cordial. He was neither tradesman nor *savant*, but a man careless of polemics or politics—a quiet man—a brother of the angle—and, therefore, of necessity, a frequent visitant of the undisturbed haunts of nature. We did not ask from him any recollection of the Homeric adage, so impressively revived by the German Æschylus* —for he was no learned Theban; yet something like this, we fancied, might have been whispered to him in his waking dreams beside some mountain lake, as he gazed on the floating clouds mirrored on its bosom. Alas! our angler was a greater philosopher than all the rest; for, rising, as he spoke, with an air of egregious self-complacence, "For my part," he said, "I know that dreams are merely affections of the stomach!"—a decision no less new than logically precise in terms. There was nothing more to be said—*voilà le procès tout vuidé*. We are not quite sure that Helvétius or Voltaire would have been proud of their unconscious disciple.

All such as retain in secret a belief in invisible powers—they who in humility conceive that there may exist, in the outer as well as in the inner world, mysterious impulses and combinations, inscrutable by actual touch, and transcending the expressions of an algebraic formula—they who feel that, at times, the soul would utterly faint and grow withered, had it no refuge from the pursuit of pressing realities in a less material world, towards which its indomitable yearnings are evermore directed:—these have, indeed, fallen upon lonely and evil days. They must relinquish the sympathy of their fellows the instant they seek to approach the Land of Visions. The portal through which they would escape from the hot arena of actual cares to a calmer scene is condemned and walled up: if they climb over or creep under the barrier, it must be in secret and alone. The domain they have entered is under ban: when they return from thence let them seal up their lips, and breathe no syllable

* Morgan—History of Algiers.

* In "The Robbers."

of what they may have seen, lest their wiser brethren cry out upon them as Mandeviles and lying Psalmanazars. Yet it were hard to abstain from all communion touching the wonders of that Land of Discovery. And it is well for those against whom the world would exclaim as dreamers, that they may at least find, amidst the neglected records of the past, the utterances of a kindred reverence for the mysterious and wonderful, which it would now be folly to seek elsewhere.

And what, after all, is our gain, when, under the pretence of a larger philosophy, we have clipped the wings of the human mind, thereby reducing *homunculus* to a truly unfledged biped? There are cravings in the soul of man which will not be stilled by epigrams, or satisfied with systems wherein its main want is utterly overlooked. It is easy to cry out delusion, brain-sickness, ignorance, superstition; but this, after all, will not quiet the restless eagerness born within us. Not all the theories ever invented can wholly reduce our being to a mere life-machine—a moving puppet in the world's Bartholomew Fair: no more than can the surgeon, by lopping off a limb, destroy the nervous sensation which still seems to animate the severed part. And where, in the name of all human sympathies, shall the amputation stop? What is the fervid enthusiasm of love—the energy of hatred—the foretaste of posthumous renown—the reverence which honours the tombs of departed worthies, or the scene enobled by some great deed?—what is the charm of poetry—the witchery of music—the awe inspired by mighty Niagaras and sky-piercing Alps; nay, what is our belief in a True—a Right—a Soul—that may not, in like manner, be stripped of all that is exquisite, or beautiful, or solemn, as idle sprouts of the imagination, fancies of brain-sickness, and superstitions unbecoming the manhood of mind; or be pared down to the meagre growth sufficient for the purposes of an ungenial and thoroughly-selfish world-wisdom? Were it not better, considered as a matter of profit only, to examine if there be not, in the source of the wildest errors and absurdities (if it so please you) of credulity, some principle to be trained rather than uprooted—some faculty which may enable the soul to attain to a higher conception of its existence and powers—some gift whereby the beautiful may be wooed to mingle more intimately with the needful? Surely this were no small gain; the attempt to discover it would also, we conceive, be more truly philosophical than the opposite process generally adopted.

A glimpse of this truth appears to have visited even that arch-sceptic, Voltaire, when he wrote: —"*Il semble que toute superstition ait une chose naturelle pour principe.*" But let us hear a few words on this head, from a thinker of a different stamp. "Superstition," says Jean Paul—"for which it might at times be well to choose a gentler name, as, for example, *ultra-belief**—is in man's spirit a phenomenon far more sublime than the common errors wherewith it is generally confounded. For other errors are not, like this, bound up with feelings that endure when the errors themselves are removed. Superstition is properly a belief, true in itself, but applied to inconsistent objects; it errs rather as to the place than as to the existence of the spiritual world, which announces and discovers itself to our internal consciousness without the aid—nay, in the very teeth of our daily outward perceptions." And, in another passage, brief, yet pregnant with meaning, he remarks—"We can as little attain to a conception of the miraculous, by mere gradual extension of power, as arrive at an absolute quantity, by means of approximations or infinitesimal series. Thus, superstition must be considered, in the abstract, as the poetry of reason."

But this is not the place, nor are we at the present moment in a mood suited to the prosecution of inquiries, the gravity and importance of which deserve a wider field and more sedulous attention than can be afforded here. The chief object of the foregoing hints has been to relieve ourselves from the apology which many readers may consider to be indispensable from one who, in this age of "illumination," loiters in the twilight of forgotten creeds, or recalls the shadows of a more credulous time from their slumber amidst obscure chronicles and moth-devoured romances. We have even now, in our mind's eye, a vision of the magisterial sneers which this announcement will set in motion on the lips of the sagacious. Something might be said in reply to such, who are not unfrequently better stored with gibes than with efficient reasons; but we are at present in no polemical vein, and shall be abundantly contented to remain the object of compassionate or scornful remark to all such intellectual superiors, provided they will allow us to ramble unmolested, for a while, amidst the regions of old tradition and romance, now rarely visited but by the antiquary. We have been haunted by voices from Fairyland, calling to us, night and day, to declare something of what we have gathered there. There are seasons (to us the spring appeals most imperatively in this wise) when the desire to revisit the scenes, to recover the sensations of youth, becomes a passion, and a fever that can only be cooled by full draughts from the fountain of old poetry and fiction—the drops of which, sprinkled over the dry path before us, bring to life, for a while, the feelings and hopes of a time long left behind. And surely it is not less wholesome than delightful, when weary and restless, and exceedingly wroth with all present things, to wander for a season, in search of serenity and forgetfulness of care, amidst fairies, and elves, and Arabian genii, believing, and wondering, and rejoicing, even as of old.

In our next excursion, *Deo volente*, we shall present to the ingenuous reader, the fruit of long

* It is impossible to transfer to our own language the expressiveness of this alternation in the German, arising from the turn of *aberglauben* (superstition) into *ueberglauben* (literally over, or ultra-belief.)

and pleasant meditations upon the histories of Thumb, Jack the Giantkiller, and Sir Thomas Hickathrift, Knight, not omitting some notice of Cinderella, and other renowned personages. Our late wanderings, however, have been in a region less familiar, perchance, to some of our readers—amidst ancient lays and fabliaux of Provence, and France, and Almain, from whence we now would fain summon a few beautiful or pathetic records of the spiritual world.

In no era has the unconscious worship of the beautiful given birth to an ideal more exquisite than the fays or fairies, as they appear in the old fabliaux. We know not how the visions were first revealed to the men of the rude period in which they first meet our eye; they were assuredly no offspring of mere fancy, although modern invention, however superior in splendour and completeness, has created nothing more exquisitely lovely in essence and general form. We are inclined to believe that, in the infancy of nations, the intimations afforded them of whatsoever transcends their narrow experience in the regions of beauty or mystery, are of the nature of immediate revelations, which are thus poured forth on rude and ignorant races, with greater vividness and purity, in as much as, without this immediate aid, they must remain dark and invisible. The stream is wider, but more remote from its well-spring, as it flows down amidst later races, and its current is mingled with others, whereof the clearest is still Poetry. At the source, it gushes forth, alike single and fresh, as a spring of fable, or song, or music; there needs no bridge or boat to approach it—all that have thirst can stoop down and drink freely. Thus, we must conceive of early song, of early tradition, not as *invented*, as having been produced by any intermediate process or combination of faculties, but as springing up from the depths of the human heart, immediately touched by the wand of the Immortal. The fables now present to our recollection are imbued with the very life of beauty and tenderness; they are impersonations of that faith in the infinity of love, and that intense longing to possess it, to which the deepest chords of the human heart vibrate. But the squire, or chieftain, or serf, as he panted or wept in listening to the tale, to him, as full of authority as gospel writ, knew not to what faith his feeling was paying homage.

The beings whose appearance imparts the chief grace to the romance of the middle ages, and whom, in default of a more particular designation, we are compelled to term fairies, must not be confounded with the tiny folk whose moonlight gambols used to enliven the forest glades of our island, known to the Irish and Scottish peasant by the name of "the good people," or "the good neighbours." Those of whom we speak—called, in the Latin of the middle ages, *Fadæ*, in old French *Faies* or *Fées*, in the Gothic *Feine*—were creatures of a superior, and, in some respects, more interesting description. It is uncertain at what period they first became known. Some regard them as descendants of the Nymphs,* converted, from their old heathenish attributes, to a more Christian way of living. Gervase of Tilbury does not scruple to term them devils and ministers of evil, and classes them, in one sweeping list of denunciation, with *incubi*, spectre horses, larvæ, and other such unclean spectres. But he was a solemn pedant, with little perception of beauty, and just enough affectation of superior wisdom, to render his credulity the more ludicrous. We love the old man, nevertheless; but it requires all our love to win him forgiveness for this discourtesy towards our favourites. The relation between the nymphs and the fairies is, perhaps, no more than that which arises from the impulse, common to all poetical ages, to people the fair and quiet places of the earth, with beings of more than human loveliness, yet partaking, in some measure, of the sympathies and sorrows of human nature; an impulse proceeding from the innate striving in man's heart towards the infinite—which we must call a belief, rather than a superstition. To the believers in the early days of romance, these beings were known as something between women and angels—as spirits tinged with sadness, as in some measure fallen from a higher state, yet still possessed of power and passing beauty, and prolonged, if not immortal youth. This condition of their existence gave additional tenderness to the character of their intercourse with mortals fallen like themselves. They are invested in the old lays with all that imagination delights to picture as most exquisite in women—loveliness, fond affection, constancy, generous forgiveness, and an especial regard for the gallant and daring. They are capricious, like other beauties, and easily angered, but not implacable; the records of their histories represent them as benefactors—too often, alas! repaid with inconstancy or ingratitude, or suffering from the faithlessness or ill-timed curiosity of those to whom all had been given on the sole condition of observing the law of secrecy, or occasional absence imposed by their destiny. Is not this the moral of many another tale of love? It is, however, nowhere more touchingly told than in the old romances before us. But we will choose, for the first of our remembrances, a more cheerful theme—the love, not ill-requited, of the brightest of all fairies, Morgana.

It is well known that King Godfrey of Denmark espoused Glorianda, daughter of the valiant Danemund, and by her became the father of Ogier, called the Dane, than whom was none braver of all the Paladins of Charlemagne. He was born under a happy star, like that noble Cid *que en buena ora nació;* and great were the rejoicings in Fairyland on the occasion. Around his cradle stood the brightest fays, each bearing some gift or charm to endow the child withal. One gave him valour; another, grace; and a third

* There is at least a family likeness. See the description of the scholiast to Theocritus. Idyll. 3. Νύμφαι εἰσι τὰ ἐν γυναικεία σχήματι ἐν ταῖς ὕλαις φαινόμενα δαιμόνια. κ. τ. λ. Many of the monkish writers denounce the fairies as no better than fauns and other unbaptized spirits.

assured him good fortune in the field; her sister, success in ladye's bower. But the beautiful Morgana looked on, giving nothing; yet, more generous than all the rest, (or more selfish?) she promised him in her heart the treasure of her love, when he should be of years to enjoy it. She had fixed her choice on an earthly lover, and wisely waited to declare it until all gifts, save that most precious of all, had been shed upon him. Under his fairy guardians, Ogier grew and prospered amazingly; slew Saracens by hundreds; and was foremost wherever *los* was to be won by the free hand or the strong arm. Morgana, though unseen, was ever at his side, shielding him in battle, and watchful of every occasion to render him more worthy of her love. She needed not to fear that Time, by fading her charms, should chill the ardour of her lover, but patiently waited for years; and then only—when his fame could require no addition, and his prowess was sung wherever the harp was heard—did she withdraw her hero to the happiness reserved for him in her enchanted island. Here death is unknown; and the joys that inhabit the magic bowers are as unfading as their spring. For a season, indeed, two hundred years after his disappearance from Earth, did Ogier return, to rescue his native land from the Saracen. His brow was as smooth and eye as bright as ever, when he rose up by the side of Hugo Capet, and aided him to destroy the infidel invaders. And now that the soil is free once more, he returns to his beautiful Morgana, nor shall he be seen on earth again. It was a favourite task of the *Trouveurs* to describe the gardens where the warrior lives, blessed with the love of his fairy ladye; and to them we owe the bowers of Alcina, and the magic paradise of Armida, which supplied Ariosto and Tasso with materials for their most luxuriant strains. Yet the fairest charm is lost in these revivals of the old legend. The spirit which inhabits the magic world of these great poets is love, indeed; but love defiled by evil witchcraft and unhallowed agency. We dwell with greater delight on the older lay; it is less rich, but nothing disturbs the delicious character of its tenderness. Yet, in the great poets we have mentioned, and in their immortal follower, our own glorious Spenser, it is delightful to observe how the light of a beautiful thought, although robbed of one of its fairest hues, will diffuse itself like a river of splendour over the fields of poesy.

Morgana was one of the most absolute and triumphant of her race. She was, as far as we can learn, independent of destiny, and owed no allegiance save to her own sweet will. When she chose to love, the idea of doubting if her love would be returned, never entered her beautiful head. Nor had it need; for none could behold the most radiant of the fairies unwounded. But the land of Avalon has many inhabitants of power less commanding than Morgana's, subject also to the restraints of a severer destiny, but equally gracious, and lovely, and loving. Such was that young fairy (of all fairies, save one, the dearest to us) whom the beauty of Sir Gruelan, the comeliest knight at the Round Table, struck with irresistible passion, as he rode underneath her favourite tree. The next time Sir Gruelan passed through the wood—lo! on the banks of that very clear and lonely stream that parts the open glade, just where the sun peeps in, a fair young woman, asleep on the bank, in all the luxury of unveiled beauty, attired in nature's glory alone, as though slumber had overcome her on emerging from the bath. Sir Gruelan was a true and courteous knight; but a sight like this would have turned Nestor himself into wildfire. We can only shake our heads, and say, he had better have fled while yet at a distance, rather than provoke a temptation so enticing and opportune that it was irresistible. In tears, and blushing rose-red, and looking shocked and scared, the beauty, thus unexpectedly awakened, upbraids the cavalier for having taken an ungenerous advantage of her slumber; and wrings her white hands, and vows never to be appeased. But Gruelan was too wise to believe her, and left not off coaxing and looking contrite, until his pardon was granted and sealed in the sweetest way imaginable; and a promise of mutual and undying love exchanged between him and the stranger ladye. One condition only was attached to the grant of her favour for the future—namely, that her lover should keep his good fortune a secret. Having received the vow, and named the time of their next meeting, she kissed him, and vanished; whereby Sir Gruelan knew that his mistress was a fairy. For a long time, the woodland glade continued to witness their rapturous meetings in secret. But Arthur's queen, alas! chanced herself to cast a longing eye on Sir Gruelan, and doubted not of his grateful readiness to acknowledge her grace; for she also was beautiful, and a queen. But Gruelan heeded neither glance nor whisper; and Gineura saw that his heart was bound elsewhere; nor did she cease to upbraid and persecute him, until, in an incautious moment, he betrayed the secret of his fairy love. If Sir Gruelan was weak, rather than intentionally base, his compunction would be only the more bitter, for his love remained as strong as ever. He sought the river-side at the wonted hour, but no one appeared. Again and again, did he wander thither, weeping and calling aloud upon his ladye; but no voice answered his. So that he perceived his good fortune was wholly gone, and that his love would return to him no more. He became aweary of life, and sought for death in battle; but death comes last to such as long to die. And now, seeing that this profited nothing, he mounted his brave destrier Gedefer, and once more rode towards the forest; and, when he had reached the river side, he resolves there to leave his life, where his happiness had left him. Even as he stooped to cast himself into the stream, a soft arm held him back. O joy beyond utterance!—it was his own fairy again. She had suffered not less than her lover from the estrangement, and returns, with all a woman's trustful fondness, to forgive and bless her peni-

tent. Those alone who have been favoured to exchange the shivering prospect of a final plunge into a cold, bottomless-looking stream, for the warm embraces of a breathing, blushing, and beloved mistress, can attain to some idea of Sir Gruelan's transports. The fairy, as happy as himself, when she could find breath to speak, murmured her delight that the culprit's repentance had enabled her to grant the forgiveness which her heart had long yearned to bestow. Nay, at last, in the intoxication of a happiness long withheld, she betrayed, with a most captivating indiscretion, her own secret; and Gruelan learned that the scene of their first meeting was not accidental, the love-sick fairy having adventured upon the discovery of herself *en negligée*, in order the more surely to win his heart. Another infidelity, and it would no longer be in her power, however she might desire it, to forgive or appear to him again. Gruelan, fearing the risk of losing her a second time, takes leave of earth, turns loose his war-horse, and follows his mistress to her dwelling in Fairyland. Every year, on the anniversary of his master's departure, Gedefer appears at the river side, and impatiently stamps with his hoof on the ground.

More tragical was the history of Melusina's love and marriage. Concerning her there is some doubt, whether she was a spirit by nature, or a weird ladye, descended from the fairies by the mother's side only. For, although she possessed many superhuman gifts, we find her, for many years, contrary to fairy usage, a continual inhabitant of earth, like any Christian damsel. Her sire, King Helmas of Arragon, had, besides her, two other daughters, Melior and Palantine; and all three were doomed, in punishment of a single act of filial disobedience, to suffer a terrible penalty. They had, say the old lays, caused the King to be imprisoned in their castle *Avalon*,* (the alleged motive we need not here repeat,) and were condemned, in consequence, to become, one day in every week, loathsome serpents from the waist downwards. At other times, they were fair, discreet, and graceful beyond all other women.

Melusina was the flower of the three. Her, gentle and beauteous as an angel, (saith the lay,) Count Raymond of Poitiers beheld disporting with her sisters beside a glass-clear spring, as he wandered through the forest in despair, sick of life, and unknowing whither he went; for he had, but a few hours before, slain his cousin and trusty friend Count Emmerick while hunting; the spear having swerved by mischance as it left his hand. But Melusina's extreme courtesy and sweet words, and melting glances, soon made him forget his sorrow. She consoled him with wise speeches; sheltered him from the avengers of Emmerick's blood, which they deemed had been purposely shed; and, when his gratitude and love found utterance in a passionate entreaty for her hand, she gave it him, on the sole condition that he would solemnly vow to leave her alone and unseen every Saturday. And, when he had vowed, she told him that the violation of his oath would be followed, not only by the loss of his bride and by her eternal misery, but also by disaster and sorrow to himself.

Melusina was never weary in heaping riches and power on her husband. Near the spring where he first beheld her, she built for him the fair Castle of Lusignan, and many others, some of which exist to the present day. Some now known but by their names or by ruined fragments, attest her skill and the generous warmth of her love. All these she richly endowed, and bestowed upon Count Raymond. Every day increased his attachment to Melusina; but fate willed not that their union should be wholly blest. The offspring which it produced, were all writhen, and ugly, and monstrous, both in body and mind; and people marvelled to see such an ill-favoured brood spring from so comely a sire, and a mother so splendidly beautiful. Upon this head, a certain jealous cousin of Raymond's would never cease to gloze, inspiring him with evil doubts connected with the weekly disappearance of his lady, until the Count forgot his vow, and procured the means of privately watching her when retired to her chamber.

Thus he perceived how all the lower part of his Countess's sweet body had been transformed into a writhing snake, spotted with grey and blue and white mixed. Yet remorse, rather than aversion, overcame him on beholding this spectacle; for he saw that the transformation was the fulfilment of some unknown fate, and that, by witnessing it, he had lost for ever the joy of his heart. And when Melusina returned, and lay in his arms, as bright in perfect loveliness as ever, he breathed no syllable of what he had seen; it seemed even as though she were dearer to him than before. But the consequences of his broken vow reached him ere long. His son, Freimund, would fain be a priest, and had settled himself, with some hundred monks, at the abbey built by Melusina, and called Cloître Malliers. But, chancing, by mishap, to quarrel with his savage brother, Godfrey with the Tusk,* was slain by him miserably, *felonnement occis*, and the monastery, with all its monks, was burned to the ground. Now, as Raymond sat alone, sorely dismayed at hearing what had befallen, and deeming that a curse had certainly settled on his house, the Lady Melusina came in, to comfort him. And he bethought him, in his anger, of what he had seen in her chamber, and put her from him, crying—"Begone, thou evil snake and

* This *Avalon* is the Swabian title for Fairyland, and is always used in this sense by Godfrey of Strasburg. Its occurrence, as above, shews that the Provençal tale from which we quote, has been drawn from a still older legend. This will account for a blending of the material with the spiritual, in a manner unknown to the earliest fables, which pervades the entire history. In the first and authentic version, we have no doubt but that Melusina, and all her race, were true fairies. Here she partakes too much of the character of a magician. It is thus the later poets defaced the beauty of these legends. Alcina is the climax of depravity.

* Eberzahn.

base serpent, that hast brought shame upon my house!"

When Melusina thus became aware that Raymond had broken his vow, she could not speak for bitter grief, and straightway fainted outright; and, on returning from her swoon, in great wo and dismay, she told the Count that their happiness was ended by these hard words, the first he had ever spoken to her; and that she must now leave him for ever, being condemned, henceforward, to wander upon the earth as a spectre until the last judgment. Nor should she appear again to mortal eyes except on the death-eve of the chief of the house of Lusignan. When the castle was to change its lord, she would be seen on the turret she was wont to occupy. Having thus spoken, with great wailing and lamentation, she withdrew, and is now a miserable night-wandering ghost. Raymond did not survive her long. After a few months, passed in astonishment and despair, he died, a hermit on Monte Casino.

In after years, it was believed that Melusina's appearance preceded the death, not only of the male heirs of Lusignan, but also of the Kings of France. Her apparition was ever in a mourning robe; she seemed exceedingly beautiful, but in great sorrow, and made such a moaning and wringing of the hands that it was a pity to see her. So lately as in the time of Brantome, there were persons living that had seen her on the Castle of Lusignan, and had heard the three "sharp and terrible" cries wherewith she announced the approaching mischance. It appears, moreover, that she was at other times visible in the neighbourhood of her favourite fountain, where she would steal down on Saturdays, about the time of vespers, to bathe her body, one-half a beautiful female, the other half a serpent. At least Brantome informs us that, during Charles V.'s visit to Lusignan, Catharine de Medicis, the French King's mother, had speech of certain trustworthy old women who had seen the doomed ladye at such times. This apparition was rare, for she had naturally a great aversion to be seen to so much disadvantage. Others had beheld her, in her natural aspect, as a perfect and fair woman, arrayed in mourning weeds. Great was the lamentation she made when the castle was beleagured; and when orders were at length given to raze it to the ground, her clamours were distinctly heard by many soldiers and persons of credit. "*Force de soldats et gens d'honneur*," says the narrator, "*l'affirmèrent qui y étoient.*" Since the demolition she has been no more seen.

From this pathetic and beautiful legend, we turn to a more homely one, of a far later period, the object of which was, like Melusina, condemned, for some obscure reason, to exchange the better half of her person for a snake's tail. The residence of this second victim of destiny, her apparently gentle and generous mood, and the simplicity of her visitant, are so pleasantly described by the true-hearted Stumpff, in his "Schweizer Chronik," that we shall tell the story, as nearly as may be, in his express words The comparatively modern date of the incident, and the respectable authority on which it is recorded, are striking circumstances.

"About the year of Christ 1520, there was, at Basle in Switzerland, one Leonardus, otherwise generally called *Lienimannus*, a taylor's son, a simple and guileless man, to whom also, by reason of his stammering, speech was no easy matter. The said person, after that he had entered, by what art or means I wist not, the vaulted shaft or gallery, which leads under ground at Augst towards Basle, and had therein proceeded beyond the point reached by any other men, could speak of marvellous tales and doings—viz., he said that he, having kindled a consecrated taper, had gone therewith into the hole or shaft. Here must he pass through an iron door; and thence from one to another vault; lastly, also through certain right fair and pleasant green gardens, in the midst of which stood a princely and well-built castle or palace, and therein was an exceeding fair damsel, human in body to the reins downwards, which on her head wore a golden crown, though her hair flowed all abroad; but beneath she was a lothely snake. By this said damsel was he led to an iron chest, whereupon, however, lay two black hounds, baying in such wise that for them no one might go to the chest. But the damsel had stilled and kept the said dogges in check for him, so that he might approach without hindrance. Thereupon she took a bunch of keys, which she wore about her neck, and opened the chest, taking from thence all sorts of gold, silver, and other moneys; of which, out of her especial generosity, she gave him not a few, which also he brought with him out of the shaft, as he thereupon shewed and made manifest. He farther asserted, that the damsel had gone on to say she was born of royal house and lineage; but so was she destined and accursed, that she had been changed into the monstrous thing she seemed. Nor had she hope in anywise to be freed, unless some bachelor, of unspotted chastity, should kiss her thrice. Thus might she regain her former shape and nature; for which favour, she vowed that she would give all the treasure which in that place lay hid. Now, he went on to say, he did at once heartily kiss the damsel twice; but, at each time, she displayed her great joy at the prospect of an unhoped for release with such ghastly mows and antics, that he grew fearful, thinking no other than that she would tear him asunder alive." So the tailor's son fled like a craven, and unlike the hero described in a similar position, in Sir Walter Scott's ballad; and afterwards, having indiscreetly forfeited the moral character to which it appears he owed his admission, could never more discover the cave's mouth—"Which," says Stumpff, "he would often bewail and lament." The concluding remarks of the chronicler are very easy and quaint. We are, however, far from taking his view of the subject, which we deem illiberal.

"But who but must believe," he asks, "that

this was mere mockery played by the devil?—and yet the right ancient Roman coins which he brought back from the hole, and displayed to many of our citizens, prove that there is certainly buried in the earth in the said cave, a capital treasure, preserved and guarded by some Mammon-spirit. Even as in the hollows of mines, the miner folk have, in their digging, frequent experience and converse of such murderous hobgoblins, to their great damage. And that no one may hold this for a poem or fable, there are still at hand living witnesses, who have heard it all from the mouth of the aforesaid Lienimannus. After him, a burgher of Basle, in the late dearth, hoping to gain some aid for himself and his, betook himself to the same vaulted hole under ground, thinking to bring from them some of the moneys whereof report had been made. But whereas he arrived at a nook, and found therein nothing but certain dead men's bones, a sound fit of shivering and affright overcame him, so that, turning round, straightway he ran back, out of the hole."

Having wandered in this direction, we find it hard to repress the reminiscences which arise before us, of the many sleepers in caves and subterranean vaults; of the Emperor Rothbart; and of the three sleepers of Switzerland, who pass in slumber the interval which must yet elapse ere they return to earth. But these would lead us to a region too remote. We may just indicate, in passing, one of the most wild and yet alluring of these legends—that, namely, of the *Vennsberg*, in which, by a mingling of heathen mythology with Gothic forms, the Goddess of Beauty is invested with a limited but perpetual dominion in the heart of the mountain where she, with other condemned spirits, lives in the enjoyment of everything that can ravish the senses. It is fatal to visit the place; for, at times, the Goddess is disposed to increase the number of her subjects; and none who have not been especially fortified beforehand by sacred observances, can resist her allurements. At other times, the entrance leading to her mountain palace is invisible. Those whom she allows to return to earth, come back pale, and haggard, and old, talking, like men in dreams, of youth, and beauty, and voluptuous enjoyment. They hold in their hand pebbles and dust, brought from the hill, and deem them jewels and gold. Such are doomed, and always take the first opportunity of returning whence they came. To this mountain of Venus it is that the dwarf in the *Heldenbuch* conducts the Berner* at the close of his brilliant career of arms. But here the Venus hill is only another form of Avalon, or Fairyland, fixed on earth, and endowed with a local habitation. Others of the legends adverted to, invest the spirits inhabiting these with a semi-demoniac character.

But, to return to the spirits that look out of shady nooks and still waters, laughing at the sons of men, and piercing their hearts with eyes like woman's, but brighter. The Nixies are, in general, a more petulant race than the gentle fairy ladies whose tales have been above told. These latter, in communing with mankind, appear as frequent yet forgiving sufferers from their lovers' frailty or faithlessness. But, with the nymphs of the water, it is requisite to be more circumspect and attentive. Like their sisters of Venus, they are (in spite of the coldness of their haunts) passionate in their loves, headstrong in will, terrible when angered. To betray them is a matter fraught with peril.* They do not content themselves with taking refuge in flight, or lamentation, or obstinate silence and retirement; when exasperated, they make little account of past love; and, indeed, appear to be young persons utterly destitute of bowels of compassion. An instance to this effect occurred as late as the fifteenth century. Peter von Stauffenberg, a knight at Kaiser Sigismund's court, had long been blessed with the embraces of a peculiarly handsome Nixie, when he received orders from the emperor to take himself a wife of Christian flesh and blood. In those days, the behests of a *Lehn-herr*, or feudal chief, were not to be lightly disregarded. Stauffenberg reluctantly offered his hand to the lady chosen for him. But, as the cavalcade were hastening to the marriage solemnity, the fairy crossed her forsaker's path. She came again as he sate at the marriage board, giving him a secret token of her presence and of her indignation. On a sudden, the knight was mightily shaken—he fell sick from that moment, and never approached the marriage chamber of his bride. On the third day he was a dead man.

A similar comment may be made on one of the Rhine legends of the water-nymph, Lurlei, which describe her as overwhelming the castle of her perfidious and ungrateful lover. But another version of the tale represents her as more placable or less powerful, and confining the expression of her wrong to wailing in her gurgling caverns alone. In general, the nymphs of fountains are beneficent and loving. The River Spirits have all a dash of the terrible in their natures. Our blood curdles at the picture in the *Nibelungen Lied* of the grim *Meerwiber*, or river-women that, sitting on the waters of the Danube, sing to the Burgundian knights the burden of wo towards which they are hastening, deeming that a gallant high-tide alone awaits them at Chriemhild's wedding.

There is a ghastly legend attached to some of the German rivers. The spirit of the stream demands a certain number of human victims yearly; and it is remarkable that, even now,

* This is the romance designation of Theodric the Great.

* Witness Gervase of Tilbury.—"Habemus probatum quod quosdam hujusmodi larvarum, quas *Fadas* nominant," (he is speaking especially of Water Fairies,) "amatores audivimus, et, cum ad aliarum feminarum matrimonia se transtulerunt, ante mortuos quam cum superinductis carnali se copula immiscuerint: plurimosq. in summa temporali felicitate vidimus stetisse, qui cum ab hujusmodi *fadarum* abstraxerunt amplexibus, aut illas publicaverunt eloquio, non tantum temporales successus, sed etiam miseræ vitæ solatium amiserunt."—*Ap. Imp.*

(unless we have been misinformed,) it is observed that, by one means or another, the full tribute is annually levied by the waters in question. It must be rather appalling, towards the close of a year wherein no toll has yet been paid, to hear at midnight the swollen river shrieking in its wrath, and demanding its customary victims. But we are now rambling from the beautiful into the terrible—a circumstance that might of itself sufficiently prove how far we have entrenched on the domain of night, and which warns us to lay the pen aside. The crowd of associations which meet us on turning to a subject like the present, is so great that, were we to dwell on each, months would not see an end of our record.

It is not very soothing to the vanity of later times to perceive how far their choicest inventions, in all that combines beauty with imagination, are surpassed by the images spontaneously created by the simple belief of ages termed semi-barbarous. Yet this is, perhaps, no matter for wonder. In the midst of a people alive to the impulses of strong feeling, yet destitute of culture, we may almost always discover the germ of poetry—the parent of all such creations—springing in its most genuine form, because unpoisoned by a fictitious atmosphere, and uncovered by the trappings of affectation or commonplace. And it is the highest testimony that can be found of the absolute existence of spiritual power and capacity in the human soul, when we find it, like Apollo amidst the Thessalian herdsmen—the heaven-descended mingling its voice with the rudest accents of ignorant life. It shews us, moreover, that, as Jean Paul has indicated in a passage already cited, belief has a tone of inspiration to which no developement of mere intellect can attain. The themes which have supplied inexhaustible matter for embellishment and digression to successive generations of poets, and which their own conceptions can only successfully imitate, may all be traced to a period in which judgment had not learned to be arbitrary, and mankind appear to have been little more than passive and confiding recipients of the faith which was whispered by a mysterious voice from without. Thus we arrive, after all the theories and systems of ingenious men, at the belief, which is surely both grateful and animating, that the source from whence springs our perception of the infinite, the sublime, the beautiful, is found in the uncorrupted springs of human nature. For a time, tyranny or misbelief seals up the fountain. But it cannot be wholly stopped, and must perennially gush forth, until, as we believe, it shall at length appear no longer turbid and overhung with mists, but flowing broadly onwards, a calm and bright river, from which all nations shall drink and be refreshed.

V.

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—THE CONCLUSION.

The public seemed to take for granted, that the interest of Sir Walter Scott's Memoir had ceased with the sixth volume; and that little remained to be told of the six more mournful years in which he was to drag on the load of a weary life—shattered in health, saddened in spirit, and broken in fortunes. On the contrary, it turns out that the concluding volume, little as the pen of Scott has contributed directly to its contents, is replete with melancholy interest—especially to those whose sympathies flow more freely with adversity than with prosperous fortune; and who prefer the study of the mingled character of the man to that of the mere author. The melancholy story of the gradual breaking up, the protracted struggle, and final subjugation of a man of great genius—in whose robust nature the elements of goodness and kindness were largely blended with considerable selfishness and many pitiable weaknesses—affords, we think, one of the most solemn and affecting lessons which human beings can receive; a lesson impressively teaching wisdom and humility, and the true value of whatever ill-directed ambition the most prizes. The last words of Scott, spoken in a brief, but lucid or conscious interval, very shortly before the close of a life of almost preternatural exertion, were a virtual surrender of nearly all the objects on which his ambition had been inordinately fixed—a solemn confession of their comparative vanity and nothingness. Mr Lockhart relates that, after Sir Walter had lain in a state of complete stupor for six weeks or more—dead while alive—his attendant came hastily into the room one morning, "and told me," he says, "that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. *Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.*" Scott survived this memorable interview for three or four days; but immediately relapsed into a state of stupor, and never spoke again, though afterwards, in the course of these days, he seemed conscious of the arrival of his sons. When the character and remarkable career of the man are considered, we cannot recall a more solemn and impressive death-bed sermon than this. What, at that awfully realizing moment, were his extended acres, his young trees, and rising towers, or the ambition of founding the house of "Scott of Abbotsford," which had cost him so dear!—what even the nobler intellectual distinction which he had attained, apart from the things crowding on his awakening mind at that solemn

crisis when the visual orb is purged, and the perishing things of time are first beheld in the light streaming through the opening portals of eternity! Viewed in this way, a few of the paragraphs in this closing volume of Scott's Memoirs, convey a more impressive moral than the whole of his multitudinous and beautiful fictions. These exhibit an endless diversity of brilliant and striking pictures of life; but here are its actual experiences, its stern realities, examined, probed, weighed in the balance. And what a heart-rending recital is the narrative of his latter days! Had the gigantic efforts and mental sufferings of Sir Walter Scott, during the last eight years of his life, to which he ultimately fell the martyr, been for mankind, and not a hard task made necessary by ill-directed ambition, he would have deserved to be canonized with the noblest benefactors of the human race. His final and strenuous endeavours were to satisfy the creditors which his mysterious huckstering and short-sighted avidity of wealth, for an object which soon became his master-passion, had made imperative; his death-struggle was to trample upon the obstacles which had been interposed between him and his dream of building up the house and name of "Scott of Abbotsford." For mere literary fame he had no appetite left. It had flowed upon him unasked for thirty years. He had been satiated with applause. It came of itself, like the incense which naturally follows the highest order of young female beauty, unmarked and unvalued, until, as in the case of the flattered beauty, symptoms of waning appeared, and awakened the painful apprehension of decay. On the subject of his master-passion, Mr Lockhart remarks—"By this idea, all his reveries, all his aspirations, all his plans and efforts, were overshadowed and controlled." And if it be true, "that to this ambition we owe the gigantic monuments of Scott's genius," the world may forgive the absence of nobler motives; and, since "his ambition to endow a family sleeps with him," deeply compassionate the ultimate disquiet of his troubled spirit. His biographer affirms "that his ambition was, at least, a different thing from the modern vulgar ambition of amassing a fortune, and investing it in land;" as if Sir Walter had no value for any acres which did not lie upon Tweedside. This is a matter of opinion, and we even question the general prevalence of this alleged "modern vulgar ambition." In almost every case, some feeling, elevated or fantastic, but, at all events, not vulgarly sordid, mingles in what seems the instinctive desire which men feel to appropriate a portion of their native soil, and above all, of the heritage of their fathers; though, viewed philosophically, there is little difference in elevation of motive between the man who feels, like Sir Walter, a burning desire to bring a few more acres within his ring-fence, and secure it to his eldest son, and him who looks mainly to a profitable return for his capital.

The entire scope of the life of Scott illustrates a fact not flattering to the pride of genius. He was a dutiful son, a good-natured husband, and, bating his aristocratic desire to endow a family, which made him so far unjust to all his younger children, an affectionate father. He was a pleasant companion, a kind master, and, as the world goes, a sensible and safe friend. Of anything like the ardent enthusiasm, the unthinking, reckless generosity with which men of high and warm temperament sacrifice themselves for a friend, a sentiment, or a cause, or even of that more vulgar, pecuniary generosity displayed by the general run of great authors and artists, enriched by their own labours, we see few decided traces. The instances given by Mr Lockhart rather prove the reverse of what is intended; though Sir Walter Scott, like, we should hope, the great majority of men in affluent circumstances, in the course of his life did several and, perhaps, many liberal actions to those whom he liked, and who were useful to his purposes, or who had claims upon his good-nature or benevolence. And yet, because the author of "Marmion," and "Waverley," and "Old Mortality," and the whole of that brilliant family, was not less, and yet, we should imagine, not much more exemplary in the discharge of his domestic and social duties than the bulk of his contemporaries, we delight to expatiate on his virtues, and to magnify the ordinary tenor of a sensible, well-conducted man's daily life into some miracle of sublunary goodness. This, as we remarked above, is not flattering to the pride of intellect, as we fear it argues that the union of the purest wisdom and goodness with the highest genius, which ought to be constant, is as rare as, when found, it is precious. Such speculations are, however, premature. Six years of Sir Walter's life were to elapse before a final judgment could be pronounced on his career—those weary and suffering years, when the wine of life was on the lees, and of which the chronicle must often excite the tenderest sympathy. We shall trace this period as briefly as possible.

The close of that year, to him of much good and ill, 1826, left Scott, immediately after his return from France, giving his days and nights to his literary tasks, of which the principal was, at this time, "The Life of Napoleon." The present volume of the memoirs, without making the matter more clear, lessens astonishment at his marvellous industry, which has sometimes been regarded as more wonderful than his gigantic power and facility in fiction. The world had attributed wholly to energy of will, what seems to have become, to a considerable extent, the increasing and, at last, resistless force of habit. He could no more refrain from literary toils, when his medical advisers and his children urged the necessity of repose as absolutely requisite to his health, than he could at all times summon resolution to follow rigidly a prescribed regimen; a far inferior triumph to the ordinary run of frail and indolent mortals. If he was bound to his desk by a sense of duty, habit had made the yoke not merely light but desirable. "As well," he says in one place, "may Molly put the

kettle on, and then bid it not boil," as to expect him, in brief, to cease from literary composition. While his mind retained anything like consciousness, and long after its powers had waxed dim and departed, he was planning new romances; and throughout life, those on which he was engaged, were never, he said, five minutes at a time out of his head, in any circumstances. The medical men who bade him cease from writing, in mercy to his health, doomed him, he alleged, "to go mad." There can, however, be no doubt, that his fatal malady was aggravated and his death probably accelerated by excessive mental exertion—long uncheered by hope, and, latterly, unsatisfactory and always anxious. The dread of falling off and losing public favour, and, what was worse, its solid rewards, now become so necessary, seems to have often wrung his heart in his latter years, with unutterable anguish. He fell into a condition not much happier than that of the flattered *prima donna*, when her voice cracks, or the applauded and improvident actor, when the pit begins to perceive symptoms of declining power. In the homely, but pithy phrase of imprudent artisans—Scott was, in his declining years, working double tasks *for a dead horse*. Pride is an admirable corroborant, fortitude a powerful bracer, but they will not alone sustain the spirit, and much less the physical strength, of any overworked man; and, latterly, great as was his pecuniary success, endurance and stubborn pride were his chief allies. Hope came not but by fits—or, if a vision of Nicol Milne's Faldonside eked to Abbotsford, ever wavered before his eyes, the debts, and the meetings of creditors, were sure to scare it ruthlessly away; and, before the ebbing tide of his fortunes had been fairly turned by his unparalleled exertions and good luck, his mental with his bodily powers were for ever laid prostrate.

The entries from Scott's private journal—that journal which he kept to give his thoughts and feelings that vent which he never seems to have freely sought in the sympathies of his friends or family, and which was to set him right with posterity—are less frequent in this new volume and, on the whole, less interesting than in the previous one, though they sometimes incidentally betray anguish of spirit, and even intensity of agony, which exceed the most pathetic expressions of his grief in his worst trials.

From the time of his journey to France, he was tortured with successive attacks of what is termed rheumatism; and his lameness, once so lightly borne that it scarce seemed a defect, daily became more painful. From the date of his bustling and thankless toils and anxiety, during the King's visit, in 1822, he had, according to Mr Lockhart, been liable to slight attacks of paralysis, or apoplexy, or both. At least his family suspected this—for Scott seems long to have striven to thrust the painful conviction from himself; while no one about him durst hint at so unpleasant a truth. Some of his entries will be curious to speculative physiologists, and, perhaps, to metaphysicians. Of one of his seasons of reverie, he says:—

"The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a calenture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and silvan landscapes in the sea. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkely about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said. It made me gloomy and out of spirits, though I flatter myself this was not observed."

In the summer of 1829, bad symptoms had become much more decided, but he was relieved by copious bleedings; and it was not until February 1830 that he had a first serious attack of apoplexy, which could not be misunderstood. He struggled manfully against his enemy, and soon went on "covering as many sheets with his M.S. as in better years."

Between this period and 1826, Scott had performed prodigies. In 1827, his "Life of Napoleon," begun in happier times, was completed and published. The first and second editions alone—for we are not aware that there has been another—realized the immense sum of £18,000. In the two years immediately following, he wrote the "Chronicles of the Canongate," "The Fair Maid of Perth," and the first and second series of "Tales of a Grandfather." The "Demonology," "Anne of Geierstein," and his "History of Scotland," for Lardner's Cyclopedia, were the less successful productions of a later year. For the two volumes of history, he received £1500. He also wrote several reviews. These were busy and profitable, but, alas! far from happy years. Few men could have borne up so long under the mere mechanical labour which Scott underwent, and fewer still under the load of care and mortification which crushed him at last. In March 1827, we find him saying—"I cannot keep up with the world without shying a letter now and then. It is true the greatest happiness I could think of would be to be rid of the world entirely. Excepting my own family, I have little pleasure in the world, less business in it, and am heartily careless about all its concerns."

And yet, to the last hours of his conscious existence, he chose to remain the reluctant slave of society; "made a show-off," as he expresses it, when for a show "he was ill in tune."

Campbell, when he next gives Napoleon as a toast, in honour of the Emperor's great merit in the eyes of men of letters, for shooting a bookseller, should follow it up by the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The *Trade* are pretty generally accused of taking advantage of unfortunate authors; but, in some instances of fortunate ones, they certainly meet their match. Yet the case of Scott should perhaps be thrown out of view, in all ordinary calculations between author and publisher. It has, we believe, puzzled learned political economists whether to define the extraordinary profits of his literary labours as *wages* or *rent*. No one was ever a better economist of the fruits of his labour, whatever name its profits should bear. No rubbish, few sweepings of the study, remain to embarrass his ex-

ecutors; and the little that did remain, Mr Lockhart has prudently helped to use up in the "Memoir." About the end of 1827, Mr Charles Heath offered Scott £800 a-year to edit the "Keepsake," and £400 for any 100 pages he might write for that annual. He enters on his journal—

"Mr Charles Heath, the engraver, invites me to take charge of a yearly publication, called the 'Keepsake,' of which the plates are beyond comparison beautiful, but the letterpress indifferent enough. He proposes £800 a-year if I would become editor, and £400 if I would contribute from seventy to one hundred pages. I declined both, but told him I might give him some trifling thing or other. To become the stipendiary editor of a New-Year's-Gift Book, is not to be thought of; nor could I agree to work regularly, for any quantity of supply, at such a publication. Even the pecuniary view is not flattering, though Mr Heath meant it should be so. One hundred of his close-printed pages, for which he offers £400, are nearly equal to one volume of a novel. Each novel of three volumes brings £4000; and I remain proprietor of the mine after the first ore is scooped out." . . . .

Sir Walter regretted having meddled in any way with the toyshop of literature, and would never do so again, though repeatedly offered very large sums—not even when the motive of private regard was added, upon Mr Allan Cunningham's lending his name to one of these painted bladders.

In the same week that Mr Heath made his proposition, Sir Walter received another, which he thus disposes of in his Diary:—"I have an invitation from Messrs Saunders and Otley, booksellers, offering me from £1500 to £2000 annually to conduct a journal; but I am their humble servant."

But he did not slip the opportunity of turning a penny in the way of trade, which Mr Lockhart tells, like other matters of the sort, with infinite *naïveté*. Mr Heath wanted his writing, and especially his name, to grace his elegant and fashionable work; and Sir Walter sold the privilege to the best advantage. He chanced to have lying beside him his juvenile prose drama of "The House of Aspen," which had not found a place even in the literary department of *The Edinburgh Annual Register*, and two tales which James Ballantyne had rejected as unworthy of the "Chronicles of the Canongate." These—"My Aunt Margaret's Mirror," namely, and "The Laird's Jock"—were, accordingly, disposed of to Mr Charles Heath for £500. Scott was also the author of two sermons—very indifferent ones, certainly, yet connected with a tale of kindness which Mr Lockhart, who hides none of Sir Walter's acts of generosity under a bushel, has related with fully as much minuteness as delicacy to the party obliged. The "Religious Discourses" were originally written for Mr Huntly Gordon, a young gentleman who acted as Scott's amanuensis, to enable him to pass his theological trials at Aberdeen. The thing might not have been quite fair, perhaps, but this is of less consequence, as Gordon never produced, at the Hall, the effort of his theological grinder. At a subsequent period, Mr Gordon got involved in debt, and craved Sir Walter's permission to dispose of the two sermons to a bookseller, to relieve him of his embarrassments. Though Scott seems to have been exceedingly chary about this mode of assisting his friends—of which Hogg unduly complains—he kindly consented; and the sermons by W.S. were sold to Colburn for £250. "Well sold, I think," says Sir Walter; and we should imagine the publisher found reason to affirm the judgment.

The quarrel which the blustering French General Gourgaud attempted to fasten on Sir Walter Scott, after the publication of "The Life of Napoleon," exhibits him in a new light; for he had passed the first fifty-five years of his life, not without violent party squabbles, but unchallenged and unchallenging. Now he found he might have to turn out; and he took the affair coolly. His old friend, Clerk, was pitched on as his "friend" in this delicate emergency; and he had, ready for the field, a pair of pistols taken from the carriage of Napoleon at Waterloo, if the second should approve of seething the kid in its mother's milk, or shooting Gourgaud with his old master's weapons. The affair ended in Paris smoke.

Late in the autumn of 1827, Scott was invited to Ravensworth Castle, to meet the Duke of Wellington, then making a sort of progress in the north of England. He, at this time, met Dr Philpotts and a formidable gathering of rampant Tories, mustered to do homage to the great Duke. "There were bells, and cannon, and drums, trumpets, and banners, besides a fine troop of yeomanry. The address was well expressed, and as well answered by the Duke. The enthusiasm of the ladies and the gentry was great—the common people more lukewarm."

Scott went through the duty for which he was brought from Abbotsford. He assisted in the pageants—"jackal," as he says, "to the great lion;" and was probably as great an object of curiosity to some of the gathering as the great lion himself. He remarks—

"What is called great society, of which I have seen a good deal in my day, is now amusing to me, because, from age and indifference, I have lost the habit of considering myself as a part of it, and have only the feelings of looking on as a spectator of the scene, who can neither play his part well nor ill, instead of being one of the *dramatis personæ*; so, careless what is thought of myself, I have full time to attend to the motions of others."

London society, or fine society of any kind, he appears never to have heartily or healthily enjoyed at any period of his life; and, towards the end, it became more and more tiresome—wearier wo—though still to be endured with patience and fortitude, for good reasons understood. After describing a really congenial dinner-party, at Mr John A. Murray's, where he met some of his ancient Edinburgh Whig acquaintances, and another dinner at his friend Clerk's small bachelor dwelling in Rose Court, he breaks out—"In short, we really laughed; and real laughter is as rare a thing as real tears. I must say, too, there was a *heart*, a kindly feeling, prevailed over the party. Can London give such a dinner?—It may, but I never saw one—they are too cold and critical to be easily pleased."

Scott had, by this time, almost given up society, while residing in Edinburgh, and also correspondence; and he seems to have often suffered

from deep depression of spirits, when there was no immediate cause. Yet no one ever used his admirable specific against this malady—labour, namely—more vigorously and steadily. He had not returned many days from a sort of minstrel progress from castle to castle, on the occasion of meeting the Duke of Wellington, when he heard that Mr Abud, his Jew-creditor in London, had again given positive orders to arrest him. It sends a pang to the heart to read such passages, in his Diary, as the following; written, too, on the morning after a day when he had dined at the seat of the wealthy nobleman whom he delighted to call his chief, at whose board he boasts he had "maintained as good a face in the midst of his perplexities as a man need desire;" and, probably, while gaily relating the glories of Ravensworth, Durham, and Sunderland, in which he had just borne his part. While the face was good, the agonized heart then, as often, knew its own bitterness.

"*November* 1.—I waked in the night, and lay two hours in feverish meditation. This is a tribute to natural feeling. But the air of a fine frosty morning gave me some elasticity of spirit. It is strange, that, about a week ago, I was more dispirited for nothing at all, than I am now for perplexities which set at defiance my conjectures concerning their issue. I suppose that I, the Chronicler of the Canongate, will have to take up my residence in the Sanctuary, unless I prefer the more airy residence of the Calton Jail, or a trip to the Isle of Man. It is to no purpose being angry with Abud, or Ahab, or whatever name he delights in. He is seeking his own, and thinks, by these harsh measures, to render his road to it more speedy. Sir Adam Ferguson left Bowhill this morning for Dumfriesshire. I returned to Abbotsford to Anne, and told her this unpleasant news. She stood it remarkably well, poor body.

"*November* 2.—I was a little bilious this night—no wonder. Had sundry letters without any power of giving my mind to answer them—one about Gourgaud, with his nonsense. I shall not trouble my head more on that score. Well, it is a hard knock on the elbow; I knew I had a life of labour before me, but I was resolved to work steadily; now they have treated me like a recusant turnspit, and put a red-hot cinder into the wheel alongst with me. But of what use is philosophy—and I have always pretended to a little of a practical character—if it cannot teach us to do or suffer? The day is glorious; yet I have little will to enjoy it. Yet, were a twelvemonth over, I should perhaps smile at what makes me now very serious. Smile! No—that can never be. My present feelings cannot be recollected with cheerfulness; but I may drop a tear of gratitude.

"*November* 3.—Slept ill, and lay one hour longer than usual in the morning. I gained an hour's quiet by it—that is much. I feel a little shaken at the result of to-day's post. I am not able to go out. My poor workers wonder that I pass them without a word. I can imagine no alternative but the Sanctuary or the Isle of Man. Both shocking enough. But, in Edinburgh, I am always on the scene of action, free from uncertainty, and near my poor daughter; so I think I shall prefer it, and thus I rest in unrest. But I will not let this unman me. Our hope, heavenly and earthly, is poorly anchored, if the cable parts upon the stream. I believe in God, who can change evil into good; and I am confident that what befalls us is always ultimately for the best. . . . . Were it not for poor Anne's doleful looks, I would feel firm as a piece of granite. Even the poor dogs seem to fawn on me with anxious meaning, as if there were something going on they could not comprehend. They probably notice the packing of the clothes, and other symptoms of a journey.

The sum which threw the man whose ready pen was a rich mine of gold into such perplexity and distress, was less than £2000. The debt was privately cleared off by Sir William Forbes, who became one of Scott's ordinary creditors for the amount: nor is it at all likely that his gloomy anticipations of arrest could have been realized, surrounded, as he was, by wealthy relatives and kind friends. On settling in town for the winter, we find him, after the lapse of more than thirty years, renewing his acquaintance with the very aged mother of the lady of his early romance. Mr Lockhart still thinks it decorous to leave in mystery an affair which has been discussed at all the tea-tables in Edinburgh for a quarter of a century; so we presume it would be against rule to lift a mask which conceals nothing. It was just as the threats of Abud had been met that he first saw the ancient dame whose presence revived so many tender reminiscences of his unfortunate attachment; so that, like his own Claud Halcro, his low spirits, at this juncture, may be fairly presumed the joint effect "of love and some small debt."

"*November* 7.— . . . . . I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow case-hardened, and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good-temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell!—and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming, and my two years of wakening, will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain."

Mr Lockhart has been too sentimental by far about this affair. From Scott himself, we hear no more of his first misplaced and painful passion, nor yet of old Lady——we check ourselves; but, if Mr Lockhart would only say *A*, we should be willing to say *B*. For himself, Sir Walter concludes, "To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn reflection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain." He had far other objects of interest. His younger son had been received into the Foreign Office; and, most grateful to his gracious Sovereign for this act of favour, he went to Abbotsford, to spend his Christmas, and in much better spirits. A dividend of six shillings in the pound had been paid to his creditors, and the prospect before him was clearing and brightening. He was, as he imagined, restored in constitution; and, "though still in troubled waters, rowing with the tide."

In the following spring, he visited London, and mixed a good deal in society. A story about Godwin, entered in his journal at this time, looks so very apocryphal that it will not be permitted to pass unchallenged:—

"Canning's conversion from popular opinions was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned, to his astonishment, that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of their revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think

what course he should take; and, having thought the matter over, he went to Mr Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until ——. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton, upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter-house of some ten pounds a-year to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule chair."

Those best acquainted with the character of Godwin—a man not merely cautious, but, as his Liberal friends thought, timid to excess, and even deficient in spirit—will entertain the strongest doubts about this improbable tale. A story, entitled to nearly the same degree of credit, but gay and amusing, is told of Charles James Fox:—

"A certain Mrs Phipps audaciously set up, in a fashionable quarter of the town, as a person through whose influence, properly propitiated, favours and situations of importance might certainly be obtained—always for a consideration. She cheated many people, and maintained the trick for months. One trick was to get the equipages of Lord North, and other persons of importance, to halt before her door, as if their owners were within. With respect to most of them, this was effected by bribing the drivers. But a gentleman who watched her closely, observed that Charles J. Fox actually left his carriage and went into the house, and this more than once. He was then, it must be noticed, in the Ministry. When Mrs Phipps was blown up, this circumstance was recollected as deserving explanation, which Fox readily gave at Brookes' and elsewhere. It seems Mrs Phipps had the art to persuade him that she had the disposal of what was then called a *hyæna*—that is, an heiress—an immense Jamaica heiress, in whom she was willing to give or sell her interest to Charles Fox. Without having perfect confidence in the obliging proposal, the great statesman thought the thing worth looking after, and became so earnest in it that Mrs Phipps was desirous to back out, for fear of discovery. With this view, she made confession, one fine morning, with many professions of the deepest feelings, that the hyæna had proved a frail monster, and given birth to a girl or boy—no matter which. Even this did not make Charles quit chase of the hyæna. He intimated that, if the cash was plenty and certain, the circumstance might be overlooked. Mrs Phipps had nothing for it but to double the disgusting dose. 'The poor child,' she said, 'was unfortunately of a mixed colour, somewhat tinged with the blood of Africa; no doubt Mr Fox was himself very dark, and the circumstance might not draw attention,' &c. &c. This singular anecdote was touched upon by Foote, and is the cause of introducing the negress into 'The Cozeners,' though no express allusion to Charles Fox was admitted. Lady —— tells me that, in her youth, the laugh was universal so soon as the black woman appeared."

The following apt description of a London dinner, of what is fancied the first-rate sort, attracts our eye *en passant*:—

"Dined with Rogers with all my own family, and met Sharp, Lord John Russell, Jekyll, and others. The conversation flagged as usual, and jokes were fired like minute-guns, producing an effect not much less melancholy. A wit should always have an atmosphere congenial to him, otherwise he will not shine."

Then we have the eccentric Haydon, and good old Northcote, and Edward Irving, and a round dozen more of the then London notorieties, all sketched in the best style of Scott's shrewd sagacity. We can notice but one or two of these lions; and, first, Coleridge, at feed, before exhibition:—

"After eating a hearty dinner, during which he spoke not a word, he began a most learned harangue on the Samothracian Mysteries, which he regards as affording the germs of all tales about fairies, past, present, and to come. He then diverged to Homer, whose Iliad he considered as a collection of poems by different authors, at different times, during a century. Morritt, a zealous worshipper of the old bard, was incensed at a system which would turn him into a polytheist, gave battle with keenness, and was joined by Sotheby. Mr Coleridge behaved with the utmost complaisance and temper, but relaxed not from his exertions. 'Zounds, I was never so bethumped with words.' Morritt's impatience must have cost him an extra sixpence worth of snuff."

Sir Walter dined, by command, with the Duchess of Kent, and saw the little Princess Victoria, heiress-presumptive to the throne. He says, after hoping they will change her name:—

"This little lady is educating with much care, and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair, like the royal family—the Duchess herself very pleasing and affable in her manners. I sat by Mr Spring Rice, a very agreeable man. There were also Charles Wynn and his lady—and the evening, for a court evening, went agreeably off."

Scott's kindness, at this visit, proved useful to the family of his brother poet, Allan Cunningham. By his interest, cadetships were obtained for two of the poet's sons. He also administered good advice and kindly consolation—'twas all he could—to his unfortunate friend Terry. Poor Terry, in the utter wreck of his health and fortunes, soon afterwards proposed coming down to settle in a cottage near Abbotsford. It was, probably, a visionary scheme—the straw clutched by the drowning man; and it received no encouragement from his sensible patron, whose judgment was always sound save in his own affairs. Terry died in the following year, adding one more to the melancholy list of Scott's unlucky speculating friends.

Death was now become an object of familiar and interesting contemplation to Scott, and none of his early friends stumbled and vanished through the broken arches without attracting his earnest attention. His little sketches and portraits of those deceased, generally done on the instant, unite spirit with great truth of resemblance. Constable is one of his characters; and one would give something to hear what, on the other side, "the Crafty" might, in his latter days, have had to say of Sir Walter. If rumour were to be believed, that little was not flattering.

"Constable's death might have been a most important thing to me if it had happened some years ago; and I should then have lamented it much. He had lived to do me some injury; yet, excepting the last £5000, I think most unintentionally. He was a prince of booksellers; his views sharp, powerful, and liberal; too sanguine, however, and, like many bold and successful schemers, never knowing when to stand or stop, and not always calculating his means to his object with mercantile accuracy. He was very vain, for which he had some reason, having raised himself to great commercial eminence, as he might also, with good management, have attained great wealth. He knew, I think, more of the business of a bookseller, in planning and executing popular works, than any man of his time. In books themselves he had much bibliographical information, but none whatever that could be termed literary. He knew the rare volumes of his library not only by the eye, but by the touch, when blindfolded. . . . . Constable was a violent-tempered man with those he dared use freedom with. He was easily overawed by people of consequence; but, as

usual, took it out of those whom poverty made subservient to him. Yet he was generous, and far from bad-hearted:—in person good-looking, but very corpulent latterly; a large feeder, and deep drinker, till his health became weak. He died of water in the chest, which the natural strength of his constitution set long at defiance. I have no great reason to regret him; yet I do. If he deceived me, he also deceived himself."

In a letter to Lockhart, he says:—

"Alas, poor Crafty! Do you remember his exultation when my Bony affair* was first proposed? Good God! I see him as he then was at this moment—how he swelled, and rolled, and reddened, and outblarneyed all blarney! Well, so be it. I hope

'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

But he has cost me many a toilsome, dreary day, and drearier night, and will cost me more yet."

The death of an eccentric, famous, and once fashionable *blue* follows that of William Gifford. Both personages are well hit off:—

"I observe in the papers, my old friend, Gifford's funeral. He was a man of rare attainments and many excellent qualities. His "Juvenal" is one of the best versions ever made of a classical author, and his satire of the Baviad and Mæviad squabashed at one blow a set of coxcombs, who might have humbugged the world long enough. As a commentator, he was capital, could he but have suppressed his rancours against those who had preceded him in the task; but a misconstruction or misinterpretation, nay, the misplacing of a comma, was, in Gifford's eyes, a crime worthy of the most severe animadversion. The same fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours; and, in general, he flagellated with so little pity that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment. This lack of temper probably arose from indifferent health; for he was very valetudinary. . . . . He was a little man, dumpled up together, and so ill made as to seem almost deformed; but with a singular expression of talent in his countenance. Though so little of an athlete, he nevertheless beat off Dr Wolcott, when that celebrated person, the most unsparing calumniator of his time, chose to be offended with Gifford for satirizing him in his turn. Peter Pindar made a most vehement attack; but Gifford had the best of the affray, and remained, I think, in triumphant possession of the field of action, and of the assailant's cane. G. had one singular custom. He used always to have a duenna of a housekeeper to sit in his study with him while he wrote. This female companion died when I was in London, and his distress was extreme. I afterwards heard he got her place supplied. I believe there was no scandal in all this. . . . . .

"*January* 28.—Hear of Miss White's death. Poor Lydia! she gave a dinner on the Friday before, and had written with her own hand invitations for another party. Twenty years ago, she used to tease me with her youthful affectations—her dressing like the Queen of Chimney-sweeps on May-day morning, &c.—and sometimes with letting her wit run wild. But she *was* a woman of wit, and had a feeling and kind heart. Poor Lydia! I saw the Duke of York and her in London, when Death, it seems, was brandishing his dart over them.

"'The view o't gave them little fright.'"

Since in this vein, we may as well take in Irving, who did not long survive the dinner alluded to:—

One of the last entries in this year's diary gives a sketch of the celebrated Edward Irving, who was about this time deposed from the ministry of the Church of Scotland on account of his wild heresies. Sir Walter, describing a large dinner party, says, "I met to-day the celebrated divine and *soi-disant* prophet, Irving. He is a fine-looking man, (bating a diabolical squint,) with talent on his brow and madness in his eye. His dress, and the arrangement of his hair, indicated that. I could hardly keep my eyes off him while we were at table. He put me in mind of the devil disguised as an angel of light, so ill did that horrible obliquity of vision harmonize with the dark tranquil features of his face, resembling that of our Saviour in Italian pictures, with the hair carefully arranged in the same manner. There was much real or affected simplicity in the manner in which he spoke. He rather *made play*, spoke much, and seemed to be good humoured. But he spoke with that kind of unction which is nearly allied to *cajolerie*. He boasted much of the tens of thousands that attended his ministry at the town of Annan, his native place, till he well-nigh provoked me to say he was a distinguished exception to the rule that a prophet was not esteemed in his own country. But time and place were not fitting."

Mr Lockhart has ended as he commenced; lowered in tone, perhaps, but still persisting in doing either stinted justice or positive wrong to the memory of Mr James Ballantyne. Early in 1829, Mr Ballantyne sustained the irreparable misfortune of losing an excellent and most amiable wife, by a fever, in the prime of life, and under family circumstances peculiarly painful. He was overwhelmed with grief. The conjugal relations of Scott and Ballantyne were, we apprehend, of a somewhat different character; although the former had not been made of sterner stuff. Scott, after penning a few exquisitely beautiful paragraphs in his Diary, touching the death of his wife, could at once stoically turn himself to his ordinary duties and literary tasks, with entire self-possession and composure of spirit. James Ballantyne bore his loss with far less of Christian resignation, though it drove him for solace to the only source of all lasting consolation. Mr Ballantyne was unable to appear at his wife's funeral; and "this Scott viewed with something more than pity," which we must construe into contempt. Ballantyne, however, promptly summoned resolution to settle his family affairs; and then he retired for a few weeks into the country, to struggle in solitude with an overwhelming sorrow. In the apprehension of Sir Walter, he had sunk, or was about to sink, into a religious dreamer; and he accordingly addressed several expostulatory letters to the man who could, indeed, be very ill spared from the printing office, which was busily occupied with "Anne of Geierstein;" "reminding him that, when our Saviour himself was to be led into temptation, the first thing the Devil thought of was to get him into the wilderness."

Ballantye, after a few weeks, resumed his place in the printing office; but he addicted himself more and more to what his friend considered as erroneous and extravagant notions of religious doctrine; and I regret to say that in this difference originated a certain alienation, not of affection, but of confidence, which was visible to every near observer of their subsequent intercourse. Towards the last, indeed, they saw but little of each other. I suppose, however, it is needless to add that, down to the very last, Scott watched over Ballantyne's interests with undiminished attention.

Sir Walter was, by this time, incapable of attending to any one's interests: but we may aver that Ballantyne's love, reverence, fidelity, watchful affection, and unequalled services, never failed Scott. There are two sides to every tale; and we might shew more on the other, but it matters

* The Life of Napoleon.

not. Besides his other weaknesses, Ballantyne began to be troublesome with his criticisms. He disapproved of "Anne of Geierstein," and the public affirmed his opinion.

Scott was now plunged in the strife of politics, and differing with many of the old stanch Tory party, by going with the Court, the Government, and the Whigs, in favour of Catholic Emancipation. We consider him in the right, without perceiving how he should have happened to think in this manner at this particular juncture. He expresses the strange belief, that the penal laws, if rigidly maintained, would have extirpated Popery—a novel effect of persecution, unless, indeed, six millions of Irish Catholics were to be extirpated along with their faith. He remarks—

"They must, and would, in course of time, have smothered Popery; and, I confess, I should have seen the old Lady of Babylon's mouth stopped with pleasure. But now, that you have taken the plaster off her mouth, and given her free respiration, I cannot see the sense of keeping up the irritation about the claim to sit in Parliament. Unopposed, the Catholic superstition may sink into dust, with all its absurd ritual and solemnities. Still it is an awful risk. The world is, in fact, as silly as ever, and a good competence of nonsense will always find believers. Animal magnetism, phrenology, &c. &c., have all had their believers, and why not Popery? Ecod! if they should begin to make Smithfield broils, I do not know where many an honest Protestant could find courage enough to be carbonadoed! I should shrink from the thoughts of tar-barrels and gibbets, I am afraid, and make a very pusillanimous martyr."

He seemed to have some misgivings, when induced to attend a public meeting in Edinburgh, to petition for Emancipation.

The Whigs were not yet come in; but, shortly after his first serious apoplectic seizure in the spring of 1830, "Circumstances," says his biographer, "rendered it highly probable that Sir Walter's resignation of his place as Clerk of Session might be acceptable to the Government,—and it is not surprising that he should have, on the whole, been pleased to avail himself of this opportunity." His Diary, long suspended, was begun again; but its contents were at this period too medical for quotation, though he does not refer to the real nature of his illness until he was tolerably well again.

"*Edinburgh, May* 26.—Wrought with proofs, &c., at the 'Demonology,' which is a cursed business to do neatly. I must finish it though. I went to the Court, from that came home, and scrambled on, with half writing, half reading, half idleness, till evening. I have laid aside smoking much; and now, unless tempted by company, rarely take a cigar. I was frightened by a species of fit which I had in March [February,] which took from me my power of speaking. I am told it is from the stomach. It looked woundy like palsy or apoplexy. Well, be what it will, I can stand it.

"*May* 27.—Court as usual. I am agitating a proposed retirement from the Court. As they are only to have four instead of six Clerks of Session in Scotland, it will be their interest to let me retire on a superannuation. Probably, I shall make a bad bargain, and get only two-thirds of the salary, instead of three-fourths. This would be hard, but I could save between two or three hundred pounds by giving up town residence."

This arrangement afterwards took effect; and a pension to the amount of the difference, or £500 a-year, was, we are told, offered and declined. He retired with £800 of his £1300 of salary. Nor was his good luck at an end.

His Diary for the 13th July says briefly—"I have a letter from a certain young gentleman, announcing that his sister had so far mistaken the intentions of a lame baronet nigh sixty years old, as to suppose him only prevented by modesty from stating certain wishes and hopes, &c. The party is a woman of rank, so my vanity may be satisfied. But I excused myself, with little picking upon the terms."

He was now fast breaking down; and we have a touching picture of the inner heart of a house which carried a gay and prosperous face to the world. Oh! how much happier, as well as better, should we all be, were the courage and wisdom granted to seem exactly as we are! Must we first cease to be human?

During the rest of the summer and autumn, his daughter and I were at Chiefswood, and saw him of course daily. Laidlaw, too, had been restored to the cottage at Kaeside; and, though Tom Purdie* made a dismal blank, old habits went on, and the course of life seemed little altered from what it had used to be. He looked jaded and worn before evening set in, yet very seldom departed from the strict regimen of his doctors, and often brightened up to all his former glee, though passing the bottle, and sipping toast and water. His grandchildren especially saw no change. However languid, his spirits revived at the sight of them, and the greatest pleasure he had was in pacing Douce Davie through the green lanes among his woods, with them clustered about him on ponies and donkeys, while Laidlaw, the ladies, and myself, walked by, and obeyed his directions about pruning and marking trees. . . . . .

It was obvious, as the season advanced, that the manner in which Ballantyne communicated with him was sinking into his spirits, and Laidlaw foresaw, as well as myself, that some trying crisis of discussion could not be much longer deferred. A nervous twitching about the muscles of the mouth was always more or less discernible from the date of the attack in February; but we could easily tell, by the aggravation of that symptom, when he had received a packet from the Canongate. It was distressing indeed to think that he might, one of these days, sustain a second seizure, and be left still more helpless, yet with the same undiminished appetite for literary labour. And then, if he felt his printer's complaints so keenly, what was to be expected in the case of a plain and undeniable manifestation of disappointment on the part of the public, and consequently of the bookseller? All this was for the inner circle. Country neighbours went and came, without, I believe, observing almost anything of what grieved the family. Nay, this autumn he was far more troubled with the invasions of strangers, than he had ever been since his calamities of of 1826. The astonishing success of the new editions was, as usual, doubled or trebled by rumour. The notion that he had already all but cleared off his encumbrances, seems to have been widely prevalent; and no doubt his refusal of a pension tended to confirm it. Abbotsford was, for some weeks at least, besieged much as it had used to be in the golden days of 1823 and 1824; and if sometimes his guests brought animation and pleasure with them, even then the result was a legacy of redoubled lassitude. The Diary, among a very few and far separated entries, has this:—

"*September* 5.—In spite of Resolution, I have left my Diary for some weeks, I cannot tell why. We have had abundance of travelling Counts and Countesses, Yankees, male and female, and a Yankee-Doodle-*Dandy* into the bargain, a smart young Virginia-man."

Politics now began seriously to afflict and mortify Scott. The death of his royal patron, George IV., had been closely followed by the "Three

* This faithful adherent had one night calmly and gently slept the sleep of death, without any previous suffering or warning.—*E. T. M.*

Glorious Days" of Paris. The Reform Bill was in the wind, and all the wild elements of revolution were, as he imagined, let loose, as in 1792. In the meanwhile, Charles X. arrived at his old quarters in Holyrood; and Scott, ever fanatically zealous in the cause of legitimacy, took the ex-King under his wing. He published in Ballantyne's paper what Mr Lockhart calls "A touching appeal to the better feelings of his townsmen"—which appeal they almost universally regarded as an instance of singularly bad taste. Even the Ultra-Radicals of Edinburgh fancied they did not require to be schooled into the observance of hospitality and good manners by their eminent fellow-citizen. The national character was sufficient guarantee for a good reception to the ex-King—nay, more, the national prudence. The citizens of Edinburgh would, we dare say, have made half, or the whole of the potentates of Europe welcome to the town who came to spend, quietly, some £50,000 or £100,000 a-year among them. Mr Lockhart is under entire delusion when he supposes that Charles Dix was in the least indebted to what he terms Sir Walter's "manly admonition" for the quiet reception he received. Poor Sir Walter's influence over mobs—since assemblages of the people are to be so christened—was scarcely, about this time, sufficient to ensure courteous usage to himself in the little towns of his own immediate neighbourhood, when he came out to oppose Reform. The Edinburgh newspapers gave vent to the public feeling in grumblings at this "admonition," or "salutary interference;" and the Bourbons certainly owe no gratitude on this score, save to the natural feelings of the populace, compassionating an aged, would-be tyrant, humbled to the dust, and stripped for ever of the power of inflicting injury upon his country.* We can, however, well believe that, in this trivial matter, as in others of more importance, Mr Lockhart has spoken in ignorance, and that he really imagined Sir Walter the guardian genius of the Bourbons, as he had been the patron of George IV., on his visit to Scotland—the man whose single influence disposed Edinburgh to loyalty.

As the recipients of his real or imaginary alarms for the new growth of Jacobinism, Sir Walter seems to have prudently selected either Lord Montague or Lady Louisa Stuart. Some of those alarm letters, too, look as if got up for the nonce, when the ancient Tory gentleman would probably have been employed more to his own liking in pruning trees. They have not an easy flow. The reduction of the yeomanry corps, that excellent device of the good old times for keeping the rabble in order, he bitterly laments, in these letters, and, doubtless, in all sincerity.

In the winter of 1830–31, Scott's family were extremely averse to his remaining in the country, where it was so difficult to procure medical aid in case of another anticipated fit; but he would not leave Abbotsford; and the utmost that affection and unceasing care could do in the melancholy circumstances, was devotedly performed by his daughter, Mr Laidlaw, and his personal attendant, after the Lockhart family had been compelled to go southward. Laidlaw was now his regular amanuensis, and, from his position, obliged to witness that visible, gradual, and most melancholy change, which the most devoted regard could no longer doubt. This, we think, is very beautifully said:—

> A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour—above all, he could not write to his dictation—without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind which he had worshipped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more of its energy. The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigour; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivalled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse—
>
> "Along the chords the fingers stray'd,
> And an uncertain warbling made."
>
> Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half waking from a dream, mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze shewed a momentary consciousness that, like Sampson in the lap of the Philistine, "his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men." Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the cloud dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old. And then it closed again in yet deeper darkness.
>
> During the early part of this winter, the situation of Cadell and Ballantyne was hardly less painful, and still more embarrassing. What doubly and trebly perplexed them was, that, while the MS. sent for press seemed worse every budget, Sir Walter's private letters to them, more especially on points of business, continued as clear in thought, and almost so in expression, as formerly; full of the old shrewdness, and firmness, and manly kindness, and even of the old good-humoured pleasantry. About them, except the staggering penmanship, and here and there one word put down obviously for another, there was scarcely anything to indicate decayed vigour. It is not surprising that poor Ballantyne, in particular, should have shrunk from the notion that anything was amiss—except the choice of an unfortunate subject, and the indulgence of more than common carelessness and rapidity in composition. He seems to have done so as he would from some horrid suggestion of the Devil; and accordingly obeyed his natural sense of duty, by informing Sir Walter, in plain terms, that he considered the opening chapters of "Count Robert" as decidedly inferior to anything that had ever before come from that pen.

Wellington was, at this time, driven from the helm; and the Whigs—whom Scott had hated through his prime of life with the bitter feelings of party, stimulated by personal interest, and pent up and fermenting in a narrow circle—came triumphantly into power. The consummation of those things was hastening, which, since his playhouse row in the end of the century, he had opposed with all his faculties and means—as a wit, a magistrate, a newspaper-writer, and a thorough Tory partisan. The whole party were chopfallen; but Scott, their Goliah, was totally overcome. Selkirk had nearly rebelled, Galashiels had lifted the heel against him, and there was but hollow faith and doubtful loyalty even in Melrose and Darnick. Mr Laidlaw was a Whig, Mr Cadell was another; James Ballan-

* The Great Reform Meetings were held in the park in the rear of Holyrood, without the exiles feeling the smallest uneasiness.

tyne had, long ago, "deserted his banners;" and Sir Walter too late perceived that, during his long political life, save in personal emolument, he had "sown the wind to reap the whirlwind." His mortification must have been extreme, and even compassionable; and, utterly powerless as we hold his example and his party writings to have been on contemporary politics, the most determined Radical might now well afford to pity and forgive his life-long efforts to prevent the amelioration of the institutions of his country; or, as he fondly imagined, to stay its ruin. When his mortification, from the aspect of politics, was at the deepest, and when personal chagrin must have been as strong as his public feelings, Ballantyne conceived it his duty to his old friend once more to protest strongly against the romance of "Count Robert of Paris," on which Sir Walter was struggling to concentrate the shattered energies of his memory and fancy. If ever any one bore resentment against Sir Walter Scott, whether personal or political, it must melt and disappear before such agonizing revelations as the following:—

"Abbotsford, 8th Dec. 1830.

"MY DEAR JAMES,—If I were like other authors, as I flatter myself I am not, I should send you 'an order on my treasurer for a hundred ducats, wishing you all prosperity and a little more taste;' but, having never supposed that any abilities I ever had were of a perpetual texture, I am glad when friends tell me what I might be long in finding out myself. Mr Cadell will shew you what I have written to him. My present idea is to go abroad for a few months, if I hold together as long. So ended the Fathers of the Novel—Fielding and Smollett—and it would be no unprofessional finish for yours,

WALTER SCOTT."

Poor Sir Walter! He could speak without any touch of bravado to his old schoolfellow—his most faithful and devoted friend of more than thirty years; but to his bookseller—that "cool, inflexible specimen of the national character," as Mr Lockhart describes Mr Cadell—it was considered necessary to put a braver face on the matter. The letter referred to, addressed to this keen Scotsman, concludes thus:—

"I may perhaps take a trip to the Continent for a year or two, if I find Othello's occupation gone, or rather Othello's *reputation*. James seems to have taken his bed upon it; yet has seen Pharsalia. I hope your cold is getting better. I am tempted to say, as Hotspur says of his father—

'Zounds! how hath he the leisure to be sick?'

There is a very material consideration, how a failure of 'Count Robert' might affect the Magnum, which is a main object."

The "Magnum" was the collected novels, now selling to the extent of 35,000, in which Cadell had a large share, and about which he was naturally very anxious. A letter to Mr Cadell, of the following day, shews deeper despondency. It contains the following postscript; and those who remember the shallow, unfeeling, and impertinent gossip of Baron d'Haussez, may learn to compassionate the miserable thraldom in which Scott had involved himself with the great ones of the earth, and doubly to prize and cherish their obscure independence.

"P.S.—I expect Marshal Bourmont and a French Baron D'Haussez here to-day, to my no small discomfort, as you may believe; for I would rather be alone."

It would seem that Sir Walter's family had kept the nature of his illness as quiet as possible; but three days afterwards, he explained the whole story, in a third letter to Mr Cadell, stating the means and precautions taken for his recovery. Unjust as we consider Mr Lockhart to James Ballantyne, Scott himself, though temporarily hurt, never blames, never seems but grateful to his candid and really magnanimous friend for repeated warnings of failure. Scott says to his bookseller—

"It would have been the height of injustice and cruelty to impute want of friendship or sympathy to J. B.'s discharge of a doubtful, and, I am sensible, a perilous task. True

——"The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office;"

and it is a failing in the temper of the most equal-minded men, that we find them liable to be less pleased with the tidings that they have fallen short of their aim, than if they had been told they had hit the mark; but I never had the least thought of blaming him, and, indeed, my confidence in his judgment is the most forcible part of the whole affair. It is the consciousness of his sincerity which makes me doubt whether I can proceed with the County Paris. I am most anxious to do justice to all concerned, and yet, for the soul of me, I cannot see what is likely to turn out for the best."

He invited both gentlemen to come out to see him, and added—

"You will think me like Murray in the farce—'I eat well, drink well, and sleep well; but that's all, Tom, that's all.' We will wear the thing through one way or other, if we were once afloat; but you see all this is a scrape. Yours truly," &c.

This letter, Mr Cadell says, "struck both James B. and myself with dismay."

They found him looking better than they had expected, for they had the pleasure to arrive just as his creditors, to express their sense of his honourable conduct, had requested his acceptance of his furniture, pictures, curiosities, and library—a gift which the proprietor valued at £10,000, though he probably saw it through his own spectacles, and Dan Terry's bills for old books, upholstery, and articles of *vertu*. He had, previously to their visit, composed a long political essay, a new "Malachi Malagrowther," which he imagined was to do as much for the Tories as his former epistle had done for the Scottish bankers, and at once demolish the vicious and revolutionary new-fangled scheme of Parliamentary Reform. Mr Laidlaw, though a Whig, seems to have considered this piece, and a subsequent production of the same nature intended for an address of the county of Selkirk, as equal to the first of Sir Walter's compositions in his happier days, in bursts of indignant and pathetic eloquence. It may have been so; but Ballantyne and Cadell condemned it *in toto*; the former in the gentle and forbearing manner habitual to him. But, says the biographer—

Cadell spoke out: he assured Sir Walter, that, from not being in the habit of reading the newspapers and periodical works of the day, he had fallen behind the common rate of information on questions of practical policy; that the views he was enforcing had been already expounded by many Tories, and triumphantly answered by organs of the Liberal party; but that, be the intrinsic value and merit of these political doctrines what they might, he was quite certain that to put them forth at that season would be a measure of extreme danger for the

author's personal interest; that it would throw a cloud over his general popularity, array a hundred active pens against any new work of another class that might soon follow, and, perhaps, even interrupt the hitherto splendid success of the collection on which so much depended. On all these points, Ballantyne, though with hesitation and diffidence, professed himself to be of Cadell's opinion. There ensued a scene of a very unpleasant sort; but, by and by, a kind of compromise was agreed to—the plan of a separate pamphlet, with the well-known *nom de guerre* of Malachi, was dropped; and Ballantyne was to stretch his columns so as to find room for the lucubration, adopting all possible means to mystify the public as to its parentage. This was the understanding when the conference broke up; but the unfortunate manuscript was, soon afterwards, committed to the flames. James Ballantyne accompanied the proof-sheet with many minute criticisms on the conduct as well as expression of the argument. The author's temper gave way—and the commentary shared the fate of the text.

Mr Cadell opens a very brief account of this affair with expressing his opinion, that "Sir Walter never recovered it;" and he ends with an altogether needless apology for his own part in it. . . . His (Scott's) reception of Ballantyne's affectionate candour may suggest what the effect of really hostile criticism would have been. The end was, that, seeing how much he stood in need of some comfort, the printer and bookseller concurred in urging him not to despair of "Count Robert." They assured him that he had attached too much importance to what had formerly been said about the defects of its opening chapters; and he agreed to resume the novel, which neither of them ever expected he would live to finish. "If we did wrong," says Cadell, "we did it for the best; we felt that to have spoken out as fairly on this as we had done on the other subject, would have been to make ourselves the bearers of a death-warrant." I hope there are not many men who would have acted otherwise in their painful situation.

We believe there is not one.

Politics were still fermenting in Sir Walter's mind. He recalled the palmy days of Dundas and the "Life-and-Fortune" men; and, in a letter to Mr Scott, younger of Harden, then Member for the county of Roxburgh, he urged association.

"Call yourselves Sons of St Andrew, anything or nothing—but let there be a mutual understanding. Unite and combine. You will be surprised to see how soon you will become fashionable. It was by something of this kind that the stand was made in 1791-2—*vis unita fortior*. I earnestly recommend to Charles Baillie, Johnstone of Alva, and yourself, to lose no opportunity to gather together the opinions of your friends, especially of your companions; for it is only among the young, I am sorry to say, that energy and real patriotism are now to be found. If it should be thought fit to admit peers, which will depend on the plans and objects adopted, our Chief ought naturally to be at the head."

The address, alluded to above, was composed, in the spring of 1831, at the request of one or two of the leading Tories of the county of Selkirk. It was, however, rejected, at a county meeting, in favour of a much shorter and more direct document, drawn up by Mr Lockhart of Cleghorn and Borthwickbrae; and Sir Walter enters in his Diary—

"As I saw that it met the ideas of the meeting (six in number) better by far than mine, I instantly put that in my pocket. But I endeavoured to add to their complaint of a private wrong a general clause, stating their sense of the hazard of passing at once a bill full of such violent innovations. But, though Harden, Alva, and Torwoodlee voted for this measure, it was refused by the rest of the meeting, to my disappointment. I was a fool to 'stir such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action.' If some of the gentlemen of the press, whose livelihood is lying, were to get hold of this story, what would they make of it? It gives me a right to decline future interference, and let the world wag—'Transeat cum cæteris erroribus.'

"I will make my opinion public at every place where I shall be called upon or expected to appear; but I will not thrust myself forward again. May the Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this vow!"

He did well for himself, and certainly no great harm to the interests of his party. What could not be approved of by the Tory county gentlemen, must have been entirely lost on the Whigs and Radicals. Against the torrent then sweeping over the land, even his eloquent pamphlets, had he been in pristine vigour, would have been about as efficacious as the celebrated Dame Partington's mop opposed to the rising tide of the Atlantic. He was not equally wise regarding public meetings. He appeared at one in Jedburgh in spite of the entreaties of his daughter, and made a speech against Reform, which ungracious Liberals have denominated sheer Tory twaddle, though Mr Lockhart has faithfully preserved it. The people of the town had flocked to the court-house; and, in the excitement of the moment, so far forgot themselves as to hoot and hiss the venerable speaker—who unhappily persisted, and more vehemently, in the same strain. The disapprobation, consequently, waxed louder; and the great man, who had been literally incensed for twenty years with popular breath, the idol of his countrymen, the admiration of the civilized world, and who had in prosperity borne his faculties so meekly, was, on the sudden, and when he was least fitted to bear up against so unlooked for and painful a reverse, roughly cast down from his proud eminence. The impatient and rude audience, in the vehemence of their feelings of patriotism and zeal for Reform, forgot their habitual reverence for Scott. His opinions they were well entitled to condemn; but there is, probably, no one who was then present, who has not since heartily regretted that, in putting down the prejudiced Tory, greater respect and tenderness were not shewn for an eminent man in the visible decline of his faculties. Mr Lockhart tells nearly the same story that appeared in the contemporary newspapers. When Scott's speech had been unceremoniously interrupted, he became exceedingly indignant.

He, abruptly, and unheard, proposed his resolution, and then, turning to the riotous artisans, exclaimed, "I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green." His countenance glowed with indignation, as he resumed his seat on the bench. But when, a few moments afterwards, the business being over, he rose to withdraw, every trace of passion was gone. He turned round at the door, and bowed to the assembly. Two or three, not more, renewed their hissings; he bowed again, and took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator, which I hope none who had joined in these insults understood—"MORITURUS VOS SALUTO."

We have heard that, when he found refuge in his carriage, he burst into a passion of tears. We have formerly said, that his Diary contains the truth and nothing but the truth, but by no means, either on this or other occasions, what was likely to be the whole truth. It was meant, in the fulness of time, for the world's eye; and Scott appears never to have given his full confidence to any one in the world, man or woman,

much less to the public. His notice of the persons who hissed him is thus slight :—

"*March* 22.—Went yesterday at nine o'clock to the meeting ; a great number present, with a mob of Reformers, who shewed their sense of propriety by hissing, hooting, and making all sorts of noises. And these unwashed artificers are from henceforth to select our legislators ! What can be expected from them except such a thick-headed plebeian as will be 'a harebrained Hotspur, guided by a whim ?'"

The tone of his mind, so far as he shewed it, may be gathered from his remarks on the passing of the Reform Bill by a majority of *one*. "It has fallen easily, the old constitution ; no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away like a child's broken toy. Well—the good sense of the people is much trusted to ; we shall see what it will do for us. The curse of Cromwell on those whose conceit brought us to this pass !"

A circumstance which happens to be known to us, strikingly illustrates the deep personal mortification, and the angry and sullen sorrow of Scott, at the extraordinary triumph of his early political rivals and their party, and the progress of those opinions which it had been in part the business of his life ineffectually to put down. To stop the spread of these pernicious doctrines of the Whigs, and punish their propagators, he had, it would appear, projected the *Quarterly Review*, made speeches, and indited party ballads, become a proprietor of the silly and scurrilous *Beacon*, and committed himself in many ways redounding little to the permanent honour of the author of "Old Mortality." One of the most obnoxious of the Liberal party, because by far the most able and energetic, was Brougham, the champion of the popular cause in nearly every great struggle between might and right, since the period, now more than twenty years, when Mr Walter Scott had indignantly stopped his number of *The Edinburgh Review*, because, in it, Brougham had written an article offensive to him upon Spanish affairs. Brougham had, besides, been the advocate of the persecuted Queen ; and, by a coincidence worthy of notice, he was ably and eloquently defending the editor of the Durham newspaper at the northern assizes, in the very week when Scott was sweating and suffering as the lackey of George the Fourth and his household in Edinburgh. Who could then have foreseen that seven years were to make so memorable a change in the ostensible public position of those two eminent men ! Brougham—the People's man, the Liberal, the ungraced of princes, the hated of courts and courtly creatures—become Lord Chancellor of England !—and Sir Walter Scott, the servile and violent Tory of the Dundas era, the favourite at Court, having the entrance by the back-stairs, put back in all his aims, frustrated in all his ambitions—not even on the Scottish bench, now fast filling with his ancient Whig rivals, though his thoughts seem to have sometimes pointed to that goal of a Scottish lawyer's hopes. Although the world had not guessed the truth pretty accurately, Mr Lockhart has taken considerable pains to inform it, that Sir Walter Scott made slight account of the highest honours of literature, and of the purely literary character, of whatever rank, when compared with the station of great lawyers, statesmen, and captains, and all those who influence or guide the destinies of empires. He had zealously, through thick and thin, served his party, his prince, and his own temporary interests, and "ta'en his wages ;" and now the leader of the popular party, who had so long and stoutly buffeted with power, and borne its frowns, had won and held the Great Seal, while *he* was hooted and hissed in a paltry town in his own neighbourhood. This is rather a long preamble to a simple tale, of which the moral shews a striking instance of retributive political justice. Lord Brougham, now in office, had at once manfully cast behind him the memory of former feuds and injuries, and was literally heaping coals of fire upon the heads of his former political antagonists. All Tories are not, it is to be presumed, either insensible or ungrateful. One day, a letter was received by Sir Walter Scott from his friend Southey. There could be nothing in such a correspondence that it was not pleasant and even desirable that those around him should hear ; and he handed it to a friend to read aloud. Southey launched out into admiration at the career of Lord Brougham, and praise of his magnanimity. Poor Sir Walter ! It was too much to bear. Southey !—*Et tu, Brute !* He instantly snatched the letter from the hand of the reader, and crushed it, in a mode and style which we leave the reader to imagine and pity. This one fiery trial—every circumstance attending it duly considered—may be received as the full and final expiation of Scott's manifold political delinquencies. It would be wrong to suppress it. The anecdote is full of character, of warning, and of encouragement.

About the middle of April 1831, he had another and severe attack of apoplectic paralysis ; and the number of shocks which his vigorous constitution must have sustained, during the ten years from the King's visit to his own death, seems incredible. His speech was now greatly impaired ; his children hastened to him ; and his physician recommended, and the family urged, certain means of recovery to which he was exceedingly reluctant to submit. This was not all. In about three weeks after this fatal seizure, we find him writing in a hand which it was very difficult to decipher.

"*May* 6, 7, 8.—Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from these critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of "Count Robert," which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public ; at least, it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready ; yet, God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I should have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We shall see. I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind ; and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can.

It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under critical clamour. Did I know how to begin, I would begin again this very day, although I knew I should sink at the end. After all, this is but fear and faintness of heart, though of another kind from that which trembleth at a loaded pistol. My bodily strength is terribly gone; perhaps my mental too."

Lockhart follows this up with painful confirmation:—

On my arrival (May 10th,) I found Sir Walter to have rallied considerably; yet his appearance, as I first saw him, was the most painful sight I had ever then seen. Knowing at what time I might be expected, he had been lifted on his pony, and advanced about half a mile on the Selkirk road, to meet me. He moved at a footpace, with Laidlaw at one stirrup, and his forester, Swanston, (a fine fellow, who did all he could to replace Tom Purdie,) at the other. Abreast was old Peter Mathieson on horseback, with one of my children astride before him on a pillion. Sir Walter had had his head shaved, and wore a black silk night-cap under his blue bonnet. All his garments hung loose about him; his countenance was thin and haggard; and there was an obvious distortion in the muscles of one cheek. His look, however, was placid—his eye as bright as ever—perhaps brighter than it ever was in health; he smiled with the same affectionate gentleness; and though, at first, it was not easy to understand everything he said, he spoke cheerfully and manfully.

He had resumed, and was trying to recast his novel. All the medical men had urged him, by every argument, to abstain from any such attempts; but he smiled on them in silence, or answered with some jocular rhyme. One note has this postscript—a parody on a sweet lyric of Burns—

> "Dour, dour, and eident was he,
> Dour and eident but-and-ben—
> Dour against their barley-water,
> And eident on the Bramah pen."

He told me that in the winter he had more than once tried writing with his own hand, because he had no longer the same "pith and birr" that formerly rendered dictation easy to him; but that the experiment failed. He was now sensible he could do nothing without Laidlaw to hold the "Bramah pen," adding, "Willie is a kind clerk—I see by his looks when I am pleasing him, and that pleases me."

In a very few days after the occurrence of the events drawing forth this most affecting statement, Sir Walter, in spite of the entreaties of his family, would be present at the nomination of the Tory candidate for Roxburghshire. The candidate himself, Mr Scott, younger of Harden, begged that he would keep away; but unhappily he would not be overruled, and he accordingly shared the rough treatment of the other Tory gentlemen at the election, no exception being made for the author of "Waverley," since he had chosen to put himself forward so prominently and needlessly. The people were, however, in all probability, quite unaware of the delicate state of his mental and bodily health, before they employed, riotously and rudely, the only means which the constitution leaves them to express their sentiments—their power of lungs, namely, and sundry light missals. They cheered those they fancied their friends, and insulted and hooted those they considered their enemies. Sir Walter attempted to speak in the court-house, and could not be heard; and it was with some difficulty that he and Mr Lockhart escaped safely out of the town, in his carriage, but by a back lane. The Diary contains the following notice:—

"*May* 18.—Went to Jedburgh, greatly against the wishes of my daughters. The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are nowadays. The population gathered in formidable numbers—a thousand from Hawick also—sad blackguards. The day passed with much clamour and no mischief. Henry Scott was re-elected—for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit.* I left the borough in the midst of abuse, and the gentle hint of *Burk Sir Walter.* Much obliged to the brave lads of Jeddart."

This idle and very brutal phrase, of which Mr Lockhart says nothing, whether it was really heard or only imagined, struck deeply into the weakened mind of Scott. At different times, when in delirium, and in his last days, he was heard to mutter, "Burk Sir Walter;" and he still seemed to imagine himself at the Jedburgh election. The insult and outrage which his feelings had received there, did not, however, deter him from appearing, a few days afterwards, at Selkirk, where he had the excuse of official duty. There he had the satisfaction of seizing, with his own hands, some roaring boy, who had ventured to hustle a Tory elector on his way to the poll, and of committing him to prison. This was probably his last feat of personal prowess in the cause of Toryism. The Reformers of Selkirk behaved handsomely to Sir Walter, though, like those of Galashiels without heeding his political bigotry or Tory opinions one jot. Their loyal declaration, as we have heard, bearing with his infirmity of judgment on certain points, and loving the man, while they repudiated his servile opinions, was—"We'll fecht for the Shirra; but we maun hae the Bill."

Mr Lockhart has indulged in a solemnly-amusing anathema against Jedburgh and the town of Hawick, which sent out "a thousand blackguard weavers," to hoot—not certainly, Sir Walter Scott, the great author—not the Laird of Abbotsford, the respectable private gentleman—but the interfering Tory Sheriff of an adjoining county, the vassal of the old Dundas interest, who came very far and unnecessarily out of his way, to prop a party and a cause hateful to their feelings and inimical to their interests. and to trample on what they conscientiously considered their dearest rights. Lockhart says—

I am sorry for Jedburgh and Hawick. This last town stands almost within sight of Branksome Hall, overhanging also *sweet Teviot's silver tide.* The civilized American or Australian will curse these places, of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century, when, perhaps, all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands planted from our blood.

While we do not suppose that future generations of either democratic Americans or Australians will think much on the subject, we are pretty sure that the present generations of Jedburgh and Hawick, especially when they learn from this Memoir how it fared with Sir Walter Scott when he came among them, will sincerely regret their violence.

As soon as Scott had recovered from the consequences of these election contests, he began his unfortunate Tale of "Castle Dangerous;" and he was, by this time, so much piqued by James

Ballantyne's former candid and most friendly criticisms, though feeling their truth, that he wrote to Cadell—"I intend to tell this matter to nobody but Lockhart—perhaps not even to him—certainly not to J. B." Mr Lockhart adds:—

James's criticisms on "Count Robert" had wounded him—the Diary, already quoted, shews how severely. The last visit this old ally ever paid at Abbotsford, occurred a week or two after. His newspaper had by this time espoused openly the cause of the Reform Bill—and some unpleasant conversation took place on that subject, which might well be a sore one for both parties, and not least, considering the whole of his personal history, for Mr Ballantyne. Next morning, being Sunday, he disappeared abruptly, without saying farewell; and when Scott understood that he had signified an opinion that the reading of the church service, with a sermon from South or Barrow, would be a poor substitute for the mystical eloquence of some new idol down the vale, he expressed considerable disgust. They never met again in this world. In truth, Ballantyne's health also was already much broken; and if Scott had been entirely himself, he would not have failed to connect that circumstance in a charitable way with this never strong-minded man's recent abandonment of his own old *terra firma*, both religious and political. But this is a subject on which we have no title to dwell.

Surely Mr Lockhart has forgotten that he has himself stated, in several of the earlier volumes of this work, that Ballantyne was a Whig, and had long before deserted his colours. The Manchester Massacre, as we have formerly stated, was one memorable occasion when he ventured in their joint newspaper to differ from his Tory patron, who tried to write him down. The Queen's trial, according to Scott's biographer, was another. The abandonment of his old *terra firma* in religion, we do not pretend to understand. Scott had early abandoned the national faith of Presbytery, for the more aristocratic faith of Episcopacy; and Ballantyne continued through life by the Church of Scotland. Though he might, probably, towards the close of his days, have, within its bosom, changed many of his views, there was certainly, neither in religion nor politics, any abjuration of former professed creeds, far less apostacy.

Mr Lockhart gives an interesting account of a short excursion which Scott took with him into Lanarkshire about this time, to examine the scenery of the projected romance, interesting principally as exhibiting a human mind—a gifted and richly-stored one—in a very peculiar state. "It was now," he says, "that I saw him, such as he paints himself in one or two passages of his Diary, but such as his companions in the meridian vigour of his life never saw him—'the rushing of a brook, or the sighing of the summer breeze, bringing the tears into his eyes not unpleasantly.' Bodily weakness laid the delicacy of the organization bare, over which he had prided himself in wearing a sort of half stoical mask."

They spent the night at Mr Lockhart's brother's, where the Laird of Borthwickbrae, whose address had been preferred to Scott's, met them at dinner. This gentleman, who had been ailing, was seized with palsy that same night, on his return home, and was despaired of. Scott, who had now frequently "shaken hands with death," was deeply affected by this intelligence; and, though he had agreed to remain for two days, he insisted on going back to Abbotsford immediately. "I must," he said, "home to work, while it is called day; for the night cometh when no man can work." At Rome, ten months afterwards, he heard of the death of Goethe, and was in like manner seized with a resistless desire to be at home.

His way of life at this season is minutely described by that favourite authority, Mr Adolphus:—

"At table, if many persons were present, he spoke but little, I believe from a difficulty in making himself heard, not so much because his articulation was slightly impaired, as that his voice was weakened. After dinner, though he still sat with his guests, he forbore drinking, in compliance with the discipline prescribed to him, though he might be seen, once or twice in the course of a sitting, to steal a glass as if inadvertently. I could not perceive that his faculties of mind were in any respect obscured, except that occasionally (but not very often) he was at a loss for some obvious word."

His tour to the Continent had been long revolved, and was now resolved upon; and the Whig government paid that respect to the author of "Waverley" for which the Tory party received the thanks. Sir Walter's passage to Malta, was provided for in a King's ship, and Mr Cadell employed a praiseworthy if not pious fraud, to set him at peace about his new novels of "Count Robert," and "Castle Dangerous." They were kept in type until he had departed, to afford an opportunity, probably, to Ballantyne, of abridging and revising them without vexing the sensitive author. The sale of the re-published novels was now so great, in spite of the agitated state of the times, that Mr Cadell was enabled to hold out cheering hopes for the future, while he kindly assured the invalid that he need not make himself uneasy though he spent a little money on his travels, and also lay fallow for a season. After this intimation, Sir Walter began to entertain the notion that his debts were paid off; and no one had the heart to dispel so soothing a delusion. He even began to dream of the renewed glories of Abbotsford, and the conquest of Nicol Milne's acres. And its brightest glories were renewed, for one last day of parting love, when the son of Robert Burns sat an honoured guest at the board of Walter Scott.

Whatever happy effect Scott's loudly-bruited progress to the Mediterranean and Italy might have had on the sale of the *Opus Magnum*, no one can read its history without feeling deep sorrow that it was ever undertaken. Even in London, he was much more in society than could have been good for him; and far more than could be agreeable to a man in his condition, whose pride and sensibility were still tremblingly alive. Abroad it was yet worse. If his death was not hastened by his unfortunate journey and foreign residence, the remains of life were embittered—the last ties were rudely broken. There is nothing in his own inimitable pictures of the weakness and woes of sinking humanity more affecting than the following—nothing in the Memoir, save, in-

deed, the pathetic scenes of his torpid mind awakening to consciousness and passion, which his biographer has afterwards described. A consultation on his case was held by Dr Holland, Dr Ferguson, and Sir Henry Halford, before he went abroad.

When they left him after the first inspection, they withdrew into an adjoining room, and on soon rejoining him, found that in the interim he had wheeled his chair into a dark corner, so that he might see their faces, without their being able to read his. When he was informed of the comparatively favourable views they entertained, he expressed great thankfulness; promised to obey all their directions as to diet and repose most scrupulously; and he did not conceal from them, that "he had feared insanity and feared *them*."

He remained at Portsmouth for a few days before the Barham sailed; and either the attention of the Government had mollified his spirit, or his natural caution and respect for the powers that be had begun to operate; for, though he had just seen Apsley House battered, and the windows boarded up, we find him saying of his daughters:—

"*October* 27.—The girls, I regret to see, have got a senseless custom of talking politics in all weathers, and in all sorts of company. This can do no good, and may give much offence. Silence can offend no one, and there are pleasanter or less irritating subjects to talk of. I gave them both a hint of this, and bid them remember they were among ordinary strangers. How little young people reflect what they may win or lose by a smart reflection imprudently fired off at a venture?"

To Mr Cheney, a friend whom he met at Rome, he declared he was no enemy of Reform:—"If the machine did not work well, it must be mended—but by the best workmen." This was a great advance on his Jedburgh oration.

He was accompanied abroad by his daughter and his eldest son, now a major. He seems to have stood the voyage well; but the excitement of Malta, though we are assured that he enjoyed the society, and the marks of honour lavished on him by the inhabitants, was too much for his shattered condition. The history of Scott's residence in this island is borrowed by Mr Lockhart from the journal of Mrs Davy, whose husband, the brother of Scott's friend, Sir Humphry Davy, then held a high medical appointment in Malta. Mrs Davy was herself the daughter of a brother advocate and old neighbour of Scott's in Castle Street, Mr Archibald Fletcher. As cholera was still prevalent in England, the travellers were put in quarantine; but Sir Walter's personal friends, of whom there were several at this time in Malta, approached him as nearly as they durst; while Mrs Dawson, a daughter of Lord Kinneddar, carried her filial and sisterly friendship the length of sharing their ten days' irksome confinement. Mrs Davy's party, in paying their respects at the quarantine station, were accompanied by a gentleman who made Sir Walter a formal welcoming oration.

"Sir Walter replied very simply and courteously, in his natural manner; but his articulation was manifestly affected, though not, I think, quite so much so as his expression of face. He wore trowsers of the Lowland small-checked plaid, and, sitting with his hands crossed over the top of a shepherd's-looking staff, he was very like the picture painted by Leslie, and engraved for one of the Annuals—but, when he spoke, the varied expression, that used quite to redeem all heaviness of features, was no longer to be seen. Our visit was short, and we left Mr Frere with him at the bar on our departure."

The lady, after Scott was released and settled in a hotel, continues—

"Our house was immediately opposite to this one, divided by a very narrow street; and I well remember, when watching his arrival on the day he took Pratique, hearing the sound of his voice as he chatted sociably to Mr Greig, (the inspector of quarantine,) on whose arm he leaned while walking from the carriage to the door of his hotel—it seemed to me that I had hardly heard so home-like a sound in this strange land, or one that so took me back to Edinburgh and our own North-Castle Street, where, in passing him as he walked up or down with a friend, I had heard it before so often. Nobody was at hand at the moment for me to shew him to but an English maid, who, not having my Scotch interest in the matter, only said, when I tried to enlighten her as to the event of his arrival—'Poor old gentleman, how ill he looks!' It shewed how sadly a little while must have changed him; for, when I had seen him last in Edinburgh, perhaps five or six years before, no one would have thought of calling him 'an old gentleman.' At one or two dinner-parties, at which we saw him within the week of his arrival, he did not seem at all animated in conversation, and retired soon; for he seemed resolutely prudent as to keeping early hours; though he was unfortunately careless as to what he ate or drank, especially the latter—and, I fear, obstinate when his daughter attempted to regulate his diet. A few days after his arrival in Malta, he accepted an invitation from the garrison to a *ball*—an odd kind of honour to bestow on a man of letters, suffering from paralytic illness, but extremely characteristic of the taste of this place."

Dr and Mrs Davy afterwards dined with him with a very small party; and on that day he told Scottish stories, and recited snatches of ballads, and was somewhat like his former self. One day, he dined at Sir John Stoddart's, and partook more freely, it is supposed, of food and wine than was advisable for one in his state of health; but by bleeding with leeches he was again relieved. What a mad life altogether for a man in his condition!—But the toils were around him. The intricately-woven threads of the Lilliputians had pinned the rebellious giant to the earth. Yet would that he had been at Inch Kenneth or Sumbrugh Head, instead of Malta and Naples! Mrs Davy's account of her farther intercourse with Sir Walter during his short stay, is exceedingly interesting. In her society, many bright glimmerings of home, and of old times and associations, arose on his darkness.

At the time Scott reached Naples, his younger son was there, attached to the embassy; and also many English visiters and residents. His chief friend, however, during his stay, chanced to be Sir William Gell, who has furnished Mr Lockhart with copious memoranda. They were much together, and suited each other; not the worse, probably, for Sir William's helpless lameness, which established an immediate sympathy. Sir William had also a fine, large, favourite dog—and Scott was the friend of dogs. One day that he called for Sir William rather early, he said that he came to tell a piece of good luck.

"This was, as he said, an account from his friends in England, that his last works, 'Robert of Paris' and 'Castle Dangerous,' had gone on to a second edition. He told me in the carriage that he felt quite relieved by

his letters; 'for,' said he, 'I could never have slept straight in my coffin till I had satisfied every claim against me.' 'And now,' added he to the dog, 'my poor boy, I shall have my house, and my estate round it, free, and I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose, without fear of reproach.'"

Encouraged, probably, by this welcome intelligence, and the implied triumph over Ballantyne's criticism, he actually projected two new romances.

Alas! (says his biographer,) ere he had been long in Naples, he began, in spite of all remonstrances, to give several hours every morning to the composition of a new novel, "The Siege of Malta;" and, during his stay, he nearly finished both this and a shorter tale, entitled "Bizarro." He also relaxed more and more in his obedience to the regimen of his physicians, and thus applied a twofold stimulus to his malady.

Neither of these novels will ever, I hope, see the light; but I venture to give the foundation of the shorter one, as nearly as I can decipher it from the author's Diary, of which it occupies some of the last pages.

Scott never affected a taste for the fine arts; and to even the historical antiquities of Italy he was by this time indifferent, though he suffered himself to be dragged to the usual sights. One day that Gell, a first-rate cicerone, accompanied him to Pozzuoli and to Cumae; and, as in duty bound, expatiated on those classic localities, and ran over the long bead-roll of the names of the temples and lakes, and all that there is to be admired and remembered, Scott seemed courteously to attend; but almost immediately, he unconsciously repeated, and with great emphasis—

"Up the craggy mountain, and down the mossy glen,
We canna gang a-milking for Charlie and his men."

Sir William smiled at this strange commentary on his eloquent dissertation upon the Lake of Avernus. And what, save as in courtesy bound, cared Sir Walter for the classic lakes of Italy? He might have continued his recitation:—

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here."

To him Cauldshiels Loch was more than the Lucrine Lake, and Avernus to boot of it—"the wheeple of a whaup," more delightful music than the warbling of the most famed prima donna of the Neapolitan opera.

While at Naples, he frequently wrote home.

Some of these letters were of a very melancholy cast; for the dream about his debts being all settled was occasionally broken; and probably it was when that left him that he worked hardest at his Novels—though the habit of working had become so fixed that I may be wrong in this conjecture. In general, however, these last letters tell the same story of delusive hopes both as to health and wealth, of satisfaction in the resumption of his pen, of eagerness to be once more at Abbotsford, and of affectionate anxiety about the friends he was there to rejoin.

With his imagined returning prospects, his heart expanded, and he directed gifts and benefactions to be made to several of his friends. So strong was the delusion as to his amended fortunes, that we find him writing to Mrs Scott of Harden:—

"I should have said something of my health; but have nothing to say, except that I am pretty well, and take exercise regularly, though, as Parson Adams says, it must be of the vehicular kind. I think I shall never ride or walk again. But I must not complain; for my plan of paying my debts, which you know gave me so much trouble some years since, has been, thank God, completely successful; and, what I think worth telling, I have paid very near £120,000, without owing any one a halfpenny—at least I am sure this will be the case by midsummer. I know the laird will give me much joy on this occasion, which, considering the scale upon which I have accomplished it, is a great feat."

Scott knew little of Goethe, only one complimentary letter having passed between them; and he does not seem to have taken the German poet-philosopher at anything like the high estimate of his modern English admirers, real and pretended. He was, however, exceedingly shocked to hear of Goethe's death. He had intended to visit the patriarch of German literature on his way to England. He had long been impatient to return home; and now his impatience became disease. All his dreams of recovery vanished. "Alas for Goethe!" was his exclamation. "But he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford." He, accordingly, left Naples for Rome, attended by his devoted daughter and his younger son. He appeared as indifferent to the treasures of the Vatican as to the classic environs of Naples. What were they to him! Sir William Gell happened to be his frequent companion at Rome as well as in Naples. An old and magnificent Gothic castle, within twenty miles of the city, which they visited, and which he imagined had belonged to the Orsini, and a large Danish dog, belonging to the castle, were, to Scott, more attractive than all the classic antiquities and monuments of art in Rome. He warmly invited Gell to visit him in Scotland, and liberally offered £300 to bear his travelling charges. "He continued," says Sir William, "to press my acceptance of this sum, till I requested him to drop the subject, thanking him most gratefully for his goodness." "I have a perfect right to give it," said Scott, "and nobody can complain of me, for I made it myself." One rejoices to find Sir Walter becoming kinder in heart as he waxed feebler in mind. Yet flashes of his original humour were sometimes breaking through the gloom of his spirit. One day he visited Frescati with a friend:—

"During this visit, Sir Walter was in excellent spirits; at dinner he talked and laughed, and Miss Scott assured me she had not seen him so gay since he left England. He put salt into his soup before tasting it, smiling as he did so. One of the company said, that a friend of his used to declare that he should eat salt with a limb of Lot's wife. Sir Walter laughed, observing that he was of Mrs Siddons' mind, who, when dining with the Provost of Edinburgh, and, being asked by her host if the beef were too salt, replied, in her emphatic tones of deep tragedy, which Sir Walter mimicked very comically,

"Beef cannot be too salt for me, my Lord."

In the scenes of Byron's pilgrimages, he was in the habit of speaking of that wayward Peer with more admiration than in his Diaries; though we were scarce prepared for the declaration, that "he considered him the only poet we have had since Dryden, of transcendent talents, and as possessing more amiable qualities than the world in general gave him credit for." Upon the same occasion, he spoke of Goethe, whom Mr Cheney,

the friend who was with him, said he had seen the year before at Weimar, very old, but in perfect possession of all his faculties.

"Of all his faculties!' he replied; 'it is much better to die than to survive them, and better still to die than live in the apprehension of it; but the worst of all,' he added thoughtfully, '*would have been to have survived their partial loss, and yet to be conscious of his state.*'—He did not seem to be, however, a great admirer of some of Goethe's works. Much of his popularity, he observed, was owing to pieces which, in his latter moments, he might have wished recalled. He spoke with much feeling. I answered that *he* must derive great consolation in the reflection that his own popularity was owing to no such cause. He remained silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground; when he raised them, as he shook me by the hand, I perceived the light blue eye sparkled with unusual moisture. He added, 'I am drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day; and it *is* a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted.' I made no reply.

The following day, May 11th, he left Rome; after which period, in the sad words of his biographer, "the story can hardly be told too briefly." He hurried on, in a state of irritable impatience, indifferent to every object of interest in the towns on his route, until at Venice he desired to see the Bridge of Sighs. On passing the Appenines on a very cold day, the snow and the pine forests recalled his native land; and he expressed pleasure at beholding them. The travellers hurried on through the Tyrol, a country that would have been powerfully interesting to Scott in happier times—but he would look at nothing; and, though the weather was often severe, he even wished to travel all night, in his eager impatience to die at home. He had been several times bled by his servant, on the journey, in anticipation of a fresh attack of his malady, which, however, did not take place until after he had descended the Rhine by the steamboat from Mayence to Cologne.

He was travelling in his carriage from Cologne to Nimuegen, when, on the evening of the 9th of June, he had his last fatal attack of combined apoplexy and paralysis. Bleeding again restored him temporarily. He eagerly desired to move onwards, and was lifted from his carriage into the Rotterdam steamboat. When conveyed to a hotel in London, he was just able to recognise his assembled children, to whom he repeatedly gave his blessing, though he was never fit to converse. Dr Ferguson, who attended him, states, that he was calm, but never collected, and, in general, either in absolute stupor or a waking dream. "He never seemed to know where he was, but imagined himself to be still in the steamboat. The rattling of carriages, and the noises of the street, sometimes disturbed this illusion; and then he fancied himself at the polling-booth of Jedburgh, where he had been insulted and stoned."

After a rest of three weeks, he was carefully conveyed to Scotland, by the Leith steam-packet; both his daughters and Mr Lockhart attending him. While he lay ill in London, an offer had been made by Lord John Russell to advance any sum necessary to Sir Walter's comfort, ("to relieve him from embarrassment" is the phrase,) from the Treasury. This liberal offer—which, however, was to cost the offerers nothing—was gratefully acknowledged, but declined. The melancholy details of his last journey are of little comparative consequence, until the day he reached Abbotsford; for he lay in complete unconsciousness during the voyage, and while he remained in Edinburgh.

We will not mar the effect of the following passage by one word of introduction:—

At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage; and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But, as we descended the vale of the Gala, he began to gaze about him; and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognising the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two—"Gala Water, surely—Buckholm—Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and, during the time thus occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles, loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but, on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the diningroom, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments; and then, resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! Oh, man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time, his dogs had assembled about his chair—they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Next morning, his restored consciousness happily remained, and on the second and third day, he seemed still better, and was wheeled about the doors and through the house in a Bath chair. On the morning following his return, after remaining out of doors for a considerable time, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed at a window looking down on the Tweed.

Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him; and, when I asked from what book, he said—"Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the 14th chapter of St John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done, "Well, this is a great comfort—I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame, he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

Next day he asked for something "amusing—a bit of Crabbe." Mr Lockhart read a description of the arrival of the players, in "The Borough," which had been one of Sir Walter's favourite passages.

He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then, he exclaimed, "Capital—excellent—very good—Crabbe has lost nothing:" and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said, "Better and better; but how will poor Terry endure these cuts?" I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical

life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, "Honest Dan!" —"Dan won't like this." At length I reached those lines—

> "Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
> Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest:
> Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
> Not warned by misery, nor enriched by gain."

"Shut the book," said Sir Walter; "I can't stand more of this: it will touch Terry to the very quick."

We need not remind the reader that poor, unfortunate Terry had been some years dead. On the first Sunday, Sir Walter desired to hear the New Testament read, and then a little of Crabbe; and he listened, as to something quite new, to the pathetic tale of Phœbe Dawson, which had soothed the death-bed of Fox. What a task for the reader! Although he had forgotten Crabbe's beautiful episodes, he retained a lively recollection of whatever was read from the Bible; and he also remembered Watts' hymns, repeated by his grandson. These things belonged to an earlier, deeper memory than Crabbe's poetry. The next passage is strongly characterised by the ruling passion. Two days after the above Sunday, when wheeling about out of doors, he

> Fell asleep in his chair, and, after dozing for, perhaps, half an hour, started awake, and, shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said—"This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now, give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavoured to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office—it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but, composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he—"no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself—get me to bed—that's the only place."
>
> With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and, after another week, he was unable even for this. During a few days, he was in a state of painful irritation: and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. . . . . He declined daily; but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice, grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then, he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and, once or twice, he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times, also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh—and *Burk Sir Walter* escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible, (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job,) or some petition in the litany—or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version)—or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connexion with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*; and I think the very last *stanza* that we could make out, was the first of a still greater favourite—
>
> > "Stabat Mater dolorosa,
> > Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
> > Dum pendebat Filius."
>
> All this time, he continued to recognise his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him, and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness.

Nearly two months passed in this melancholy way, before that final, brief awakening, when he summoned Mr Lockhart to his bedside, as has been noticed above. He died about noon, on the 21st of September, in the presence of all his children. His remains were deposited in Dryburgh Abbey,* with every mark of attention and reverence from friends and neighbours of all parties—the inner and the outer circle. The head was examined after death, and very slight traces of disease appeared in one part of the substance of the brain. The report of the medical men, states, whatever the phrenologists may make of it, that "*the brain was not large.*" "The cranium was thinner than it is usually found to be"—we presume, than it is usually found in a man of the green old age of sixty; and Scott was not much above that period of life.

It was remarked that Scott had a very narrow head for a man of his size, and required a smaller hat than even little men. His head, with great elevation—which, however, the busts rather exaggerate—had not corresponding breadth. This point also may be left to the phrenologists. We notice the fact to introduce the hypothesis of Hazlitt, who, somewhere in his writings, imagines he has found the true key to Scott's mixed character, in "that double forehead of his," which bound together, without ever fusing into one, the great writer; the man of astonishing imaginative power, and of universal if not intense sympathies; and the sagacious man of the world; the violent party politician, upon the winning side; and the keen, shrewd, bargain-maker, of whom we see so much in the Memoir. On this fanciful hypothesis of the "double forehead," we may conclude that the lofty region belonged almost exclusively to the works, and the dreams of the future grandeur of the house of Abbotsford, and the inferior region to ordinary earthly life.

Mr Lockhart notices that Scott piqued himself upon being *a man of business*, which he certainly, in one sense, was; but once, talking of his prevailing weakness, in a jocular humour, he remarked—"Blood will out;" and he narrated a merry anecdote of his grandfather, the Whig and horse-jockey, the goodman of Sandyknowe, whom Scott resembled so much, that, bating a few inches of forehead, his portrait, now at Ab-

* A striking account of Sir Walter Scott's funeral, from the pen of an eye-witness, a Scottish Baronet, almost as deeply imbued with the spirit of nationality as himself, appeared in *Tait's Magazine* for November 1832.

botsford, might be taken for that of Sir Walter. Early in life this clever person had quarrelled with his father; and "his chief and relative Scott of Harden"—for Sir Walter counts gentle kin, as far as ever did any Macdonald or O'Connor—gave him a lease of Sandyknowe, where he took for his shepherd an old man named Hogg, who lent him £30, his whole savings, to stock the farm. They went in company to a Border fair, to lay out the money to the best advantage in sheep. In the autobiography, Scott relates that the old shepherd went carefully from drove to drove, till he found a *hirsel* likely to answer their purpose, and then he went to tell his master to come up and conclude the bargain. But what was his surprise to see him galloping a mettled hunter about the race course, and to find he had expended the whole stock in this extraordinary purchase! The moral of Sir Walter's tale was, that his grandfather, though more by good luck than good judgment certainly, sold the hunter for double the thirty pounds, and throve every day after his wild bargain. So "blood will out," he concluded. "Yet there is a thread of the attorney in me too." Some will be apt to think that the entire warp of the character was attorney, on which was enwoven bright silken threads, "barbaric pearl and gold," in those rich tissues and gorgeous patterns which had concealed the sordid binding material, until Mr Lockhart was compelled to exhibit so much of the seamy side, as has enabled the observers to guess at the true nature of the mixed fabric. Though much delightful, much elevating illusion has been dispelled, we must not forget that, save "for the thread of attorney"—the sturdy hempen warp—the world would never have possessed the precious and beautiful stuff with which it has been enriched—mortifying, as it no doubt is, to know that we may owe the highest productions of genius and imagination to the self-same motive which supplies us with our boots and shoes, and the japan liquid to blacken them.

The remarks made in former notices of these memoirs, almost supersede farther commentary on the manner in which Mr Lockhart has fulfilled his duty as Scott's biographer. We do not see any cause to modify the strongest of our censures. Mr Lockhart, whether biassed by affection, or blinded by prejudice, or both, has "distorted the character and conduct" of James, and even of John Ballantyne, and in a less degree that of Constable—we shall not say "for the purpose of raising Scott at the expense of other men," but certainly to lay too great a share of the burden of his follies upon other men—to make them, and, in particular, the Ballantynes, the scapegoats for his errors. On this subject, James Ballantyne's son has remonstrated—Constable's son has protested—John Ballantyne's widow has complained; and to them the matter may now be safely left. It would seem that the revelations which Mr Lockhart has been compelled to make of Scott's personal affairs—and we must now, from his preface, consider them as reluctantly given and skilfully managed—have so astounded some persons, (ourselves of the number)—so lowered their estimate of Scott, that it is supposed he secretly disliked Sir Walter, and invidiously, and in a treacherous and underhand manner, "has done his best to dishero him." If this notion be not wilful slander, it is involuntary madness. Mr Lockhart is not altogether insensible to the grievous weaknesses of his father-in-law—to his worldliness and low-pitched ambitions—though his own mind has evidently been somewhat warped by the same influences; yet every feeling of his nature—the best and the weakest—kindness, vanity, pride, and a cordial, genuine, and perhaps overweening admiration of the genius of Sir Walter Scott—the distinguished grandfather of his children—with warm affection for his person, are so knit up and complicated in his mind, that they have become his master-passion. To Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott was, not merely the greatest of writers, but the most influential of all Scottish political characters; endowed with capacities of being the ablest of generals and the wisest of statesmen, and a few more equally imaginary things—all, however, proceeding from blind devotion, and the desire to enhero an essentially worldly nature. Assuredly, neither Sir Walter Scott's fame, nor even his popularity, will ever wax dim and fade, if his son-in-law can preserve its brilliancy; and the extraordinary notion of those persons who imagine that, secretly disliking, Lockhart seeks to betray the subject of the biography, strikes us as the most far-fetched and ridiculous idea ever born of fantasy.

In estimating the capabilities and suitabilities of Mr Lockhart for his really arduous task, the influence which Scott must have had upon the modes of thought of the young man who grew up beside him, an idolizing disciple, must not be forgotten. Mr Lockhart is not only as violent a political partisan as his father-in-law was, but he appears to partake in many of Scott's Quixotries. Affecting, occasionally, a high-minded philosophy, and contempt for external show, to which Sir Walter never pretended, Lockhart sometimes displays the spirit of the tuft-hunter, though pride saves him from shewing that of the lackey; and this he does, not merely on occasions which fall fairly in his way, but on any which he can create. Sir Walter worshipped great people, without enjoying their society; and Lockhart strives to exhibit him as, at all times, on the footing of the most familiar intimacy with those titled persons, whom he studiously lugs in by the head and shoulders. In genealogies, and counting kin *upwards*, he is, to the full, more ridiculous and overstraining than the cousin, ten or twenty times removed, of Scott of Harden; and much of this spirit he must, probably, have caught from Sir Walter, as soon as the mingling of blood consolidated family vanities and glories, as well as interests. But this is a venial transgression, compared with the former.

Mr Lockhart has shewn another propensity, which does not emanate from true chivalry. He

is accused of having given pain to individuals, either by inaccurate statements or improper disclosures. And much of this we should be disposed to excuse, did it not almost uniformly happen, that those with whom he has made thus free, are either the powerless, who sit below the salt, or those unfriended persons who have gone to their account, leaving their memories undefended, save by the courtesy and justice of society. Mr Lockhart must be familiar with many of Sir Walter's *mots*, glancing shrewdly upwards, as well as downwards and around; but he is all but mute on these. If a man will hawk, one likes to see him fly occasionally at high game. Mr Lockhart is more prudent than daring in his sport. We have formerly felt it a duty to censure these things, not from disapproving of far greater frankness and candour in biographical writing than prevails in Great Britain, but because we condemn obvious partiality, based on purely conventional, or low grounds. What useful information, what possible advantage, can the readers of Sir Walter Scott's life derive, for example, from the gratuitous double quotation from Scott's diary, about Mrs Grant of Laggan's small pension? But, if this venerable lady had been some dowager of quality, or some well-allied spinster Lady Louisa—acting the precise same part about a larger pension—and a very natural part we fear it is, to poor, yet proud humanity—should we have heard one word about it?—Or, if it became absolutely necessary to speak of her ladyship, then the blanks, the asterisks, the clouds of mystification that Mr Lockhart would have interposed between the wind and nobility! According to Mr Lockhart, none are privileged to act in a mask, unless their names are found in "The Court Guide Book," or some fashionable Directory. These are not the principles on which manly biography should be written.

The thorough sincerity of Mr Lockhart's inordinate admiration of Scott is shewn, we think, in his remarkable credulity; for we imagine that he is rather mystified himself than desirous of mystifying his readers. It is also shewn in his resentments, especially his dislike to poor Hogg, whom he ought to have known better from the first, to condemn so severely at the last. Hogg's *gaucheries*, and absurdities, and memorable sayings about all the rest of the world, were capital jokes until they were imagined to affect Sir Walter, or any member of the house of Abbotsford; and, in this sort of coin, giving, no doubt, often seems more blessed than receiving. Yet, *take* and *give* is the rule of life. And was Sir Walter Scott really Hogg's "best benefactor?" Though a very kind friend, he was at any rate not the most respectful or delicate one; but respect was nothing to be looked for in the case. And did the Shepherd, in his latter years, totally abandoned of grace, truly "insult the dust of his best benefactor," so that it would have been better for him had he been deep drowned in any pool of Yarrow several years before his actual death? These are solemn things to jest about; yet what better use can the public make of the final doom, pronounced on the Ettrick Shepherd, who, having plenary indulgence all his life from his friends, (Mr Lockhart long included,) to be a little *outspoken* and also poetical in his prose, took the same liberties with the deceased baronet which he was in the habit of taking with other men, who could as ill afford to bear it. Unless it is shewn that Hogg committed some outrage on the memory of Sir Walter, of which the world has no idea, it will take leave to consider this stern judgment much of a piece with the anathema pronounced against the towns of Jedburgh and Hawick; and rejoice that James enjoyed his own fire-side for three or four years after the time when he should have died from regard to his fame. All this is abundantly ridiculous; but it proves most convincingly the sincerity of Mr Lockhart's unquestioning devotion to Scott.

The length of the work—six half-guinea and one twelve-shilling volume—is justified by the biographer, on the plea that, "if Scott was really a great man, his life deserves to be given in much detail." But it is not to Scott's Life which any one has objected; not to his letters, though many of them are either mere essays or epistolary compliments, not much connected with his life; and still less to his Diaries, save the make-bulk of the Light-house Yacht log-book—but to much irrelevant matter lugged in, such as the published criticisms of Mr Adolphus, and many extraneous details, exhibiting little either of Scott the artist or Scott the man. It is needless to complain of the want of family letters—the best of all domestic records, "fond and trivial," or of the want of the outgushing of confidences, feelings, hopes, fears, and reminiscences, which render some great men's careless family letters so exquisite—as we are persuaded Mr Lockhart has held nothing back, either in the correspondence of Scott or his friends, that could give grace or glory to his hero. Some gleanings, and piquant morsels, may still remain in the Diaries; and the originals will no doubt be sacredly preserved; but the present generation need expect little more from the literary executor's repositories. Much fugitive information, however, concerning Scott is drifting about in the society of his contemporaries, referring especially to an earlier period of life than that in which Lockhart knew him; and in these busy days, it is probable that some one may collect and tell it; and, rejecting much and condensing much, untrammelled by prejudice, and unbiassed by partial affection, shew the truth of Scott's mixed character in full day, and through a transparent medium—becoming thus to Lockhart what he has been to Currie. To those who would judge with accuracy, there is small difference between colouring matter thrown into the body to be examined, and a medium similarly tinted, through which it is to be viewed. Lockhart's Life partakes of both defects, but the most largely of the latter. In the meanwhile, no future Life of Scott could have been so ample or complete as it may now be made, if Mr Lockhart had not written. The mate-

rials might have been preserved; but it is not little, either in quality or value, that the biographer has contributed from his own stores. Save James Ballantyne, no one could have seen Scott more undisguisedly than his son-in-law, for ten or twelve important years, who possessed equal power of observation. If the same circumstances which extended his scope of observation blinded his judgment, we know not how to condemn. He had not only to judge with tenderness, delicacy, and indulgence of his eminent relative, but to endeavour, as it were, to give the tone to his contemporaries and posterity, in deciding on the character of the remarkable person, whose glory was to shed lustre on his children and his race, after perhaps the name of the Lockharts might have merged in that of "the Scotts of Abbotsford." An impartial judgment of Sir Walter was impossible to Mr Lockhart, had he been a Brutus instead of a man of letters; and, if possible, would have been morally repulsive. Still we will continue to protest against his injustice to other men—to those attached friends to whom Sir Walter, who knew them best, uniformly did justice. He seems, at best, to consider the Ballantynes, Hogg, and even such men as John Leyden, as vassals of a great chief, by and through whom they lived and moved—and to have estimated them by the single virtue of fidelity, blind devotion to his interest and wishes, and enthusiastic attachment to his person. They all swerved, in his opinion, from their clan fealty; and Mr Laidlaw alone, of the whole corps, with Tom Purdie and some one or two more of the household troops, are praised uniformly, or mentioned with tenderness.

Differing so far from the biographer in many debatable points, and disapproving of the spirit in which he has written much of these Memoirs, we have the more satisfaction in cordially subscribing to his general criticism, and just and delicate appreciation of the literary merits of Sir Walter Scott. In Scott's voluminous imaginative works, while we can conceive something loftier to desire, we find nothing to condemn, save indeed latterly vast surplusage—which is a thing apart—unwinnowed wheat, so sent to market on calculations of pounds, shillings, and pence:—nothing to condemn; and how much to approve, admire, love, enjoy, feed upon, and grow with what we feed on! Yet there seems a tendency at present to depreciate Scott's genius, for which it baffles us to find a good cause. There is but one Shakspeare, and we leave him alone, enshrined—unwilling either to hear his name profaned, or to see other men lessened by idle comparisons. The growing disposition to undervalue Scott tempts us to proclaim the belief, that he is not merely the first of prose fictionists, but equal to them all taken together—that in him we find combined the elevation and delicate imagination of Cervantes, the sagacity of Le Sage, the pathos of Richardson, the inimitable truthfulness and humour of Fielding, the shrewdness and comic power of Smollett, the exquisite simplicity and tenderness of Goldsmith, and even the wild and luxuriant fancy of Radcliffe. There remain but Godwin, in his "Caleb Williams," and Mrs Inchbald, in "Nature and Art," to carry off a laurel which Scott did not seek to gather. There may be other fictionists who, with equal powers of imagination, liveliness of fancy, fertility of invention, magic facility of touch, and all-embracing sympathies, shall bring a higher philosophy to the sphere of romance; but they have not yet appeared, and we know not where to look for them. Not certainly in the modern *intense* school. If we ever there chance on any indication of more expanded thought and loftier aspiration in works of fiction, we miss the thousand other charms and graces of Scott's pen; and are constrained to take to his men and women as they are, in preference to the freezing or extravagant idealities of those whose aims may be higher, but who lack power to strike. Want of *intensity* is often objected to Scott—and systematic *intensity* of high moral purpose, may be wanting; but his critics would, we apprehend, express themselves more accurately if they described the defect of which they complain, as want of *abandonment*. If passion be meant, we know not where, in the entire scope of prose fiction, to look for that highly sublimated and concentred intensity of feeling, which, superior to the weakness of abandonment, "dies, and makes no sign," if not in his passionate pages. No pathos, no exaltation, no exquisite intensity of sentiment and of imagination, in the last chapters of "Waverley"—in "Kenilworth"—in "The Bride of Lammermoor"—in Rebecca the Jewess—in Minna Troil—in Clara Mowbray—in Effie Deans, her father, and her sister—in "Old Mortality?"—We carry literary heresy so far as to be fervent admirers of Scott's inferior writings—his metrical romances. If Chaucer was a great poet, then there must be a niche for Scott by the side of the Father of English Poetry. There is close resemblance in the distinctive features of their genius: the same freshness, heartiness, sagacity, humour, clearness, and unrivalled command over the picturesque.

A more suitable time may arrive for indulging in these genial themes. Devotees and romantic persons must have leisure to recover from the shock of finding the author of all those exquisite works merely a lucky original cross between the shrewd modern W. S. and the picturesque and gallant Border Laird—a much more exciting and loveable character, though not a peculiarly spiritualized one. True it is, that nearly all great writers shew to most advantage in their works; and it is, we fear, equally true that the author of "Waverley" forms no exception to this mortifying rule.

BENTHAMISMS.

NO. I.—EMANCIPATE YOUR COLONIES.

It is the characteristic of genius, that its words, even when uttered for an immediate and momentary purpose, are available as lessons for all after ages. This is eminently the case with Bentham's pamphlet, entitled, "Emancipate your Colonies."

This tract the author threw into the form of a letter to the National Convention of France. It was published for sale in 1830, but had been printed long before. In most of the copies which, from time to time, were distributed in the way of gift, inserted in MS. at the bottom of the first page, in the form of a note to the title, was the memorandum following:—"Anno 1793, written just before the departure of M. Talleyrand, on the occasion of the rupture between France and England. Copy given to Talleyrand's secretary, Gallois, who talked of translating it."

The letter commences:—"Your predecessors made me a French citizen: hear me speak like one." Its whole texture is thickly sown, interwoven, with allusions to the peculiar position of France, at the time. It is a letter on French affairs, addressed to Frenchmen. Their national vanity is adroitly appealed to, with a view to make it play into the interests of right reason. Humour, sarcasm, indignant eloquence, shift and play through its pages, interchangeably. But the pamphlet is the work of a man who had, by serious and persevering meditation, evolved and established principles of action for himself and others, to which he referred on all occasions, which he never lost sight of. Some of these are stated, in concise and nervous terms, in his letter to the National Convention, and their application to the question before it, clearly made out. The letter itself is matter of history. Its interest is mainly of the past; but these precious enunciations of principle speak to all time. They are lessons to us as they were to our predecessors. They are lessons, in so far as present events are concerned, above all suspicion of bias or partiality.

Bentham first addresses himself to shew the impossibility that a distant dependency can be well governed by the mother country:—

> Is it for their advantage to be governed by a people who never knew, nor ever can know, either their inclinations or their wants? What is it you ever can know about them? The wishes they entertain? The wants they labour under? No such thing: but the wishes they entertained, the wants they laboured under, two months ago—wishes that may have changed, and for the best reasons—wants that may have been relieved, or become unrelievable. Do they apply to you for justice? Truth is unattainable for want of evidence; you get not a tenth part, perhaps, of the witnesses you ought to have, and these, perhaps, only on one side. Do they ask succours of you? You put yourselves to immense expense—you fit out an armament, and, when it arrives, it finds nothing to be done. The party to whom you send it, are either conquerors or conquered. Do they want subsistence? Before your supply reaches them, they are starved. No negligence could put them in a situation so helpless as that in which, so long as they continue dependent on you, the nature of thing has fixed them, in spite of all your solicitude. Solicitude, did I say? How can they expect any such thing? What care you, or what can you care, about them? What picture can you so much as form to yourselves of the country? What conception can you frame to yourselves, of manners and modes of life so different from your own? When will you ever see them? When will they ever see you? If they suffer, will their cries ever wound your ears?—will their wretchedness ever meet your eyes? What time have you to think about them? Pressed by so many important objects that are at your door, how uninteresting will be the tale that comes from St Domingo and Martinique!

Whoever peruses this rapid string of queries, endeavouring to answer them to himself as he goes along, must, by the time he comes to the close, feel the conviction that it is impossible the people of any country can govern the inhabitants of a distant country for their good, indelibly engraven upon his mind. Let us select, for an example, that case which at present is, or ought to be, upppermost in all British minds—Canada. The disturbances in Canada were, even by the admission of the originators of the monstrous bill for remodelling its form of government, occasioned entirely by delay in attending to and redressing grievances long and urgently pressed upon the attention of the home government. "Out of sight out of mind"—with so much to occupy our legislature and our ministers, what chance have Canadians ever had of being attended to? Even now that this country is called upon, in its capacity of sovereign, to judge between Canadian and Canadian in matters of blood, what is the answer you receive from nine out of every ten with whom you attempt to argue the question? "I dare say you are quite right; the Government measure has an ugly look; but I am quite ignorant of Canadian affairs." That very ignorance ought to convince the speaker that he is incompetent to legislate for Canada. His consciousness, that his own ignorance of these matters is no greater than that of almost all his acquaintances, ought to convince him that they are equally unfit. But, so long as the British Parliament shall retain the power of legislating for Canada, so long are he and his equally incompetent friends the real legislators for that province. They appoint the men who, in ignorance as gross as their own, legislate for Canada. They take upon them the responsibility of sanctioning, at hap-hazard, what may cause the weal or wo of Canadians. No man who entertains a due sense of this fearful responsibility, can continue to exercise it. "Emancipate your colonies!" The passage we have quoted from Bentham demonstrates the justice of such a measure in the abstract; your own consciences, in so far as Canada is concerned, corroborate his argument. Even the silly fallacy of Ministers—that we must retain the Canadas

to secure the few attached to this country—is met by anticipation in Bentham's pamphlet:—

A minority among them might choose rather to be governed by you than by their antagonists, the majority; but is it for you to protect minorities? A majority which did not feel itself so strong as it could wish, might wish to borrow a little strength of you; but, for a loan of a moment, would you exact a perpetual annuity of servitude?

And again—

"Oh, but the good citizens! What will become of the good citizens?"—What will become of them? Their fate depends upon yourselves. Give up your dominion—you may save them; fight for it—and you destroy them. Secure, if you can do it, without force, a fair emission of the wishes of all the citizens; if what you call the good citizens are the majority, they will govern; if a minority, they ought not to govern; but you may give them safety if you please.

This is most true. If the British party, as it is called, be in the minority in Canada, all our efforts to preserve to it a permanent ascendancy will be unavailing: and, when these efforts terminate, they will leave the majority more embittered against the minority that has ruled them by foreign aid, than it is at present. Leave the people of Canada, even at this thirteenth hour, to fix their form of government for themselves, and the minority will be obliged—with some reluctance and grumbling, it may be—to acquiesce in the will of the majority. Let us throw our weight into the balance, and give the minority, for a time, a factitious preponderance, and, when the time comes that they must be left to themselves, (all parties allow that such a time must come,) the majority will come into power with a rankling sense of injuries sustained, and, in all probability, an unextinguishable thirst for vengeance. This will have been our doing. Our short-sighted policy will, in seeking to benefit the minority, in reality have rendered its situation more dangerous.

From the consideration of what is most for the interest of the colonies, Bentham turns to consider what is most for the interest of the mother country. He knew right well that the only available argument with the holders of power, is to shew them that the course of policy recommended, is that which it is for their own advantage to adopt it. The loudest railers against the doctrine of utility, are those who, conscious that they are sacrificing the general good for the advantage of a few, dare not submit the results of their own measures, and of those recommended by their opponents, to dispassionate measurement; and, therefore, seek to evade inquiry, by raising a dust of words about our ears, in the obscurity of which they hope to evade apprehension. Press home the declaimers upon disinterestedness on their own principles; demonstrate to them that their strict justice calls upon them to sacrifice themselves for others: they will laugh in your face, and tell you that, in a world where all men were just, they would be just too; but in this they are not going to expose themselves to ridicule by becoming the Quixotes of morality. Convinced of this truth, Bentham proceeds to shew the inutility of colonial dependencies, and attacks at once the stronghold of monopoly:—

"Oh, but we give ourselves a monopoly of their produce, and so we get it cheaper than we should otherwise; and so we make them pay us for governing them." Not you, indeed; not a penny. The attempt is iniquitous, and the profit an illusion. The attempt, I say, is iniquitous: it is an aristocratical abomination—a cluster of abominations: it is iniquitous towards them, but much more as among yourselves. Abomination the *first*:—Liberty, property, and equality violated on the part of a large class of citizens, (the colonists,) by preventing them from carrying their goods to the markets which it is supposed would be most advantageous to them, and thence keeping from them so much as it is supposed they would otherwise acquire. Abomination *second*:—One part of a nation (the people of France) taxed to raise money to maintain, by force, the restraints so imposed upon another part of the nation (the colonists.) Abomination *third*:—The poor—who, after all, are unable to buy sugar—the poor in France, taxed in order to pay the rich for eating it.* Necessaries abridged for the support of luxury. The burthen falls upon the rich and poor in common: the benefit is shared exclusively by the rich.

Our author does not rest contented with establishing these truths in the abstract. He views them from every side, and makes them clear by redundant illustration. He carries out his principle; and, by stripping naked the whole deformity of monopoly, he makes good his point. He thus clinches this link of his chain of argument:—

Will you believe experience? Turn to the United States. Before their separation, Britain had the monopoly of their trade: upon the separation, of course, she lost it. How much less is their trade with Britain now than then? On the contrary, it is much greater. All this while, is not the monopoly of the colonists clogged with a *counter-monopoly*? To make amends to the colonists for their being excluded from other markets, are not the people of France forbidden to take colony produce from other colonies, though they could get it ever so much cheaper? If so, would not the benefit to France, if there were any, from the supposed gainful monopoly, be outweighed by the burden of that which is acknowledged to be so burthensome? Yes; the benefit is imaginary, and it is clogged with a burthen that is real.

Having exposed the delusion occasioned by mistaken views of interest, Bentham next proceeds to expose the hollowness and deadness of the idol, national power, in the form in which it is worshipped by those statesmen who are in the habit of arrogating to themselves exclusively the epithet of practical.

"Oh, but they are a great part of our power." Say, rather, *the whole of your weakness*. In your own natural body, you are impregnable; in these unnatural excrescences you are vulnerable. Are you attacked at home? Not a man can you ever get from them—not a sixpence. Are they attacked? They draw upon you for fleets and armies.

These are the direct arguments in favour of emancipating dependent colonies. Bentham adverts also to the indirect. A few of the first sentences of the extract which we are about to make, are calculated to stimulate the honest pride of the representatives of a regenerated nation. It would almost seem as if our reformed representatives were already rendered too callous to the generous sentiments they once pro-

* Say, in Britain—The poor, who build no ships, taxed, to force the rich, who do, to use bad timber in building them.

fessed, to be accessible to such appeals. In public life, the sensitiveness of political honour is soon dulled. We cannot, however, bring ourselves to omit them. Bentham speaks to the French patriots, who scorned boroughmongering, Priestley-persecuting, Pitt-ridden England.

You who hold us so cheap—who look down with such contemptuous pity on our corruption, on our prejudices, on our imperfect liberty—how long will you take our example to govern you, and, of all parts of it, those which are least defensible? Is it a secret to you, any more than to ourselves, that they cost us much, and they yield us nothing—that our government makes us pay them for suffering it to govern them—and that all the use or purpose of this compact is to make places, and wars that breed places? You who look down with so much disdain on our corruption, on our prejudices, on our imperfect liberty, will you submit to copy a system in which corruption and prejudice are in league to destroy liberty—a compact between government and its colonies, of which the mother country is the sacrifice and the dupe? You have hitherto seen only what is essential—collateral advantages crowd in, in numbers: saving of the time of public men, simplification of government, preservation of internal harmony, propagation of liberty and good government over the earth. You are chosen by the people: you mean to be so. You are chosen by the most numerous part, who must be the least learned of the people. This quality, with all its advantages and disadvantages, you, the children of the people, must expect, more or less, to partake of. Inform yourselves as you can, labour as you will, reduce your business as much as you will, you need not fear the finding of it too light for you. What a mountain of arguments and calculations must you have to struggle under, if you persevere in the system of colony-holding, with its monopolies and counter-monopolies! What a cover for tyranny and peculation! Give your commissaries insufficient power, they are laughed at; give them sufficient, they become dangerous to their masters. All this plague you get rid of, by the simple expedient of letting go those whom you have no right to meddle with.

These, and all that we have quoted, are memorable words. They speak to us, at this moment, like a voice from the tomb. They tell us to pause, and to reflect before we sanction laws for Canada, which, passed in ignorant irritation, may be productive of evil we may yet shudder to reflect upon. What man amongst us, who pleads ignorance of Canadian affairs as a reason for not interfering to denounce the Canada Coercion Bill, but thereby acknowledges the incompetency of this country to govern Canada? What man, who acknowledges this incompetency, but must admit the wisdom and justice of this exhortation—"Emancipate your colonies?"

There is a specialty in the case of Lower Canada, we admit; but that specialty tells against the advocates of the Ministerial policy. Canada was originally peopled from France; its inhabitants were French in their language, customs, laws, and religion; they were long governed by France. They were transferred by France to this country, without their wishes being consulted. No sooner was Canada ceded to Britain, than British adventurers flocked thither, to make or mend their fortunes. These adventurers went to Canada, knowing that French laws and customs prevailed among its inhabitants; and it is the duty of such visitants to conform to, to respect the laws of the people among whom they beg leave to earn a bit of bread. Instead of doing this, however, our sturdy beggars availed themselves of home connections to influence the British government to force the people among whom they settled, to conform themselves to their likings and dislikings. This was the first origin of heart-burnings and discontent in Canada. Under Pitt, a compromise was arranged: by the act of 1791, the French Canadians ceded Upper Canada to the admirers of British law, upon condition that, within their narrowed limits, they might enjoy their own native laws, and a representative legislature, to amend them as occasion required. Still British adventurers continued to pour into Lower Canada; and, still regardless of the price at which its inhabitants had purchased liberty to live under their own laws, these newcomers insisted that a whole people should abandon its own inclinations and convictions, and conform to their crotchets. And now Sir George Grey proposes to settle the disputes thence arising, by again subdividing Lower Canada into halves, and allowing the French Canadians to enjoy their own laws within further curtailed boundaries. As the Red Indians have been driven from their settlements in the United States in violation of every principle of honesty and humanity, so are the French Canadians to be squeezed gradually out of the British provinces. This is the first origin of the mischief in Lower Canada. The acts of dishonest and contumelious aggression of which the British authorities have been guilty, have all been perpetrated in enforcing this wrong. We are told that the French Canadians are too ignorant for self-government; we heard nothing of this necessity while they were ignorant enough to endure, tamely, wrong at British hands. Reading and writing are not education, but only the means to that end. There may be good, substantial education without reading and writing; and with reading and writing there may be gross, imbecile ignorance. The French Canadians are a proof of the former position; our British aristocracy of the second. If Charlemagne, who could not write, was capable of keeping a large empire together after winning it, and of establishing laws the influence of which has not yet passed away, we confess ourselves unable to see why calligraphy should be indispensable in a voter for a member of the House of Assembly.

But, although the case of Lower Canada may be a special one, the cases of the other British provinces in North America are not. In all of them there are discontents, although the British government seem to have quieted some of them for the present, by the unworthy device of exciting the prejudices of the Englishman against the Frenchman. Such a low and dishonest method of governing, cannot endure. Both parties will come in time to their senses, and make common cause against the government which is Macchiavellian enough to act thus. And, in addition to their enmity, we run eminent risk, through the folly of the governors whom our precious Ministers have sent across the Atlantic, of being engaged in a squabble with the United States.

The short and easy method of getting rid of all those risks and annoyances, is to "emancipate our colonies." There is yet time to pass a law, ordaining that a convention shall be held in each of the British North American provinces, in spring, to settle how it shall henceforth be governed.

"That is exactly what Roebuck says." We are not aware that it is; and, if it be, what then? It is the advice and not the adviser that ought to be looked to. Is Mr Roebuck necessarily more biassed than Mr Ellice, whose son Lord Durham, with such exquisite good taste, is taking out as his private secretary? But, even on this point, Bentham has forestalled us, when he supposes his French auditors stopping their ears and abusing him:—

"Oh! but you are a hireling: you are a tool of your King and his East India Company. They have employed you to tell us a fine story, and persuade us to strip ourselves of our colonies, not being able to rob us of them themselves." "Oh, yes; I am all that. I have not bread to eat; and, no sooner is your decree come out, than I get £50,000 from the Company, and a peerage from the King. *I am a hireling;* but will *you* then betray the interest of your constituents, because a man has been hired to shew it to you? *It would be of use to England;* but are there no such things as common interests?—and are you never to serve yourselves but upon condition of not serving others at the same time? Is your love for you brethren so much weaker than your hatred of your neighbours? *It would be of use to England;* but are *England* and *King of England* so perfectly synonymous? and do you, of all men, think so? *The King's interest would be served by it;* but, by knowing a man's interest, his true and lasting interest, are you always certain of his wishes? Is consummate wisdom among the attributes of his ministers? Have they no passions to blind, and no prejudices to mislead them? Are you so unable to comprehend your own interest, that it is only from the opinion of others that you can learn it, and those your enemies? *The King of England is your enemy;* but because he is so, will you put yourselves under his command? Shall it be in the power of an enemy to make you do as he pleases, only by employing somebody to propose the contrary? See what a man exposes himself to by listening to such impertinences. *I am hired;* but are not advocates hired as often as a question comes before a court of justice? And is justice on neither side, because men are payed on both sides? Legislators, suffer me to give you a warning. This is not the only occasion on which it may have its use. Those, if any such there be, who call attention off from the arguments that are offered to the motives of him that offers them, shew how humble their conception is, either of the goodness of their cause, of the strength of their own powers, or of the solidity of your judgment, not to say of all three."

THE CONQUEROR'S DREAM.

A BRIGHT dream flash'd upon his soul; his mother, kneeling by,
Gazed with a mother's pride and love within her tearful eye.
She watch'd the play of noble thoughts upon his changing cheek;
She watch'd young passion's infant fire his snow-white forehead streak;
She mark'd from 'neath his half-closed eye soul-bright gleamings dart;
She mark'd the moving, wordless lip, the wildly-throbbing heart.
She deem'd his thoughts were far away, where his young co-mates play'd
Upon the mimic battle plain, with mimic battle blade;
Or climb'd the eagle-haunted cliff, or bounded on the turf,
Or dash'd aside in rival glee old Ocean's stormy surf.
She little wist that glowing eye saw visions brighter far
Than smiled within Paoli's isle, beneath the evening star.
That cheek the same high passion burn'd that glow'd in his who stood
With blade unsheathed, and waving plume, wet from the Granic flood;
That boyish bosom throbb'd with thoughts that claim'd their bound to be
A mightier tide than rolls its foam within the Tuscan sea.
He dream'd that, from a mountain's brow, beyond the white clouds piled,
He gazed on fair and sunny plains, that far beneath him smiled;
Around, ten thousand warrior men, ten thousand flashing spears,
That flung terrific brightness o'er the snows of ancient years.
Before him floated, in mid air, on dim and shadowy wing,
Luring him on, what seem'd to be the phantom of a king.
With face averted, on the plain, it waved its shadowy hand,
And he—the genius of the scene—spoke words of high command:
He deem'd himself the Lybian chief of old heroic times,
Who tamed the Roman eagle's wing, in its own sunny climes,
And waved a foreign banner high above the Alpine snow,
And roll'd the war-blast of the south along the winding Po.
The scene was changed! A burning sky o'erhung a burning plain—
The ocean of the desert-ship—the bright sun's own domain:
Three vast old piles rose high and hoar amid an Afric levin,
The pride and mockery of man, at war with Time and Heaven;
And there, beneath these hoary towers, far gleam'd the warrior's brand,
And shout and shriek are mingling there, and blood is on the sand.
There casque and turban wildly blend, and high the crescent shines,
And high the eagle-banner waves above the conquering lines;
And he, the chief, with folded arms across his gallant breast—
With eye like lightning, keen, but calm, like thunder-cloud at rest—
Sits proudly on his noble steed; and there the shadowy form
Floats o'er the eagle-flag, and seems to guide the battle-storm.
The scene was changed, but not the clime. The herald-star of night
Flung o'er the trembling ocean-wave its melancholy light;
The blue deep murmur'd to the moon—the cloudless moon above
Mantled the wave and wilderness in one soft smile of love;
And in that holy light gleam'd mosque and minaret afar,
But round them fiercer radiance flash'd, from sword and scimitar;
For, round a rock-built citadel, a leaguering army stood,
And by its gates War raised his plume, and roll'd his purple flood.
Wild was the Allah shriek! while he, the chieftain of the Frank,
Sped, like the arrowy light of death, from wavering rank to rank;

And loud the shout, while, bathed in blood, beneath the crescent's glow,
A stern old warrior, grey with years, cheer'd on the turban'd foe.
With thunder-crash of shot and shell, the wall in ruins burst,
And in the breach, 'mid smoke and flame, with malison accurst,
Foe meets with foe! Now in advance, with victory's light upon her,
The eagle floats!—now onward gleam the Moslem blade and banner!
But what attracts the warrior's eye? what clouds the chieftain's brow?
Before the phantom's mournful gaze he feels his spirit bow:
An instant hovering near, it folds its plume across its breast,
Then sails, on melancholy wing, into the starry east.
The scene was changed!—Oh, brightly shine, within that pillar'd hall,
The pomp of chivalry, the gem of beauty's coronal!
There riches sheds on loveliness its incense and its bloom,
And pride of birth is tossing there its high ancestral plume;
But what, amid that courtly pomp, enthrals each look and tone?
A white-stoled priest is kneeling there—he kneels before a throne,
And vows a nation's loyalty, a nation's love, to him—
That sovereign prince whose brows are bound with empire's diadem.

To him, the proud unconquer'd chief, that bright-hair'd slumbering boy,
The champion of his island mate, his island mother's joy;
Oh, is he not the glorious youth he deems himself to be,
Who bade the conquest star of Greece burn o'er the Indian sea,
And wept to think that Ammon's son had not a mightier world
On which the flag of Macedon might be again unfurled!
He waked and dream'd again; but, ah! that after dream was long—
Week roll'd on week, and year on year, but still the spell was strong;
That slumbrous spell that wrapt his soul in glory and in bliss,
Or steep'd it in the wormwood gloom—the gall of bitterness.
It conjured up the battle strife, and woke the warrior's joy;
The crown of empires lured his grasp—he deem'd the crown a toy.
It conjured up a vanquish'd world, and then strange sights were seen:
The eagle stoop'd where once its fierce, triumphant flight had been;
The hot simoom moan'd wildly by, and thousands gasp'd below;
The ice-fiend breathed, and thousands more lay stiffen'd on the snow.
A foeman's brand hath tamed the crest that once unconquer'd shone,
And, prison'd on an ocean-crag, awoke—Napoleon. [G. P.

SERJEANT TALFOURD'S COPYRIGHT BILL.

THE parties at issue on this question, are the holders of copyrights, whether authors or publishers, on the one side, and the public on the other. Printers, papermakers, and retail booksellers, have only a temporary interest in the matter; for, as long as these trades are open to free competition, the profits of the individuals engaged in them cannot be either permanently raised or depressed by enactments as to copyright, whether wise or absurd. The opposing interests are those of the monopolists, (we do not use the word in an invidious sense,) and those of the public.

On the part of the authors, a claim is set up of absolute property in their works, of the same nature, and equally sacred, as property in lands or houses. On the decision of this question of absolute property in the productions of mind, hangs the whole matter at issue. For, if it be decided in favour of the authors, they and their assignees are entitled to protection for not merely the long period proposed by Serjeant Talfourd's bill, but to the end of time. If copyright be really a species of natural property, it undoubtedly ought to be regarded as sacred. To violate such property, on account of public utility, is no more to be thought of than taking a man's estate from him, and dividing it among his destitute neighbours. Nay, more: if our British authors have a "sacred property" in their works, they are entitled to protection, not only from all invasion of that property at home, but abroad also. Our government is bound to afford British authors the same protection from foreign depredation, which our merchants enjoy. Grant that the author's right of property in his composition is as clear and sacred as the merchant's in his goods, and the consequence is undeniable.

This is not all. The representatives of authors long ago gathered to their fathers, are entitled to assume the "sacred right" which their ancestors had in their works. That they have long been unjustly deprived of it, is no reason against the resumption. Prescription cannot cut off the sacred right, however long it may have lain dormant. It is a rule of law, that a man cannot lose his property by the long prescription, unless some other person has, by the same prescription, acquired the property. It follows, that the heirs of Milton, Spenser, Pope, Dryden, Shakspeare, Richardson, even Chaucer, have only to prove their descent, and forthwith they are entitled to a monopoly, for ever, of the works of their great ancestors; a monopoly not confined to Britain, Ireland, and the British dependencies, but extending over the whole globe; at least wherever the British arms can secure justice to British subjects.

These consequences of the right of authors to the productions of their pen, are a little startling, and may well prompt those who take an interest in the diffusion of knowledge to a strict scrutiny of the right which has been perhaps too readily allowed to pass current as sacred.

We maintain that there is no analogy between the right of a man to his estate or his house, to his ox or his ass, and the right of an author to the exclusive printing and publishing of his works. Between the former class of rights and the right of an author to his own manuscript, or to the copies of it he has printed, the analogy is perfect. But there all resemblance of the two cases ends. It is true, as has been said, that, for the protection of property, as of copyright, resort may be had to the law. There is, however, this material difference between the two cases:—The owner of a house or an estate has a perfect right to exclude an intruder on his property by force, if he chooses and is able to do so; whereas the author has no right to seize, without recourse to law, copies of his book printed without his permission, or to stop what he would call the piratical press at work on his composition. If he were to attempt to do so, he would not be in the situation of the owner of lands or houses, expelling *vi et manu* the trespasser on his property; but would himself be the trespasser, and be liable to be treated as such. The truth is, that authors, musical composers, and painters, have no exclusive right to their ideas, when once they have published or promulgated them, except what is the creature of statute. Judge Yates, in the famous case of Miller *versus* Taylor, was quite right when he maintained, that "ideas cannot be the object of property; they are not visible, tangible, nor corporeal:" and again—"A literary composition is undoubtedly the property of the writer so long as it remains in manuscript; but by the act of publishing, he gives it to the world; he lets the bird fly; his property is gone." Exactly analogous is the case of

patents. He who discovers some new application of mechanical powers, has no right to prevent others from imitating the new process. With the operation of one man, another must not interfere: but he may go and do likewise, and resist by force any attempt to hinder him. Whatever one man does, another may do, in so far as natural right is concerned. He can only be prevented from imitation, or piracy, by express statute. And whether the original invention be a book, a tune, a painting, a speech, the cut of a coat or of a caper, a game at cards, a guard in self-defence, or a new mode of locomotion by the aid of wings or of a steam-engine, all men may copy the invention, may fly, paint, print, &c., as like the inventor as they please, until restrained by a law made for that purpose. But no law is required to prevent intrusion upon what is really the property of another; although the law may be called in to aid in punishing the transgressors, as it may to punish offences against property in copyright, *after* copyright has been made property by law.

There is no question as to the propriety of encouraging authors, musical composers, painters, and inventors of all kinds, by giving them, for a certain time, the exclusive benefit of their invention. That copyrights and patents should be the reward of authors and inventors, all are agreed. The question, in the case of copyright, is, how long it should endure? Having got rid of the idea of authors having a "sacred property" in their works, we are now at liberty to discuss the duration of copyright, and the other points of Serjeant Talfourd's Bill, upon the simple principle of public utility.

Fourteen years was the period first fixed by statute. Afterwards, copyright was extended for fourteen years more, if the author survived the first period; and, in 1814, twenty-eight years was the term allotted to all copyrights; with a prolongation, in the case of the author being alive at the end of the twenty-eight, for the remainder of his life. With this law, authors have been very generally satisfied; and so have publishers, who, in fact, have benefited far more than authors by the extension of the duration of copyright: and always will benefit more, unless the new law make a change which no one foresees—namely, place authors in easy circumstances before they become such, and make them provident afterwards. For, as is well known, almost every copyright that is worth purchasing, speedily becomes the property of publishers. From whatever cause it may arise, the fact is certain, that authors very rarely retain a copyright for which they can obtain money. It becomes, therefore, an important question, what number of years' sale do publishers generally contemplate, when making an author an offer for his copyright? Mr Murray, the great London publisher, on his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons, declared that he would not give more for a copyright, after the extension of the protection from fourteen to twenty-eight years, than before. Those who know anything of the publishing business, will agree with us, that even fourteen years is a much longer period than is embraced in the calculations of the purchasers of copyrights. Very seldom do such calculators take in more than from five to seven years' sale. If the book should sell for a longer time, the publisher considers that he has, by that time, paid enough to the author; that paper, print, and advertising, will be enough for him to encounter afterwards, from the diminished sale to be expected, the competition with other works, and the probable necessity of reducing the selling price. When copyrights are sold by the London booksellers to each other, they usually estimate their value at the profit of three or four years' sale of the books; and this in relation to books in regular demand, and the returns of which can be calculated upon with great precision. The copyright of Scott's novels, after every means of enhancing their value had been used, were bought back from Constable's creditors for £8,500, including the whole, from "Waverley" to "Quentin Durward;" while £8,000 had shortly before been given for "Woodstock" alone. If, then, our two positions be well-founded—that authors seldom retain a saleable copyright, and that publishers seldom reckon on more than from five to seven years' sale, in calculating the value of the copyright, rarely indeed look to fourteen years, and scarcely in any instance to twenty-eight; it follows, that the proposed extension of the monopoly to sixty years after the death of the author, *may* benefit publishers occasionally, but scarcely ever will be of the smallest advantage to authors. Benefit to publishers is not the object of the Bill—at least not the avowed object—although we have a shrewd suspicion that publishing influence has had something to do with the bill, and has suggested one very curious clause of it. Setting aside, then, all care for the interest of publishers, and looking to the question between the authors and the public—a question, be it remembered, of public utility, and not of "sacred right" exposed to spoliation—we ask, can there be one moment's hesitation as to what the decision ought to be? Is it possible that any impartial person can balance the small possible advantage to authors, probably to one out of five hundred at most, by extending the monopoly to sixty years, besides the author's life, against the loss to the public? The full extent of the public loss it is indeed difficult for any person to calculate. But that it would be great, and out of all proportion to the benefit to authors, must be evident to all. Even the advantage that would accrue to the publishers, who would be the real holders of the copyrights, although twenty times that which authors would reap, would be as nothing compared to the public loss. The best administered monopoly never serves the public like free trade. Not even the monopoly of printing Bibles and Prayer Books, held by the King's Printers, supplies the public so well and cheaply as free trade would do. This also has been proved by evidence before a House of Commons committee. And the Bible monopoly is a remarkably favourable specimen of the system—so favourable, indeed, that it was long doubted whether, from its excellent management, it was not an exception to the general rule, and a real benefit to the public. Few copyright books are managed so well as the Bible monopoly—few even, during the early years of the copyright. After these early years, copyrights that might be worked to advantage, are often carelessly attended to, or allowed to lie dormant. Newer copyrights, and the publications of the day, engross the publisher's attention; he advances in years, perhaps in wealth, and gradually loses his activity. New modes of publishing, to the advantage of the many and perhaps of the publisher too, are adopted by rising men; but the elderly holder of copyrights will not abandon his old ways, and adopt newfangled notions. If he live long, half his copyrights are buried before him, with slender chance of resurrection; and there is no certainty that his heir will be a better manager of monopolies than himself. The best hope for the public is, that the purchaser of many copyrights may die soon, or become bankrupt, or have a spendthrift heir; in which cases, the copyrights are likely to fall into young and active hands. Next to free trade, is to be desired, monopoly directed by activity and intelligence. Serjeant Talfourd's bill prevents the better system from coming into play for two generations after the author's death; and affords no security for well-conducted monopoly.

In our opinion, the present term of twenty-eight years is too long. Looking at the question as one of utility, and not forgetting that, in that view, authors ought to be encouraged and rewarded, fourteen years certain, and the remainder of the author's life, seems to us as long as the monopoly of publication should endure.

Thus decidedly opposed to the main object of Serjeant Talfourd's bill, we feel little inclined to notice the objectionable clauses of a less important nature, of which it contains many. Sufficient regard for the public interest, we trust, will be found in the British Legislature, to prevent so mischievous a bill from passing into a law. As specimens of the crude composition of this bill, we shall call attention, however, to one or two clauses. After, by clause 4, carefully securing the extended copyright to the author's *representatives*—who may be distant relatives whom he never saw, or with whom he was at feud—the bill goes on, by clause 5, to deprive the

author's *assignees* of any right of printing, after twenty-eight years, a work, the entire copyright of which they had purchased. True, their copyright, so far as regarded the right of excluding others, does not extend beyond that period; but they have the right to go on printing, themselves; nay, they have an honorary copyright—not without considerable advantages by the custom of the London trade—*of* which the bill would deprive them. This clause is rank injustice to the holders of copyrights; and cannot be sustained, in any event.

Clause 8th is rather a mitigation of the injustice above-noted; but is eminently absurd, and inconsistent with other provisions of the bill. It enacts that, provided the assignee so to be deprived of his copyright, that it may revert to the author or his representatives, shall happen to have stereotyped the book, he may go on, *ad infinitum*, printing from the stereotype plates! So, after all, he is to retain his right to print, if he has had the luck or the sense to stereotype in time. This curious clause is surely the interpolation of some knowing publisher, who happens to be, as to stereotype plates, "in a concatenation accordingly."

By clause 9th, a ridiculous provision is made for the case of works not "kept up," as the phrase is, after twenty-eight years of the copyright have run, or the author's decease have occurred. The mischievous consequences of monopoly will scarcely be abated by enacting that, whenever five years shall elapse after the expiration of the twenty-eight years, or the author's death, without publication of any works out of print, any one may petition the Lord Chancellor, &c., for liberty to republish the same; and republish the same on such permission, (after waiting one year or two years more, according as the volume may contain more or less than 500 pages.) What an incompetency for legislating on the subject of copyright does this clause manifest!

Of such crudities there are more: but we forbear prosecuting farther the task of exposing the evils and absurdities of a bill which we cannot believe will be allowed to pass.

As to Mr Poulett Thompson's scheme of extending book monopoly over space, as Serjeant Talfourd's bill does over time, we shall not waste ten lines upon it. Foreign nations will never allow our monopolies to overspread their territories. Only a very few authors would derive any benefit from such an extension of their monopoly; and by these few alone has the scheme of international copyright been projected. Those who wish to see a specimen of the wailing of these few authors, at not being allowed to levy contributions from foreign nations, will find an excellent one in the *Monthly Chronicle* for April. There, also, it will be found that the fudge about international copyright, is not limited to this side of the Atlantic. A certain Mr William Clay's opposition, in Congress, to the emancipation of the Negroes, is only equalled, it seems, by his zeal for the emancipation of authors from the slavery of being confined, in the establishment of their monopolies, to one country. If Mr Clay would exert himself to get the heavy duty exacted by his government on the importation of all British books repealed, he would better promote the interest of the people of America and the authors of Britain, than by his balderdash about international copyright. Monopolies in favour of British authors the American Government will not and ought not to create; but it would act wisely for its own people by admitting to the American market the works of foreign authors, without duty or restriction.

TRAFALGAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

ABOVE the howl of ocean
And frowning Trafalgar,
From bursting clouds went forth the voice
Of elemental war.

And, louder than the tempest,
From man, the insect, came,
Beneath the frown of Trafalgar,
His deadly voice of flame.

But, ere it rent the blackness
Which God's stern brow cast wide,
"Now, Victory or Westminster!"
Said Nelson, in his pride.

"My comrades, do your duty!
Or what will England say?"•
"They shall!" cried accents from the deep,
Where dead men weltering lay.

Red horror tore the tempest;
Down stoop'd both sea and sky;
And, like a flood on Collingwood,
The clouds rush'd from on high.

Life pledg'd for life, arm'd thousands
Join'd then in horrid strife.
O Life, thou art an awful thing!—
For what is God but Life?

Shouts, groans, and man's dread thunder,
Made up one dismal cry:
The affrighted storm ask'd what it meant,
And Death made no reply.

But, on the grave of thousands,
A silent spirit trod;
He clasp'd them in the *embrace* of Death—
And what is Death but God?

He car'd not for their glory,
He ask'd not of their cause;
While, right or wrong, the weak and strong
Obey'd alike his laws.

One tyrant lost his war-ships;
Worse tyrants summ'd their gains;
And toil-worn nations sang and danc'd
(As maniacs dance) in chains!

How like an empty bubble
The turmoil pass'd away!
"Where are the weak?" said sun and cloud—
"The mighty!—where are they?"

And birds of light and calmness—
Where dolphins gamboll'd free,
And heroes in their glory lay—
Flew over the smooth sea.

And, from his throne of silence,
The God of Peace look'd down,
Though sternly, on their bed of death,
With pity in his frown.

For Spaniard, Frank, and Briton,
All peaceful, in one grave,
Like babies in their nurse's arms,
Slept under the green wave.

Image of God! through horrors
"That make the angels weep,"
Why seek the gift that comes unsought—
His boon of dreadful sleep?

• "England expects every man to do his duty."

TO ERIN.

DEAR isle of my fathers! I love thee! I love thee
With fervour that ne'er shall depart from my soul—
Whether blest land of quiet thy rulers may prove thee,
Or Discord the knell of thy brave ones may toll!

Yet there have been tyrants, who, callous and cruel,
Have tortured thee, smiling at every groan;
And robbers were led, by the price of the jewel,
To plunder thy children, and make thee their own.

Oh, blessings to thee, lovely island! were given
Beyond what the nations that wrong'd thee possess;
Till, envying, they deem'd thee too favoured by Heaven,
And perverted to curses the gifts sent to bless.

Too much had been thine if dark discord ne'er entered,
And prompted thy sons to the warfare of crime;
If Bigotry here her mad bands had not centred,
Thou wouldst seem like the Eden earth was in its prime.

The Godhead, to balance the gifts which he gave thee,
Permitted a miscreant horde to intrude;
And, across the blue waters whose broad billows lave thee,
They came, and they fought thee, but never subdued!

They came—and a curse from their coming is dated;
No freedom since then did thy children enjoy;
And, for ages, with slaughter and suff'ring unsated,
They spurn'd thee, insulted, and strove to destroy.

But Hope—soothing Hope!—has at length come to cheer thee,
And wipe off the tear-drops that still wet thy cheek;
And the cowards who scorn'd begin now to fear thee—
For thy friends are no longer the few and the weak!

Yet some of thy foemen e'en still are unyielding,
And strive, since thy Champion has blunted their swords,
To keep thee still groaning in fetters, by wielding
Hate's weapons, and using the bigot's foul words.

For the Faith which thy children preserv'd through all danger—
Which bloodshed and massacre fail'd to uproot—
Which they clung to the fonder the more that the stranger
Revil'd it—these bloodhounds would still persecute!

But bootless as should be a demon's endeavour
To extinguish the heaven-fixed lamp that has shone
From the "birth of creation," and will shine for ever,
Is the effort of malice their Faith to dethrone.

The glad days are coming—their "shadows before" them—
Of rejoicing and triumph, my country, to thee!
The last links are loosening—oh, too long we bore them!—
And soon shall thy children be rank'd with the Free!

Oh, Erin! when thus, under Freedom's protection,
Thy friends may hope safety, and honour, and fame,
The change cannot deepen my heart's pure affection—
In gladness or grief, I will love thee the same.

Kilkenny, 1838.

TIME AND MEMORY.

TIME rolleth on! and every laden hour
Of life's dull toil, which passeth slowly o'er,
Brings with it a renew'd embalming power,
To freshen and to fix the memory
More deeply of the scenes and friends of yore,
Which love had stamp'd upon the heart, before
It lost its softness with the lapse of years!

Time floweth on! As rivers to the sea,
Its waters rush to join eternity,
And bear man with them, swollen with his tears!
But, 'mid the changing scenes he courseth through,
Though oft the future dream—the present view—
Employ his thought, his heart ne'er loseth one
Remembrance of young joys whose sweets are gone!

Kilkenny, 1838.

POLITICAL REGISTER.

PARLIAMENT has been sitting for four months, and has only passed three public bills—the Civil List, Canada, and Slavery Act Amendment. Not a single measure regarding Scotland has become law; and in very few of the Scotch bills has any considerable progress been made. Parliament will, in all probability, be prorogued by the middle of June, that there may be no interruption to the idle and expensive ceremony of the Coronation; so that this session, like so many others of late, will pass over with little but talk. It is plain that there is something essentially defective in the constitution of Parliament, and that it is quite inadequate to get through the business of the country. One obvious mode of enabling Parliament to dispatch the public business, would be to relieve it of the immense and yearly increasing mass of private bills, which could much more cheaply and economically be managed by local parliaments than in London. In America, all private bills are passed by the state legislatures; and the consequence is, that, instead of costing thousands of pounds, as in this country, a private act is generally procured for £40. As the Court of Session has now so little business, we do not see what is to prevent the preliminary investigations, on applications for private acts in Scotland, to be made by that Court, by which a report might be made to Parliament. We cannot help thinking that an investigation in a court of justice would be much more satisfactory than in a Committee of Parliament; for no one, after the late disclosures, will suppose such committees impartial tribunals, or remarkable for adherence to strict justice.

SCOTLAND.

THE ESTABLISHMENT IN EDINBURGH.—As we anticipated when the agitation for church extension began, the result has been to shew, that it was a mere political movement, in order that, by building additional churches, the supporters of Toryism might be increased, and the Dissenters driven out of the field—not by superior sanc-

tity, zeal, or knowledge, on the part of the Establishment, but by a heavier purse. In Edinburgh, the thirteen city churches are becoming each year less numerously attended. This extraordinary fact is unquestionable. From the Town Council Returns, it appears that, comparing the number of seats let and unlet at 20th February 1837, and 20th February 1838, the following is the result at the latter date:—An increase in three churches of 315; a *decrease* in *eight*, of 495—leaving a net decrease of 180; of the total number of sittings—viz., 14,807, only 9,844 are let, and more than *one third*, or 4,963, unlet. So far from it being the fact, as was so confidently stated, that it was the high price of sittings which prevented them from letting, the proportion of unlet seats *increases* precisely in the ratio of their *cheapness*. Of seats at 40s., only 8 per cent. are unlet; of those at 2s., 69 per cent.; of seats from 3s. to 8s., 45; and so on. The clergy refused, some years ago, to accept from the Town Council £500 a-year of stipend, with ample security, or £9,000 for the eighteen ministers; the gross produce of the seat-rents this year is £6,925, being £207 less than last year. But from this gross sum have to be deducted, for precentors, cleaning, stoves, &c. £180 for each church, or about £2,400 in all, leaving a net receipt of £4,500 for eighteen clergymen out of the produce of their labours, or £250 for each, without taking anything into account for return on the original outlay on the erection of the churches, which cannot have been less than £150,000! Five of the churches do not pay the expense of precentors, repairs, &c., leaving nothing whatever for stipend! We have often heard it proposed, as a mode of settling the Annuity question, to give each Clergyman the church of which, at present, he is the incumbent, and to allow him to regulate the seat-rents in any way he thinks proper. Now, the return we have mentioned, shews that the result of such an arrangement would be, that stipends would be reduced to one-half of what the clergy have refused to accept. Were they, on the other hand, placed in the same situation as the Voluntaries—that is to say, obliged to defray, from the produce of the seat-rents, not only the whole expense of repairs, cleaning, lighting, precentors, beadles, but also the interest on the original cost of the church—not only would the Edinburgh Clergy have no stipends at all, but there would be an annual deficiency of about £3000. We can now easily understand why the Established Clergy have so cordial a detestation of Voluntaries, and why they should be so eager to impoverish the Dissenting meeting-houses, by surrounding them with Established Churches, built by those who are conscious their coffers are filled with unexhausted tithes, the plunder of the Church, and in which the religious duties are proposed to be performed by tax-fed parsons.

Unexhausted Tithes.—We believe that few had any conception, before the publication of the recent report of the Church Commissioners, that the tithes in the hands of laymen in Scotland, held by them in trust for religious purposes, amounted to the enormous sum of £138,000 a-year. According to the law as it at present stands, three-fourths of the heritors of any parish in which there are such teinds, can apply them for the relief of such religious destitution as they conceive to exist in the parish. Whatever may be the result of the contemplated measures of the Ministry with regard to Church Extension, we can hardly believe that the people of Scotland will rest contented until this enormous mass of Church plunder is got out of the hands of those who have so long possessed it and made available for purposes of general utility. The old cry of vested interest has already been raised on this question, and will, we fear, prove much too powerful for the honesty of Parliament. It never seems to be considered that the people have any vested interest: otherwise it would be seen that they have, at least, as strong a right to resist the application of the Bishops' Teinds, as the landholders have to resist that of the teinds in their hands, to the extension of the church. What difference does it make, either in common sense or in law, that the one kind of teinds has been held for a century or two by private individuals in their own right, and the other sort by the Crown for an equal period—that is, by the State—for the public behoof?

Bishops' Teinds are those which, during the times of Episcopacy, formed the livings of the bishops and dignified clergy. On the abolition of Episcopacy, they fell to the Crown, and became part of its hereditary revenues. For many reigns past, the sovereigns, and, in particular, her present Majesty, have uniformly surrendered their hereditary revenues to the nation, in exchange for the much more ample provision created by the Civil List; and the bishops' teinds are thus, in reality, at this moment, as much part of the general revenue of the country, as the land-tax or excise. It is, therefore, nothing but downright jugglery to pretend that there is any difference between endowing churches out of the bishops' teinds, and out of the consolidated fund. It is precisely the same thing, not only to the people of Scotland, but to the people of England and Ireland; and all the three countries should combine in resisting it. We are told the bishops' teinds are to go to endow churches in the Highlands; and this is not the first time the Highland proprietors have put their hands into the public purse for the benefit of their churches. We think, however, that, as they keep themselves carefully exempt from poor-rates, and contrive to make their southern neighbours maintain their worn-out dependents, they might club together to pay their ministers' stipends. Much money will not be wanted.

By an act passed in 1810, £10,000 are annually set aside for the augmentation of stipends under £150 a-year, the greater portion of which is expended in the Highlands; and numerous grants have, from time to time, been obtained from Parliament, for building churches in the same districts. This church extension scheme will, we doubt not, be a fertile cause of perplexity to the Ministry before it is settled. That the "landed interest" will permit such an alteration to be made on the act of the Scottish Parliament of 1707, as to allow any considerable proportion of the unexhausted teinds to be extorted from their grasp, no one can imagine, while the mere annunciation of the intention has already created much alarm among such of the pious extensionists as happen to be landowners. The Dissenters, on the other hand, will be provoked at the grant of the bishops' teinds, for the purpose of aggrandizing their religious antagonists; while those who have contributed to church-building, in the proportion of a subscription of £50 to an annual revenue of £4,000 a-year of church plunder in their possession, will not find it very pleasant to be compelled to pay, for an indefinite period, the greater part, if not the whole of the stipends of the clergymen of these churches, which they have so charitably placed at the Dissenters' doors. The scheme has ended precisely in the manner those who originated it deserved.

But to return to bishops' teinds. It is unquestionable law, that the church has a claim upon them inferior to what she has upon teinds in the hands of the heritors. It is the settled practice of the Teind Court, where there are heritors' teinds and bishops' teinds in the same parish, to allocate the whole of the former in payment of the ministers' stipend, before any part of the latter is encroached on. Why, therefore, if teinds, not at present by law applicable to church extension, are to be laid hold of by Parliament, are heritors' teinds not to be seized before bishops' teinds? Simply because the Ministry can fleece the public with impunity, when they dare not touch a hair of the "landed interest."

The Third Report of the Law Commissioners is confined to the important subject of conveyancing. The Commissioners express a very decided opinion against abolishing the feudal system of our land rights: but they propose a great variety of alterations for abridging and simplifying the present forms of deeds, whereby much risk of error will be removed, and much expense saved. The report concludes with thirty-eight propositions, of which the following are the most important:—To commute the various rights of superiors either into a fixed annual payment, or to entitle the vassal to purchase them for a sum paid down; charters by progress, and precepts of *clare constat*, to be abolished, except when the vassal

chooses to complete his title, as at present; provision to be made for the entry of vassals where the superior is unknown, or is unable or unwilling to act; instruments of sasine to be greatly curtailed, and the taking of the sasine on the ground, abolished; brieves from Chancery to be abolished, and the proceedings on inquests of all sorts simplified and regulated; heritable securities to be greatly facilitated, and their expense lessened, by striking out all the mere formal clauses from the bond or deed, by dispensing with the instrument of sasine—the bond itself being recorded—and by permitting transferences by a short assignment on the back of the deed, the assignment being recorded in the register of sasines. We believe that, were these, and the other suggestions of the Commissioners, carried into effect, they would be of the greatest advantage to proprietors of heritage. For example, a loan of £500, which at present costs upwards of £25, could be completed for £7 : 7s., of which £5:5s. would be outlay. But we have little doubt that the proposed reforms will meet with strenuous opposition from the great landed proprietors and their agents; the former fearing that their rights will be affected, and the latter that their emoluments will be diminished, by the changes proposed. Unless, therefore, an effort be made throughout the country, by petitioning Parliament and otherwise, no material improvements on our land-rights need be expected. And, as the proposed changes are fully as great as there is the least chance of carrying through the present Parliament, we think it would be injudicious to reject them because they do not go far enough. We regret, however, that no notice is taken, in the report, of the injurious effect the heavy stamp-duties on conveyances and securities have on heritable property, and the yearly diminution of that branch of the public revenue. In Scotland, it has fallen off one-half since 1816; and there can be little doubt that a reduction of the amount of stamp-duty would increase the revenue. The fees for recording deeds and for searches should also be reduced, they being at present more than three times what they ought to be; a great proportion being drawn by sinecurists, who perform no part of the duty, and add little or nothing to the security of the public. For example, the Right Hon. W. Dundas draws £3000 a-year from the Sasine-Office. The Dean of Faculty, as well as many other of the most respectable witnesses examined by the Commissioners, recommend a great reduction of those fees. In many transactions, one-half or two-thirds of the total expense arise from stamp-duties, and exorbitant fees for searches and recording; yet it is generally understood that the officers are *not responsible* for the grossest errors they may commit in a search, however serious the damage such errors may occasion! If it is really wished to secure the public against loss from mistakes and omissions, large salaries should not be given to officers who may be found to be bankrupt when a demand is made on them; but the method followed at Geneva should be adopted, and a small fee, in addition to the expense of recording the deed, levied, from which a fund would be formed for indemnifying those injured by the negligence of the keeper; he also paying a certain portion of the loss, to ensure his vigilance.

EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW RAILWAY.—The proposed capital of the Company is £900,000, divided into 18,000 shares of £50 each; and it is intended to take power by the act to raise £300,000 more by loan, or by the issue of additional shares. The income expected to arise from the conveyance of passengers is £88,312, and from goods £34,307. There are to be five short tunnels on the line; the longest, at Callender, 830 yards, nearly half a mile long. The length of the main line is within a few yards of forty-six miles, four miles longer than the present road. The estimated charge of the annual expenses of the railway, when completed, is £40,873 per annum. This is greater than the expense of keeping in repair the whole turnpike roads in the county of Edinburgh, the tolls of which produce £33,000 or £34,000 yearly. We believe that it is at present intended that the railway should terminate at the Haymarket; but we understand that it would not be difficult to bring it into the Grassmarket, there being few houses on the line, and those of the meanest description.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts continue very unfavourable; and the state of the Revenue shews that great suffering must have prevailed among the working classes during the year. It is certainly not a little alarming that, after a quarter of century of peace, the expenditure should exceed the income by £655,000; while, so far from anything like retrenchment being in contemplation, the expenditure of the current year, owing to the state of Canada, will greatly exceed that of the last. Whatever temporary expedients may be resorted to, we must shortly come either to the imposition of new taxes or to the contracting of more debt; and it is difficult to say which is the more hazardous experiment in the present state of matters.

AGRICULTURE

We are glad to observe that the question of the repeal of the Corn Laws is daily exciting more interest, and that it is now clearly seen that the people must accomplish this most important object by their own exertions, and not by relying on the wisdom of a parliament of landlords, blind to every interest except their own, and who have recently, by a majority of three to one, refused even to consider the question. The truth is, the landlords have an interest adverse to that of every other class of the community. It is the general interest of the community to have labour highly remunerated, and high profits for capital; it is the interest of the *landowners alone* to have cheap labour and low profits. When labour is cheap and profits low, rents rise; when the reverse takes place, rents fall. Suppose, for example, the rate of profit is ten per cent., and a capital to the extent of £10,000 is to be employed, no one will engage in agriculture unless he can obtain £1000 a-year of profit on his capital. Suppose he pays for a farm an equal sum as rent, or £1,000 a-year, he must draw from the farm £2000 each year, after payment of expenses. Let it now be assumed that the ordinary rate of profit has fallen to five per cent.; then capital will be as profitably employed in agriculture, by giving £1,500 of rent for the farm we have mentioned, as by applying it in other pursuits; for the farmer will, in this way, draw five per cent. on his capital. Thus, it is undeniable, that the landlords are benefited by a low rate of profit. It must be superfluous to shew, that the less the tenant has to give his labourers, the more rent he can pay his landlord; and that the latter has thus an interest in labour being cheap. The capitalist, professional man, and labourer, have a direct interest in high profits; for, when they are high, interest is high, the remuneration of professional men is not grudged, and capital accumulating rapidly creates a great demand for labour, whence wages inevitably rise. To intrust, therefore, the welfare of the community, to a parliament consisting, by express regulation, almost entirely of landowners, is to hand over the sheep to the care of the wolves.

But, not content with the great combination they already possess in Parliament, the agricultural interest—meaning thereby the landowners, aided by a few of the most ignorant of their tenantry, who are so blind as not to see that they have the same interest as all classes of society, except the landowner, to have profits high, and labour and industry well remunerated—is organizing associations for the "protection" of agriculture in all parts of the kingdom. The "Central Agricultural Society of Great Britain and Ireland" have unanimously agreed to memorialise Government for the revival of the Board of Agriculture. Mr Martin, the secretary, made some statements at the meeting which are deserving of remark. He stated, that of the population of the United Kingdom, which he estimated at twenty-six millions, twenty millions were *dependent* on agriculture. It would have been better to have said that the whole population was dependent on agriculture; for, as no foreign food is allowed to be imported, the whole population must starve, if the tillage of our fields were neglected. But, in the same way, and with equal truth, it might be said, that the whole population depends upon our manufactures; for,

were foreign clothing prohibited, the agriculturists must go naked if no manufactures were produced in this country. But, not to talk of those who are dependent on, but of those who are engaged in agriculture, the population returns shew that not more than one-third, or eight millions, are chiefly *employed* in agriculture; and this proportion is rapidly diminishing. Thus, between 1821 and 1831, the increase of population was least in the counties where the people were employed in agriculture, and greatest in the manufacturing districts. The increase in the shires of Berwick and Selkirk was two per cent.; in Bute, Haddington, Linlithgow, Perth, three per cent.; in Argyle, Dumfries, Kirkcudbright, Nairne, four per cent.; Inverness, Peebles, five per cent.; but in Renfrewshire it was nineteen per cent.; in Dumbarton, twenty-two per cent.; in Forfar, twenty-three per cent.; and in Lanark, thirty per cent. Taking the whole Scottish agricultural counties, and the whole manufacturing, the rate of increase was three times greater in the latter than in the former. How is it possible that this could have occurred, if four-fifths of the population were dependent on agriculture? But Mr Martin's statement refutes itself; for he goes on to state, that 3,000,000 of labourers are dependent on agriculture; 250,000 farmers, whose incomes average £200 each, and 30,000 landed proprietors, rental £1000 each; so that he appears to average eight farmers for each £1000 of rent, and twelve labourers to each farmer, or 100 labourers to produce £1000 of rent. We believe that, taking grazing and agricultural farms together, each labourer will produce nearly £100 instead of £10 of rent, it being usual to cultivate seventy acres of arable land yearly with a single plough; and 30s. an acre is but a low rent for arable ground. Mr Martin farther informed the Society, that "the reduction of one shilling a bushel on corn would sweep away the rents of all the landlords of the kingdom." His annunciation, of course, excited much attention; but the Secretary did not think it worth while, in so favourable an audience, to give any proof of his assertions. Now, taking the whole kingdom, there is not the slightest reason to believe that rents have fallen, since the highest period of the war, twenty-five per cent. At that time, wheat was 15s. a bushel, and other grain in proportion. Now wheat is considerably under 7s.; so that it is somewhat difficult to see how, when a reduction of 8s. a bushel caused a fall of only one-fourth of the rent, a reduction of 1s. should sweep away the other three-fourths. But not only were rents but slightly affected by so serious a reduction of the price of grain—if rents can indeed be said to have been affected at all, since £75 is of more value at present than £100 during the time of war and of a depreciated currency, when a guinea sold currently for 28s.—but the population of the country was going on rapidly increasing, and even the persons *actually employed* in agriculture, were more numerous in 1831 than in 1811, though the *proportion* of persons so employed, as contrasted with the other classes, was smaller at the latter period than at the former. Thus, to take a strictly agricultural county, Berwickshire, the number of families employed in agriculture, in 1811, was 3,124; in 1831, 3,334 in Argyleshire, a pastoral county—the number so employed at the two periods, was 8,421, and 8,989; and so on, we believe, without a single exception. In no county in the United Kingdom, has the population diminished since the end of the war and of high prices—although many of them depend solely on agriculture or pasturage, so that it is tolerably clear that agriculture has not been in so depressed a condition as has constantly, for the last twenty-five years, been represented. But Mr Martin's statement is valuable, in shewing that, in the opinion of an expert statist, and the secretary of a society where an erroneous statement on such a subject could not fail to be detected, *the whole landed proprietors of the United Kingdom are only* 30,000; and for this miserable fraction, 26,000,000 of people are sacrificed. Surely this fact, if it be one, should open the eyes of the people; for it is as indisputable as any proposition in mathematics, that every class but the landowners are injured by the Corn Laws; and we have great doubts whether even they are benefited by them, considering how large a proportion of their rent-rolls is expended on servants, horses, and dogs, and how much dear corn and dear animal food enhance the price of everything they purchase. Those, however, who live abroad in cheap countries, are unquestionably enriched by the Starvation Laws, for that is their proper name—corn being only one of the numerous articles of food prohibited to be imported.

It is amusing to hear any relaxation of the Corn-Laws—such as that proposed, of grinding foreign grain in bond—called a "concession." The people do not demand the repeal of the Corn-Laws as a concession or favour, but as a right. It is not the people, but the landowners who require "concessions." Lord Lyttleton remarks, "that, if the privileges of the people be concessions from the Crown, is not the power of the Crown itself a concession from the people?" At a later period, the Marquis of Lansdowne thus expressed himself. It was on the debate regarding Pitt's famous Regency Bill of 1788. The question was, whether the Prince of Wales had the *right* to assume the regency; a doctrine which was strongly urged by Fox, opposed by Pitt, and ultimately rejected by all parties. The Marquis said—"The People, my Lords, have rights, Kings and Princes [and, he might have added, nobles] have none. The people want neither precedents nor charters to prove their rights; for they are born with every man in every country, and exist in all countries alike, though some of them may have been lost. I wish, therefore, that the question of *right* to assume the Royal authority which has been claimed and asserted, may be decided, in order that those who suffer oppression under Governments the most despotic, may be taught their rights as men. They will then learn that, though their rights are not, like ours, secured by precedents and charters, yet, as soon as they assert their rights, they must be acknowledged." One of the most sacred rights "born with every man in every country," is that of labour—of enjoying the fruits of his industry. It is more sacred than the right of property itself. But, if a man is forced to pay a monopoly price for his food, double what he ought to pay, that the fortunate owner of land may luxuriate in idleness, how can it be said that the right of labour is protected? What right have the landowners to divide the *whole* land of the kingdom among them, and to keep it, but by the concession of the people? Were the seizure of the whole lands, and the enactment of the Corn-Laws, anything originally but encroachments on the people by the landowners? Is the long-existence of an abuse a reason that it should be rendered perpetual? The landowners should take care lest, in their zeal to protect rents, they cause an investigation into their titles to their estates. A good Tory,* in giving his evidence before the Scotch Law Commissioners, scouts the notion of an allodial system in land rights. "It supposes," he says, "that a man could be the owner of a particular piece of territory, as true and absolute proprietor out and out. *Now, this is not consistent with the fact; no private individual holds property in land on that footing. The absolute right to the territory of a community belongs to the nation.*" Whatever right a man may have in a particular estate or piece of land, "still the nation is radically the owner, and the *right of property in private individuals is still, after all, but a tenure, in some measure, by privilege.*" Let us not, therefore, hear again a repeal of the Corn-Laws talked of as a "concession;" and let not the landowners provoke further discussions, lest they be deprived of a "*privilege*" which, it is now generally seen, they are resolved to make a nuisance to those by whose concession they hold it.

* Mr R. Forsyth, Advocate.

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